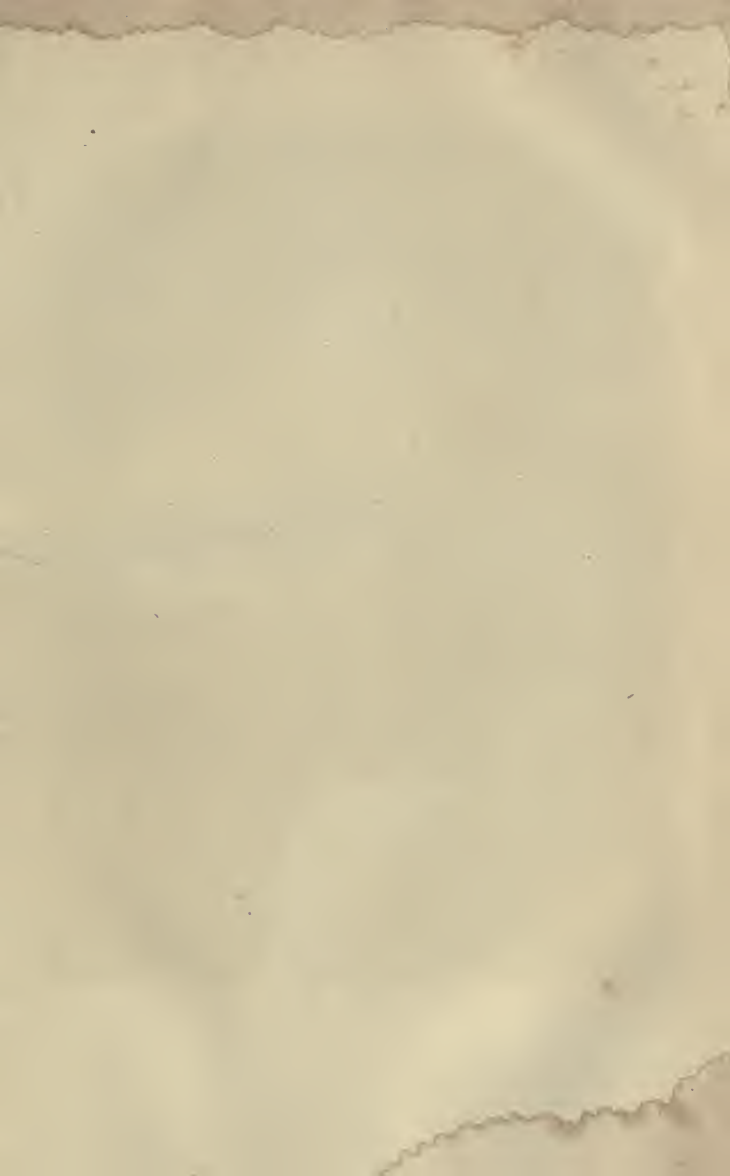






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LECTURES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

FROM NOVEMBER, 1858, TO FEBRUARY, 1859.

LONDON:

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THE Young Men's Christian Association was established in the year 1844, with the view of uniting and directing the efforts of Christian Young Men for the spiritual welfare of their fellows in the various departments of commercial life, especially of those who, from their residence in large houses of business, could not be reached by the ordinary agencies of the Christian Church.

Its fundamental rules are :—

I. That the object of the Association be the improvement of the spiritual and mental condition of Young Men.

II. That the agency employed for the attainment of this object be that of the Members of the Association in the sphere of their daily calling, Devotional Meetings, Classes for Biblical Instruction and for Literary Improvement, the delivery of Lectures, the diffusion of Christian Literature, a Library for reference and circulation, and any other means in accordance with the Holy Scriptures.

Bible Classes are held, in all the Metropolitan Branches, every Sunday afternoon, at a Quarter past Three, to which all Young Men are affectionately invited.

These Bible Classes are not for Members of the Association, the large majority of whom are engaged, on the Lord's Day, in works of Christian usefulness, but for those Young Men who have not yet entered upon the profession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ by communion with his Church.

interesting Lectures it contains; and with renewed and hearty thanks to the Lecturers, they send it forth, asking that those who may profit by its contents will aid, by prayer and by personal exertion, in the endeavours of the Association to make the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ the rule of commercial society, as well as the light and life of individual character.

W. EDWYN SHIPTON,
Secretary.

OFFICES OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

165, ALDERSGATE STREET, LONDON,

22nd February, 1859.

PREFACE.

THIS is the Twelfth Volume of Lectures to Young Men which the Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association have been permitted, by the kindness of the Lecturers, to publish.

Each successive Volume has been received with favour by the public, and arrangements are now made by which the Anglo-Saxon population of America, and our own Australian fellow-subjects, share, by this means, in the benefit of efforts made primarily with a view to the "improvement of the spiritual and mental condition of young men" in London. From the remotest parts of the world, testimonies of gratitude and of appreciation of these Lectures are received.

The Committee "thank God and take courage."

They hope for this Volume also a large circulation; they pray for the Divine blessing upon the learned, able, and

Devotional Meetings of the Members are held weekly after the hours of business. Young Men, not being Members, are gladly welcomed.

Donations of Funds to the Association, or of Books for the Library, will be received with much gratitude by the Treasurer, Geo. Hitchcock, Esq., 72, St. Paul's Churchyard; by R. C. L. Bevan, Esq., Chairman of the Committee, 54, Lombard Street; or by the Secretary, Mr. W. E. Shipton, 165, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

A report of the Association, and particulars of its operations, may be obtained, on application to the Secretary, by any person anxious to support the Society, or to aid in the formation of Branch or similar Associations in the country.

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THE SOCIAL EFFECTS OF THE REFORMATION.

WE stand on the eve of the three hundredth anniversary of the final establishment in this country of the glorious Reformation. On the 17th day of November, in the year 1558, Queen Elizabeth, of blessed and immortal memory, ascended the throne of England. Her advent to power was the knell of the Papacy in these realms. From that period the Reformation was established; the dominant power of Popery was crushed, and for ever—God grant!—abolished in this land.

Such an event deserves to be commemorated: national mercies call for national acknowledgment. The lapse of time does not obliterate the benefit, neither should lapse of time cause to cease a nation's tribute of praise. For many years the 17th of November was regarded in this country as a joyous anniversary. It commemorated an event than which no victory ever gained by British warriors on sea or land was deemed worthy of more glad celebration. The annual recurrence of this day witnessed the gathering together of rejoicing multitudes, whose hearts beat in unison with gratitude to God for having caused the light of the Reformation to scatter the darkness of preceding centuries. The churches were open; sermons were preached in allusion to the event; the national voice was uplifted in praise. Nor was the observance of this day the result of any civil or eccle-

siastical enactment; no royal injunction, no archiepiscopal letter prescribed the commemoration. Acts of Parliament could not have manufactured the joy which thrilled the nation's heart: no statute was needed to prescribe the current in which that joy was to flow.

In your neighbouring cathedral church of St. Paul sermons appear to have been annually preached upon this anniversary. The preacher in the year 1699 was Dr. Holland, then Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford. Towards the close of his sermon he said: "About the twelfth year of the reign of her excellency was the first practice of the solemnization of this day; and, as far forth as I can hear or can by any diligent inquiry learn, the first public celebrity of it was in Oxford, from whence this institution flowed by a voluntary consent over all this realm, not without the secret motion of God's Holy Spirit, I doubt not, and to the great comfort of all true English hearts. The continual observation of which ceremony sithence hath not been imposed upon the Church of England by any ecclesiastical decrec, neither prescribed by any canon of the Church, but hath been voluntarily continued by the religious and dutiful subjects of this realm, in their thankfulness to God and in their perfect zeal tendering her Majesty's preservation, in desiring the continuance thereof to God's glory and the good of the Church and Commonwealth of England."

We have also further proof that for many years afterwards this day was kept as a day of thanksgiving, for Strype, in his annals of the Reformation, records that, "From the twelfth year of the Queen the nation began yearly to keep that same day, November the 17th, with solemnity during her long reign, which was continued, indeed, long after, even to our times [*i.e.*, the early part of the last century], and was called by some the birthday of the Gospel."

Why should not the good old custom be revived? Why

should not the 17th day of November be still kept as a day of national thanksgiving for the blessings—political, social, religious—which have accrued to England and to the world from the glorious Reformation? There is not an inhabitant in the kingdom who does not to this hour, directly or indirectly, reap the benefit of the Reformation. There is not a noble in the land—nor any one of the sons of toil—who contribute to England's wealth and to England's might; there is not a Churchman nor a Dissenter—ay, and strange though it may sound, not a Roman Catholic either, who is not better off—who is not a freer and a happier man than he would have been had not the great conflict of the sixteenth century issued in the downfall of the Papal domination in this country. “You may rely upon it,” said the late Duke of Wellington, speaking in the House of Lords on the 18th of March, 1844, “that there is not an individual in this country, be his religious opinions what they may, be his position what it may, who is not interested in the maintenance of the Reformation. Not only our whole system of religion, but our whole system of religious toleration, in which so many people in this country are interested, depends upon the laws on which the Reformation was founded.” Shame upon us if we are unmindful of the source to which, under God, we owe our national prosperity and freedom. All classes in the community have a direct interest in maintaining the principles of the Reformation—loyalty to the throne, and fidelity to God, equally demand the recognition of the debt which we owe for so mighty an achievement.

The results which have followed from the Reformation are either political, social, or religious. Even under its political aspect, the Reformation is one of the greatest events of history—where can you point to any change which has produced a more wide or lasting influence on the civilized world? Its bearings upon the destinies of Europe must fill no small

portion of any history which pretends to give a comprehensive view of the progress of European states or kingdoms. Writers of every shade of political opinion and every form of religious creed, freely admit the influence of the Reformation on by far the most intelligent, the most civilized, and the most powerful portion of the habitable globe. This opinion is common alike to those by whom the Reformation is praised, and to those by whom it is unsparingly condemned. All agree in the admission that its effects have been powerfully felt and widely experienced. Thus, for example, in the "Philosophy of History," a work written by Frederick von Schlegel, an author who regards the Reformation of the sixteenth century as of mere human origin—who actually affirms that its duration to the present day is no more an evidence of the hand of God in its production than is the continuance of the Mohammedan heresy—who seems to deplore the long continuance of what he terms "this unhappy division in the great European family"—this same writer, who is certainly free from any predilections in favour of the subject of which he is treating, has yet the candour to own that, "Even as the mere work of man, the Reformation was unquestionably a mighty, extraordinary, and momentous revolution, which, when once it had been outwardly established in the world, though inwardly it remained in a state of perpetual agitation, *has thenceforward mostly directed the march of modern times, influenced the legislation and policy of European states, and stamped the character of modern science down to our own days*, when, though its influence has not been so exclusive and undivided as at an earlier period, *it has still been the main and stirring cause of all the great political changes, and all the new and astonishing events of our age.*"

Similar testimonies might easily be multiplied; nor can their accuracy be denied. The more searching the investigation the more apparent is the fact that, the history of modern

ages does not record any event which has operated more widely and influentially than the Reformation to guide and control the course of political affairs.

But my theme to-night is neither the political nor the religious effects of the Reformation. I have been invited to address you for the purpose of indicating the blessings of a social character which we have inherited from the Reformation. Upon the *political* consequences of the event I shall not dwell: the *religious* effects of it I cannot overlook. No one can justly appreciate the Reformation who does not regard it as having been a deliverance from spiritual bondage—the restoration to our Church and country of the pure faith, which had been mutilated and corrupted in the days of Papal usurpation. At the same time, I shall not wander more than necessary from my appointed subject. I proceed, then, at once to enumerate some of the social effects which are to be traced in direct sequence from the establishment of the Reformation.

Foremost amongst these stands *the deliverance of our country from Papal supremacy.*

The Reformation delivered us from the control and dictation of the Pope of Rome. It is difficult in these times to realize what must have been the state of things when a foreign potentate claimed and exercised the power to depose the sovereign at his pleasure—to issue from the Vatican those portentous bulls which made monarchs tremble on their thrones, and plunged whole nations into anarchy and confusion. It is not for the want of will that this power is not still exercised. It is undoubtedly claimed by the see of Rome. The canon law is not repealed. In that law it is plainly declared, “The laws of kings have not pre-eminence over ecclesiastical laws, but are subservient or subordinate to them.” The Pope of Rome may dethrone the Emperor for lawful causes; the Bishop of Rome may excommunicate emperors

and princes, depose them from their states, and assoil their subjects from their oath of obedience to them, and constrain them to rebellion." Such is the unrepealed canon law of the Church of Rome to this day. Can anything be clearer than that, according to that law, power is claimed in behalf of the Bishop of Rome to dethrone the monarch, and absolve the people from the oath of allegiance?

Now before the Reformation this power was not the mere shadow which it has since happily become.

Nothing could be more supremely ridiculous, nothing would be received with more profound contempt, than any pretence to the exercise of this power at the present day. But in calling to mind the social effects of the Reformation, we ought to remember that this power was at one time a reality. A bull from the Pope was not always so harmless as it now is. Instances are on record in which the Pope of Rome has exercised this power of dethroning kings. History affords many such examples. Let me remind you of a few of them:—

Pope Gregory VII. deposed Henry IV., Emperor of Germany, in the year 1075.

Pope Gregory XI. excommunicated the Emperor Frederick II., absolved his subjects from their oaths of allegiance, laid an interdict on all his cities, castles, and villages, excommunicated all who favoured him, and commanded the German bishops, upon pain of excommunication, to publish the bull.

Pope Innocent IV. deposed John, King of England. England was given to Philip, King of France. John outwitted the King of France, for, perceiving his danger, he gave his kingdoms to the Pope. The Pope then threatened Philip with excommunication if he touched what belonged to the Holy See. The kingdom was retained by John on condition of his paying an annual tribute of 1,000 marks to the Pope.

Pope Paul III., in 1535, and again in 1538, excommuni-

cated and deposed Henry VIII. of England, absolved his subjects from their oaths of allegiance, commanded them all under pain of similar excommunication not to obey him or any magistrate or officer under him, nor to acknowledge the King or any of his judges or officers as their superiors.

Pope Pius V., in the year 1570, sent out his famous bull against Queen Elizabeth, which declared, "He that reigneth on high, to whom is given all power in heaven and on earth, committed one holy, catholic, and apostolic Church, out of which there is no salvation, to one alone upon earth, viz., to Peter, the prince of the Apostles, and to Peter's successors, the Bishops of Rome, to be governed in the fulness of power. Him alone He made Prince over all people and all kingdoms, to pluck up and destroy, scatter, consume, plant, and build. We do, out of the fulness of our apostolic power, declare the aforesaid Elizabeth to be deprived of her pretended title to the kingdom, and all others which have in any sort sworn unto her to be for ever absolved from any such oath, and all manner of duty, dominion, allegiance, and obedience; as we do also by these presents absolve them and deprive the said Elizabeth of her pretended title to the kingdom and all other things above said."

Cases like the foregoing—but a few out of many which might be selected—clearly prove that the power which is still theoretically claimed by the See of Rome was at one time practically exercised. The anarchy and confusion into which the country was liable to be thrown in consequence can scarcely be imagined. So long as this power remained with any portion of reality there could be no security in an oath, no guarantee for the continuance of the public tranquillity. Any sudden caprice, whether of the monarch at home or of the foreign potentate who claimed this monstrous authority, might at any moment convulse the kingdom and plunge it into the worst evils of civil discord. From the

exercise of such a power we have been delivered by the Reformation, and, thanks to that event, it is now the law of the land that "no foreign prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate, hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm."

Again: you have seen that one social benefit which we derive from the Reformation is, that the Sovereign cannot be deposed by the Pope. Another social benefit, from the same cause, is, that *the country cannot be placed under a Papal "interdict."* We have been in modern times so totally free from any apprehension of this rod of correction, that it is hard to realize the terror with which at one time it inspired the kingdom. Let me remind you of the terms in which the historian Hume describes its effects. "The execution of the sentence of interdict," he writes, "was calculated to excite the senses in the highest degree, and to operate with irresistible force on the superstitious minds of the people. The nation was of a sudden deprived of all exterior exercise of its religion. The altars were despoiled of their ornaments; the crosses, the relics, the images, the statues of the saints, were laid on the ground; and, as if the air itself were profaned, and might pollute them by its contact, the priests carefully covered them up even from their own approach and veneration. The use of bells entirely ceased in all the churches. The bells themselves were removed from the steeples and laid on the ground with the other sacred utensils. Mass was celebrated with shut doors, and none were admitted to the institution. The laity partook of no religious rite except baptism to new-born infants and the communion to the dying. The dead were not interred in consecrated ground; they were thrown into ditches, or buried in common fields, and their obsequies were not attended with prayers or any hallowed ceremony. Marriage was celebrated in the churchyard;

and, that every action in life might bear the marks of this dreadful situation, the people were prohibited the use of meat as in Lent, or times of the highest penance. They were debarred from all pleasures and entertainments, and were forbidden even to salute each other, or so much as to shave their beards, and give any decent attention to their person and apparel. Every circumstance carried symptoms of the deepest distress and of the most immediate apprehension of the Divine vengeance and indignation."

This was another link in that chain of spiritual and temporal thralldom with which England was fettered before the Reformation.

Again: another social benefit we have derived from the Reformation is *deliverance from the fear of excommunication by the Pope*. I do not suppose that a threat of excommunication from that quarter would disturb the peace of any one in this assembly, however much the utterance of it might disturb his gravity. But it was not always so. The terrors of excommunication to the mind of a superstitious and priest-ridden people were little short of the terrors of final perdition. Besides, independent of the remoter consequences which were supposed to be involved in the sentence, there were immediate results from which any one would naturally shrink. The person on whom a sentence of excommunication was passed, was thereby deprived of civil and religious privileges. He was almost as effectually cut off from the companionships and associations of daily life as the leper under the ancient dispensation. An excommunicated person was not allowed to enter a church, nor to receive the sacrament. If any person knowingly received an excommunicated person to the communion, he was himself to be deprived of Christian communion. The rites of Christian burial were denied to him. Intercourse with fellow-Christians was forbidden.

Every excommunicated person was to be publicly denounced

every six months. He could neither be an advocate nor a witness, nor was he allowed to make a will. These were some of the present and actually felt consequences of excommunication. Then, over and above these, there was the dread of everlasting torment in the life to come, which was depicted as the inevitable doom of those who died without being reconciled to the see of Rome. What an instrument of extortion and oppression this threat of excommunication became, the imagination can easily picture. Yet this terrific sentence, with all these evil consequences, present and prospective, was inflicted often for the most trivial offences. From this social evil we have been delivered, thank God, by the Reformation. "Interdict" and "Excommunication" by the See of Rome convey no more terror to the mind of an English Protestant than the harmless remains of some antediluvian Ichthyosaurus or Megalotherium.

Again: by the Reformation *we have been freed from the liability of having to engage in foreign wars, to support the pretensions or further the ambitious designs of the Roman Pontiff.* It was no uncommon thing, prior to the Reformation, for the country to be engaged in expensive foreign wars, in subservience to the will of the pretended successor of St. Peter. The consequent misery and ruin which often arose is almost incredible. In the time of King Henry III., for example, Pope Innocent IV. induced that monarch to engage in a war for the conquest of Sicily. The enterprise ruined the king's finances, and cost the country upwards of 135,000 marks. A tithe, or tenth portion, was levied on all ecclesiastical benefices in England for three years. Orders came from Rome to excommunicate every bishop who did not make punctual payment. Still the money was insufficient for the Pope's purpose. The conquest of Sicily was not achieved. The demands which came from Rome were endless. At length the whole kingdom was threatened with interdict if the sum

was not immediately forthcoming. This is one specimen of the way in which the country was liable to be taxed to carry on foreign wars to gratify the occupant of the so called chair of St. Peter.

Again : before the Reformation *the Pope of Rome claimed the right of presenting to vacant benefices in this country.* One result from this was, that "the best livings were filled by Italians and other foreign clergy, who were equally unskilled in and adverse to the laws and constitution of England." But this was not all. Dispensations for non-residence were easily obtained. Many of these foreign priests were actually in possession of benefices which they had never seen and never intended to visit. They fleeced the flocks which they never offered to tend. This is not a mere idle assertion without proof; for this very evil was made the ground of a specific complaint, laid before the council held at Lyons, in the year 1245, when it was represented as a grievance that the benefices of the Italian clergy in England had been estimated, and were found to amount to 60,000 marks per annum, a sum which exceeded the annual revenue of the Crown itself.

We have, at all events, been delivered from this enormous social evil by the Reformation.

The same remark applies to a variety of other taxes to which the country was subject by reason of the Papal supremacy. The Reformation abolished, for example, the collection of Peter's pence—an annual tax of one penny on every house, which, at the time of the Reformation, was not less than £7,500 a-year. The Reformation abolished the enormous expense occasioned by appeals to the Pope in judicial cases. Some idea of the number of different kinds of such appeals may be formed from the preamble to an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of King Henry VIII., which states that the Pope derived money "by pensions, procurations,

suits for provisions, and expeditions of bulls ; for archbishoprics and bishoprics ; and for delegacies, and the receipts in causes of contentions, and appeals ; jurisdictions, legantine dispensations, licences, faculties, grants, relaxations, abolitions, and infinite sorts of bulls, briefs, and instruments of sundry natures, names, and kinds, to the great decay and impoverishment of the kingdom. How could it have been otherwise than to the "decay and impoverishment of the kingdom," when, even in the time of King Edward III., the then Romish Parliament declared that the taxes levied by the Pope exceeded five times those which were paid to the King ?

It is said that Englishmen, even in these times, are not indisposed to grumble at taxation. But, all who have the privilege of paying taxes have at least the satisfaction of knowing that they are levied by constitutional authority and applied to constitutional purposes, not to meet the wishes or further the designs of a foreign prelate.

Amongst the almost countless advantages of a social kind which have been derived from the Reformation, I cannot refrain to notice, in passing, *the suppression of the monasteries*. I do not deny that monastic institutions may at one time have served a useful purpose—chiefly, as having been repositories of literature and centres of well-meant effort for the welfare of the surrounding population. I do not question that acts of spoliation and oppression may have accompanied the abolition of them. And yet I regard their suppression as a national blessing. If you look at the mere social effects of the monastic system as it existed in this country before the Reformation, it is evident that the country was deprived by these monasteries of a large amount of useful labour.

Industry is one of the springs of national prosperity. "In all labour there is profit ;" whatever puts a check upon useful labour has a direct tendency to pauperize a community. Now, at the time when Henry VIII. suppressed the monasteries,

those institutions in this country contained not fewer than 50,000 persons, or not less than one nineteenth part of the entire population. No one can deny that the breaking up of those monastic institutions has been instrumental to the promotion of trade and industry. This conclusion is affirmed by Montesquieu, who, in his work on the "Spirit of Laws," remarks: "Henry VIII., resolving to reform the Church of England, ruined the monks, of themselves a lazy set of people that encouraged laziness in others; because, as they practised hospitality, an infinite number of idle persons, gentlemen and citizens, spent their time in running from convent to convent. . . . Since these changes, the spirit of trade and industry has been established in England."

Besides diverting vast numbers of the population from profitable labour, monastic institutions had a direct tendency to the increase of poverty. It is said that the money bequeathed to monasteries was for the relief of the poor. Suppose that it was so; this does not alter the fact that monasteries helped to perpetuate pauperism. It is to violate one of the soundest maxims in political economy to attempt to support a population in a state of idleness. Now, observe how the monastic system works. A monastery becomes, for example, exceedingly rich; it acquires vast possessions in land and money. It can afford to bestow large sums on the poor. The indigent are relieved out of its coffers; not merely the sick and infirm and aged, but the well and able-bodied, who could work for their own livelihood and the public good. The money so expended produces no return. If expended on the employ of useful labour it would bring a double gain—gain to the person employed, and profit to the employer; whereas, if spent to support a man in idleness it produces a very doubtful benefit to the man who receives it, and no benefit at all to the person who gives it.

Then see how this evil ramifies and extends itself. In

proportion as the funds increase for the support of the idle, every indolent drone will resort to the monastery to become a fresh drain upon its resources. Thus industry is discouraged, idleness nurtured, and crime, the natural consequence of idleness, is sure to follow.

Facts support the foregoing theory. Take the case of Spain, for example. Many years ago a memorial was presented on the subject of agriculture in that country to the Supreme Council of Castile. In the course of that memorial the complaint was made, "that the consequence of such a multitude of religious orders, and the enormous multiplication of monasteries and of proprietary monks, and of others subsisting upon alms, had been the robbing of the industrious classes in society of subsistence and support."

Wherever Roman Catholicism prevails, mendicancy abounds. In proof of this, look at Rome, Naples, Spain, or, to come nearer home, look even at Ireland. If there were nothing else, then, to be said against them than this, that monasteries have a direct tendency to discourage active labour and to cherish pauperism, this would be enough to make us regard the suppression of the monasteries as one, and by no means the least, of the many social benefits which we have derived from the Reformation.

Thus far I have dwelt mainly upon what may be termed the negative advantages which have accrued from the great event under consideration. The Reformation has emancipated us from the thralldom of being under a foreign yoke; it has set us free from the Papal supremacy. The sovereign can no longer be deposed by the Pope. The terrors of "interdict" and of "excommunication" have vanished. We are in no danger of being drawn into the calamity of war to gratify the ambition of the reigning pontiff. Our Church benefices cannot be filled with Italian priests. Appeals to the Court of Rome to settle any civil or ecclesiastical disputes

are at an end. England is no longer taxed to replenish the treasury of the Vatican; and the monasteries—those fertile spots of idleness, pauperism, and crime—have been happily suppressed. At the same time, all these are but negative consequences. Have there no social effects followed from the Reformation of a *positive* kind, for which we may be supremely thankful? Indeed we need be at no loss for a reply.

First of all, the Reformation *was an effective instrument in God's providence to disenchain the human intellect and liberate mankind from a condition of mental bondage*. Before the Reformation it appears as though there were fetters on the minds of men, incapacitating them for free and lofty exercise. The powers of the understanding were in a state of lethargy. The system of Roman Catholicism favoured this mental inactivity. Nor is it difficult to comprehend the reason. There is nothing which Romanism discourages more than free inquiry; upon religious questions it is almost strictly prohibited. Her rule is entire unquestioning submission to the Church's authority; implicit obedience is one chief element of the character which constitutes a perfect Romanist. He is forbidden to judge for himself. He may not presume to interpret the plainest text otherwise than as the Church has determined. There are texts which this mysterious *dy* has never interpreted at all; others upon which interpretations widely different have been given upon equal authority. No matter, the Roman Catholic must be content to take the "unanimous consent," if he can catch it; to do without it if he cannot, let the consequence be what it may; but on no account must he believe differently to the decisions of the Church. To entertain a doubt as to the truth of any dogma of the Church is a sin. Reason is eclipsed by faith, or rather by superstition; for that is not deserving the name of faith which is the result of doing violence to reason. Free inquiry in matters of religious belief is fatal to the creed of Romanism.

No wonder that it should be denounced by Roman Catholic authorities. The peculiar dogmas of Romanism cannot endure so searching a test. Hence it has ever been the aim of the Church of Rome to discountenance the exercise of the reason upon points of religious doctrine. She would cheerfully relieve her adherents of all trouble of investigation. Truth, it is represented, has been ascertained for them, and they have nothing to do but implicitly believe what the Church has declared.

Now it is easy to perceive how closely this submission of the intellect with regard to religious truth must be connected with mental inactivity with regard to secular knowledge. It must be the evident policy of Rome to confine, in place of encouraging the free exercise of the reason. For, the springs of mental energy once set in motion, it would be impossible to determine when or within what bounds they might cease to operate: Free inquiry even upon mere political questions might imperceptibly undermine the authority of the priest over the reason and the conscience in matters of religious faith. Hence it is plainly for the interests of the Romish Church to afford no encouragement to intellectual progress.

This may sound a harsh statement; but however we may choose to account for it, of the fact there can be no question. From the sixth to the fifteenth century, a period embracing the time when the influence of Roman Catholicism was almost everywhere dominant throughout Christendom, the human mind lay in a state of lethargy. Though there was a literature, and even a science, yet both were equally unproductive. There is scarcely any one work of that immense interval which can be regarded as an increase to human knowledge "Europe was a great intellectual prison, of which superstition kept the key." But mark the change which the Reformation introduced. The immediate effect which followed upon this great religious struggle was the "enfranchisement of the

human mind." It was "an insurrection of the human mind against absolute power in the spiritual order." Its progress was characterized by the increase of mental freedom and expansion. The mere study of the sacred Scriptures themselves led to investigations in history, laws, geography, and antiquities, not less than in theology. "Amid the intellectual excitement thus occasioned, principles were evolved destined to change the face of society, to lead science forward to the great discoveries of modern times, and to impart to literature a degree of vigour, originality, and influence on the progress of society, hitherto unexampled."

Take the testimony on this point, of a great and good man—not less distinguished for his devoted piety than for his great eloquence—I mean the late Robert Hall. Speaking upon the advancement of intellectual inquiry as one amongst the signs of the times, that gifted man observes: "The Reformation was the great instrument in undermining and demolishing that long-established system of intellectual despotism and degradation. Under the light diffused by the Reformers, they awoke from the trance of ignorance and infatuation in which they had slept for ages. They felt those energies of thought and reason which had been so long disused. They began to investigate truth for themselves; they started to that career of genius and science which has ever since been advancing. Had this been the only benefit which it produced, the Protestant Reformation would deserve to be numbered amongst the noblest achievements of mental energy. Viewing it in this light, even infidels have applauded Luther and his associates.

"Since that era the greatest advances have been made in every department of science, physical and moral; more especially during the last century, in which the progress of knowledge has been more rapid than perhaps during any similar period of history. In addition to even the grand

discoveries of Newton respecting the laws of nature and the system of the universe, such a mass of varied information has been accumulated, that Newton himself, could he witness the present state of his own science, would be astonished at advances which he never anticipated. Every year, nay, almost every day, has added something; while the registers of discovery have found it no easy task to keep pace with its march. The nomenclature of the preceding fifty years has been found so inadequate to the demands of the latter half century, that it has become entirely obsolete. . . . Nor has less been accomplished in moral and political philosophy. The genius of legislation has been greatly elucidated within the present age. Philosophy has been popularized, and mingles with every order of society, from the palace to the cottage. All approach its illumination; all participate in its benefits."

Had Robert Hall lived to the present day,—had he witnessed the prodigious advance which, during the past five-and-twenty or thirty years, has been made in science, in the arts, in manufactures, in political and social economy, in works of philanthropy and schemes for the enlightenment and improvement of the human race,—had he lived to behold the marvels of our times, the triumphs of engineering skill and the discoveries of genius; distance almost annihilated by the rapidity of railway transit; remote continents linked together by the electric wire, along which messages are flashing to and fro for thousands of miles, now by the side of railways, now beneath your feet as you walk the crowded thoroughfares of our busy metropolis, now through the depths of the ocean, where foot of man has never trod, with the celerity of thought,—could he have explored the regions of our manufacturing industry, and witnessed machinery of all kinds carried to a perfection which it could hardly have entered into the mind of our forefathers so much as to imagine—a perfection which

is absolutely startling in its effects, so nearly do some of the triumphs of machinery appear to touch upon the confines of life and intellect,—could he have visited the laboratories of our chemists, or the studios of our artists, and witnessed them catch the rays of the sunbeam and convert them into the most exquisite of pencils wherewith to delineate the features of the human form, the beauties of the landscape, or even the ripple of the ocean wave, with an accuracy which baffles competition and almost bids defiance to criticism,—would it not, I ask, have put to the task the brilliant imagination and the glowing eloquence with which Robert Hall was so marvellously gifted, to sketch the course of that ever-expanding, deepening stream of intellectual and social progress whose fountain was unsealed when the Reformation began?

Again: to the Reformation we attribute, in a great degree, *the amelioration of our social condition as regards the diminution of crime and the advancement of morality and good order*. No one will pretend that we have arrived at a state of perfection with regard to these points; no one will deny the prevalence of crime, of profligacy, and of intemperance—that fruitful source of every other form of vice. Yet, on the other hand, no one who is at all acquainted with the facts of the case will question that a vast improvement in the tone of public morals, and in the good order of society, has been effected. If vice is not banished, it is put in check. Immorality is forced into the background to a degree unknown before the dawn of the Reformation.

Take, for example, the tone of public morality. Is not the standard of public morals, in every rank of English society, loftier and purer by far than in any preceding age of the world? There are painful exceptions I admit; but the general conclusion cannot be controverted. Look at the character of our public press—the free, uncorrupt, public press of this kingdom. Why, not only is the tone of the

public press, for the most part, free from anything offensive to Christianity, but not infrequently you find all the talent of the public press enlisted on the side of Christian principle. In the columns of the leading journal of this metropolis—a journal which is, perhaps, the most powerful organ of public opinion in the world—it is no uncommon thing to find great public questions treated not only with an ability which commands the admiration of all who can appreciate a comprehensive grasp of intellect, but with a reverence for the interests of religion which would be worthy of the best champion of the purest form of religious belief.

I was struck with the testimony borne to this point by a distinguished foreigner, himself a Roman Catholic, and an acute observer of the state of English society. I allude to Comte de Montalembert. In his work on “The Political Future of England,” he writes thus: “There is no country in the world, where the press, however shackled or gagged, produces fewer offences against piety or morals; where the newspapers preserve more respect and decency towards the religion of the country. I am told, that in the lowest grade of English society, there is a number of licentious and impious writings in circulation. It is possible; but I affirm that they are not met with in any place where an honest man, very curious, and not over scrupulous, may carry his investigations. I affirm, that in no public place, frequented by respectable persons, in no publication circulated amongst them, is there anything offensive to religion and morality, which at all approaches to what is now distributed in France, at 50,000 copies a day, under that Legislation which interdicts, with an indefatigable vigilance, the slightest criticism of its official acts.”

Look again, at the state of public morals. Do I say that all is what we could wish? very far from it. There are dishonesties practised in trade; there are fraudulent transactions in commerce; there are infamous scenes of debauchery

and crime, which the records of our police courts disclose,—enough to make a godly man tremble for the provocation offered to God by this professedly Christian nation. But I do not hesitate to declare, that if you contrast the state of our country, in regard of crime and immorality, with what it was before the Reformation, you will see reason to conclude that an amazing change for the better has taken place.

During the whole reign of Henry VII., the statutes of the realm give evidence of national dishonesty. Take out of the account what may be termed private Acts of Parliament, and little else appears upon the statute-book of those times but Acts against all sorts of swindlers, criminals, forgers, perjurers, and convicts who had escaped hanging by pleading benefit of clergy. Every social evil, every moral pollution which we deplore, we have received as an heritage from ante-Reformation times. During the period which immediately preceded the Reformation, the fountains of public and private morality seem to have been poisoned; a general licentiousness and profanity prevailed. The dissoluteness of the clergy rivalled the profligacy of the laity.* Let one fact speak for itself. Nothing was more common, during the first thirty years after the Reformation, than application for letters of legitimation. These were applied for by the sons of Popish clergy. The ecclesiastics, who were allowed to retain their benefices, alienated them to their children, who, when they acquired wealth, desired that the stain of illegitimacy might no longer remain on their families.

Again: crimes punishable by the State were so general, that the ordinary prisons were insufficient for the number of criminals, and the hangman's office had lost much of its terror, from the frequency of executions. Hollingshed asserts that 72,000 thieves were hanged during the reign of Henry VIII., a period of thirty-eight years. In the preceding reign,

* See Robertson's History of Scotland.

matters were still worse, and we are told by Sir T. More, that "Thieves were then hanged so fast, that there were sometimes twenty on one gibbet, and we could not wonder enough, how it came to pass, that since so few escaped, there were still so many thieves left, who were still robbing in all places." It was at the beginning of the sixteenth century that the Venetian ambassador in this country wrote: "There is no country in the world where there are so many thieves and robbers as in England, insomuch that few venture to go alone in the country, excepting in the middle of the day, and fewer still in the towns at night, and least of all in London." Making allowance for the enormous growth of the population since those days, there was far more social crime and misery than prevails at the present day.

And wherefore do we connect this improvement in public morals with the Reformation? Why do we attribute this marvellous change for the better, under God, to the light which began to dawn on this country in the sixteenth century—to the precious heritage which has come down to us from those glorious men, who loved not their lives unto the death—our martyred Reformers? Can any one be at a loss for the answer? Look at the chains which the Reformation has snapped asunder—look at the blessed charter of life which it has placed in your hands—look at your deliverance from the temporal thralldom which that great anti-Christian usurpation, the Papacy, imposed on your ancestors—look at the dissolution of those fetters, which for ages enchained this sea-girt land in miserable vassalage to the pretended Vicar of Christ, the Roman Pontiff. Look at the solid blessings—the inestimable spiritual advantages which the Reformation has conferred upon you. It has given you a *free Bible*; it has opened up that long-closed fountain of life and peace; it has strewn the land with the Scriptures; it has sown broadcast over the whole surface of the country the incorruptible seed of the Word of God; it

has established the right of every man to read the volume of Revelation for himself; it has torn asunder the fetters which tyranny forged and cupidity fastened; it has put the Word of God into every man's hand as the true Magna Charta, the standard of faith, the rule of conduct, the depository of privileges for time and hopes for eternity. It is an open Bible which has contributed to enrich, to gladden, to elevate us as to every condition of life—social, political, and religious.

The Reformation has established the right of private judgment—a right which, God helping! we will never surrender.

The Reformation has laid the foundations of our civil and religious liberty.

The Reformation has given to the nation a Scriptural Liturgy in a tongue which the common people can understand—a Liturgy so thoroughly impregnated with Scripture, so simple, so comprehensive, that it has called forth many a fervent tribute of admiration even from some who dissent from our communion.

The Reformation has exposed and refuted the errors of the Papacy. It has proclaimed to the world the antagonism between Popery and the Bible. It has denounced the fundamental error of the doctrine of Transubstantiation, of the Mass, of Purgatory, of Invocation of Saints and Angels. It has delivered its protest against the doctrine of Auricular Confession to a priest—a doctrine for which there is no authority in Scripture, no encouragement in the true Church of England, and against which a hundred arguments may be alleged, any one of which might suffice to ensure its condemnation.

The Reformation has denounced many a Romish error besides; and, more than all this, it has sounded far and wide the great doctrine of Justification by Faith only, irrespective of human work or deserving.

The Reformation has proclaimed the all-sufficiency of the sacrifice which Christ offered of Himself once for all upon the

cross; the completeness of His atonement; the prevalency of His intercession; the oneness of His mediatorship; the pre-eminence which belongs to Him as exalted to be Head over all things to His church. It has made our churches to resound with the glories of Jesus, in place of the glories of Mary. It has caused the proclamation to go forth, throughout the length and breadth of the land, of Salvation without money and without price—the gift of God to every man that believeth in Jesus.

These are blessings worthy of the cost at which they were purchased. Yes, although they were won by sighs and tears and blood; although for their procurement many a saint and confessor had to breathe out his soul amidst the excruciating agonies of the rack, or the fiercer torments of the flame which consumed his body to ashes, but, like the prophet's ear of fire, wafted the emancipated soul to glory—they are blessings worthy of the suffering, the anguish, the martyrdom, with which they were procured. Shall we not prize them? Shall we not resist every attempt to juggle us out of them? Shall we not prove ourselves faithful to the trust which we have received? Who knows not that a desperate attempt has been made to unprotestantize England? Who is not aware that the whole of Roman Catholic Christendom has been summoned to pray for England's reconversion, as it is called, *i.e.*, her reconciliation to the Church of Rome? Who needs to be told that every effort is being made to corrupt the purity of our Protestant faith and sap the foundation of our Protestant Church? Who is so blind as not to see that the great religious question of the present day really amounts to this—Shall we maintain what the Reformers have bequeathed? or shall we narrow the boundaries which separate us from Rome? Shall we cling tenaciously to the principles of the Reformation? or, one by one, shall we surrender those principles, till at length the distinction between the two creeds is lost, and Protestant

England, faithless to the Reformation, is folded again in the embrace of the Papacy.

Disguise it as we may, this is the pivot upon which turns the mighty religious conflict which is going forward in this country at the present day. England, in God's providence, has been the palladium of Protestantism. Her prosperity, her influence, her power, have made her an object of envy. Roman Catholic countries regard her with jealousy. They deplore her separation from their Church. Meanwhile, every effort is being made to re-entangle her in the yoke from which, by God's mercy, the Reformation set her free.

Christian young men of this great metropolis! Members of an association framed for the holiest object—to advance the interests of pure and undefiled religion—to aid one another in the great battle of life—not the struggle for temporal greatness—not to earn a wreath of earthly fame—not to heap together the treasures of this world—but to speed one another in the race for the prize of immortality,—be faithful, I implore you, to the principles for which the Reformers strove, in defence of which they died. Be valiant for the truth; embrace it; exemplify it; withstand every encroachment of error. Take your stand upon the written Word of God. Let that be your rule of faith, your standard of practice. Study it; meditate upon it: Seek that, in thought, in word, in deed, you may be conformed to its precepts: Uphold its supremacy, its integrity, its inspiration. Remember, I beseech you, that Word is saving truth. It is able to make you wise to salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. It is the message of a Father in Heaven, pitying your guilt and offering you pardon, commiserating your weakness and promising you everlasting strength. It tells you of blood which can cleanse from all sin, of grace which can subdue your every corruption and make you meet for an heavenly and eternal inheritance. To have brought these truths to light is the chief glory of the Reformation; for ages they were obscured

and hidden by the traditions of men, at the Reformation they were proclaimed with the power and attractiveness of a new revelation. Intellects that had been long enslaved were enfranchised; hearts that had been long sighing in vain for some ray of light to cheer them were enlarged and comforted. The "sword of the Spirit" cut in twain the bondage of superstition. The enthralled were set free; the miserable were made glad; social blessings without number came in the train of spiritual enlightenment: we will prize them, we will cherish them, if need be we will die for them, that we may hand down unimpaired the glorious heritage to our children and to our children's children.

THE
Occultation of Jupiter.

A LECTURE,

BY THE

REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

THE OCCULTATION OF JUPITER.

How sublime in their simplicity are the opening sentences of the most ancient book the world contains! Amid the contending theories of many philosophies respecting the origin of the universe, with what grand and authoritative tones do these words of inspiration fall upon the ear: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And God said, Let there be light, and there was light. And God said, Let there be a firmament, and it was so. And God said, Let the dry land appear, and it was so. And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven, to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years, and it was so"!

These lights in the firmament are for *natural* signs, to divide the day from the night, and to be "for seasons, for days, and for years." But is this their *only* function? Are they signs of nothing else? Is there no deep mystery in their solemn, silent motions? Is there no occult meaning in that calm, bright gaze which they cast down upon us? Should we not be wiser, better, happier, if we could interpret the symbol? Men have always thought so. Astrology—star-reading—is the oldest of the sciences. But the efforts of its votaries were misdirected. Those wondrous orbs were made the ministers of craft and credulity. It was pretended that by them the great problem of futurity could be solved. Taking advantage of the eager curiosity of the human mind to explore that to-morrow which Wisdom and Love have concealed,

astrologers have professed to read in the motions of the planets through the myriad stars which spangle the heavens, the destinies of individuals and of nations. Vain pretence! palpable imposture! gross impiety! As if the affairs of men were subjected to the capricious interpretations of such false prophets! As if the machinery of the planets, as a larger system of wheels driving a smaller, controlled the events of political and social life! As if the conjunctions of the stars could determine the hour of birth and of death! As if the uniform progression of the heavens by fixed and immutable physical laws, could regulate occurrences depending on the free thoughts and volitions of the mind! No! The Almighty has not entrusted the great secrets which in love He withholds from His children to these few star-gazers; nor is our destiny wound up in any irresistible, unfeeling mechanism; but is every moment under the watchful eye and immediate control of One to whose compassion we may appeal in all our troubles, and whom we may confidently invoke as our Father who is in heaven.

But while the lights in the firmament were not designed to foretell future events, they may nevertheless have been appointed for signs of more than seasons, and days, and years. In common with all the other works of God in nature, they may be contemplated as symbolizing moral and spiritual truth. The visible universe is a vast volume, on every page of which is inscribed some feature of the character of the great Architect. And, as in material organisms we trace the prevalence of great types, pervading with endless variations vast fields of creation, linking together objects which at first sight appear most dissimilar, so the Creation, as a whole, may be regarded as containing types of the highest truths of all, binding in holy relationship the material with the spiritual world. The Creator has himself come amongst us as our Teacher, to aid us in reading off some of the hieroglyphics which His own finger traced, and thus to furnish us with a key by which we may for ourselves interpret the cypher

carved with a master's hand on the whole surface of created things. The merely scientific eye may be satisfied with measuring the forms and noting the colours of those symbols; but the highest philosophy is that which seeks to understand the divine mysteries which they clothe—mysteries concealed only from the careless or merely critical observer, but so freely revealed to all who wish to be divinely taught, that unlettered peasants and little children may often gather more wisdom from this open volume than many a philosopher whose name has become renowned. The botanist may with careful skill dissect a flower, accurately classify it, and affix to it its scientific name; but the Saviour taught a still diviner botany when He said, "Consider the lilies, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If, then, God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith!" And the astronomer may, with unerring exactness, calculate the distances and motions of sun, moon, and planets; and while I would be the last to depreciate such labours, yet I hold it to be a still higher astronomy which reads in the illuminated page unrolled above us such lessons as that which David often pondered as he kept watch over his sheep beneath the starry sky, or in midnight marches eluded the pursuit of Saul: "When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained; what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him!"

Moreover, this is wisdom which is accessible to all. God's best gifts are the cheapest. What we most need is most widely diffused, most abundant, and most free. As the rays of the sun, the best of all light; as the pure water of the spring, the best of all drinks; as the air we breathe, essential every moment to existence, and for which no artificial product

can be a substitute;—so this department of philosophy, the most important of all, is open to the poor as well as to the rich; to the unlettered as well as to the scholar; to those whose daily toils deprive them of the luxury of scientific research, as well as to those whom education, affluence, and leisure enable to spend their lives in the honourable and delightful exploration of the inner shrines of the great temple. It is with a view to this spiritual astronomy, that I desire, this evening, to direct your attention to one of the numerous phenomena resulting from the motions of the heavenly bodies—the Occultation of Jupiter by the Moon.

It is the evening of the 2nd of January, 1857. The sky is without a cloud. Near the meridian, the crescent moon is sailing, queen-like, in the deep blue expanse, attended, towards the concave portion of her illumined surface, by a solitary but brilliant star. Fancy may suggest that the rest of night's sparkling retinue have retired from a too close proximity, and are crowding together in a circle all round the horizon, whence, as in a grand amphitheatre, but from a respectful distance, they are watching and paying homage to the two great luminaries which are about to meet and to embrace. The most attentive gaze can detect no change of place. The moon and Jupiter seem absolutely motionless. Yet, after looking aside for a few moments, you observe that the interval between them has decreased. Once more withdraw your gaze. Now, again look upward. It is even so. How noiselessly, calmly, surely, irresistibly, is that planet drawing nearer and nearer to the lovely ruler of the night, who seems to bend her bright arms forward, as if to entice and welcome his embrace!

But see! before they meet, while yet, as it seems, in mid-air, Jupiter suddenly pales his ardent fires, and then in an instant vanishes! It cannot be that his light is quenched by her superior radiance; for, in that case, his disappearance would have been more gradual. It cannot be that she has interposed between us, as if in jealousy, to snatch him from

our gaze ; for he has not yet come in contact with her silvery charms. Does he, as he approaches the fair Queen of Night hide his face, as if in homage, ere he touches the lower step of her radiant throne ? An hour elapses. What is that brilliant speck which now is seen glittering upon the opposite side of the moon, touching its sharply-defined bright outer edge ? It is Jupiter again ! He has passed behind the entire lunar sphere—its darkened as well as illumined disc. For a moment he seems to linger in contact with his queen, as if taking a last farewell ; but he is soon on his journey again ; and every time we look up, we see that the distance between them has increased. Like two travellers whose paths have lain widely apart, but who meet in the desert, once more to separate and place whole continents between them ; or like two ships which have spoken each other on the wide Atlantic, and after hoisting corresponding signals, and firing friendly salutes, diverge each moment from one another's track,—

“ Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet—

One little hour, and then away they speed

On lonely paths, through mist, and cloud, and foam,”—

so these majestic voyagers had, after a long interval, met once more ; but, forbidden to tarry, were now again pursuing their solitary journey over the boundless ocean of the sky. The streets were thronged with passengers—the rattle of cabs and omnibuses dinned the ear—the crowd, unheeding, rushed along in the eager pursuit of wealth, or pleasure, or repose—but the heavenly orbs in serene majesty performed their allotted part, held on their quiet way ; and as they met, embraced and separated, spoke in tones which, to those who heeded, drowned by their silvery sweetness the uproar of the streets—celebrating the praises of Him who said, “ Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven, and let them be for signs.”

I.—Did not the moon and Jupiter that night proclaim the wisdom and power of Him who appointed their respective

orbits, propelled them on their course, and bade them shine? That occultation was exactly computed by astronomers. At the precise instant predicted years before, men looked up far more certain that the fact would correspond with their expectation than they could be of the punctual performance of any business transaction. There was not a discrepancy of the slightest fraction of time. How was it that such calculations could be so accurately made? Only because there is in nature a regularity which is never at fault. That moon, that planet, have their appointed paths, from which they never deviate. They have their rates of motion, which no accident can ever increase or diminish. What seem like variations are so in appearance only. Accelerations and retardations obey a fixed law. Even perturbations correct themselves and produce a uniform result. Thus not only an occultation, but the precise moment when every planet shall arrive at any point whatsoever in its orbit, can be calculated with the most unerring exactness.

Can these motions be the result of chance? Do they not clearly prove the existence of a most mighty and wise Creator, who first framed and still presides over this wondrous universe? You may tell me that the regularity observable in the planetary system can be accounted for by the operation of general laws. You may expound to me those with which the name of Kepler is associated; you may tell me how the planets move in elliptical orbits round the sun as one of their foci; how that, as they approach the sun, their speed is accelerated in such proportion that the radius vector always describes equal areas in equal times, however the length of the radius and the speed of the planet may vary; and how the time of revolution bears a uniform proportion to the major axis of the orbit. You may tell me of Newton's marvellous generalizations, and of the results of the patient toil of his gigantic genius: how all bodies gravitate to one another, the force being proportioned to the mass; how all the planets are drawn towards the centre of the sun; and how the gravitating

force is inversely as the square of their distance from the attracting focus. You may explain how it is that a motion results from these laws so uniform as to render it easy to calculate the time of an occultation; you may show me how, supposing a planet were projected in space within the sphere of the sun's attraction, it would be drawn towards the sun, along a curve resulting from the combined forces of propulsion and attraction; how, as it approached the sun, its velocity would be increased by the augmented force of gravitation, but that this increased velocity would proportionally increase the planet's tendency to fly off in a tangent from the curve in which it moves, so that the danger of its striking against the central mass is obviated by the effect of the very eagerness with which it seems to hurry to that centre. You may show how the projectile force now preponderates, and carries the planet away from the threatened collision along a curve similar to that which it described at first; how gravitation, now acting in an opposite direction, retards the planet, prevents its flying away into space, and gradually overpowers the projectile force, so that the planet arrives at exactly the same spot from which it started; and how, one acquired tendency neutralized by another, and left to its original forces of projection and gravitation, it pursues the same path as before with such precision that, should there be any variation in the observed phenomena, astronomers doubt the accuracy of their own eyes, instruments, or figures,—never that of the orbs of heaven.

All this, and much more, you may show me; and then, as in triumph, you may tell me that the wonderful accuracy I have referred to in the motions of the planets can all be accounted for by natural, necessary laws! But since a law implies a law-maker, who devised, arranged, propounded this majestic code? Laws also imply a ruler to administer them. A monarch governs according to law, but what can law do of itself? A musty parchment-scroll, duly engrossed, sealed,

and signed, what power hath it? It needs the strong arm of the executive to render it operative. So if nature obeys laws, she can only do so by obeying one who rules according to law. We are in great danger of misleading ourselves and others by the use we make of this term. In science a law is merely a term for generalized facts. We observe certain phenomena which resemble each other, we class them together, and we say that they take place according to a law. But this law is simply the resemblance which we observe, and means no more than that the Great Ruler of the universe acts uniformly—even as if He were obeying a law. And what can this law be but the sovereign and uncontrolled, the most wise and benevolent purpose of Him “who worketh all things according to the counsel of His own will”?

Yet some, even in this nineteenth century, would persuade us that because the great machine of the universe rolls on with unerring regularity, therefore it is evident that what we call laws are really inherent powers, and, consequently, that no proof remains of the existence of a God. Now, suppose we grant that there are powers in nature by virtue of which the various phenomena we observe are uniformly and necessarily developed. What then? Does this destroy the evidence of design? Men may so construct a machine that it shall perform its functions by virtue of powers communicated at the first, or from time to time renewed. But does not this prove more emphatically the skill of the mechanist? If a steam engine, which could be kept in motion only so long as the stoker was at hand to supply coal to the furnace, and the engineer to open and to close the steam-valves, would yet furnish evidence that it had a skilful maker—would not the proof be still stronger if, by self-acting machinery, the fire was continually fed with coals, the valves were opened and shut, and the supply of steam increased or lessened according to the speed at which the governors were revolving? Now, if this steam-engine could be left to itself

for a whole week, so that during that time, without pause, without accident, without risk—piston, pump, condenser, fly-wheel, all performed their appropriate offices, with constant repetition of their several motions, but with no inspection, no aid of the engineer, would there not be a still more startling evidence of skill? Suppose, now, this process to go on for a much longer period, would not the evidence be still more emphatic? Imagine that you have come into possession of such a machine. Let it be granted also that some parts of it are mysterious, and especially that the sources of supply to both furnace and boiler are concealed. You can trace the mutual connection and dependence of some parts of the machine, but the prime moving power you cannot detect. You know nothing about its origin. Day by day, year by year, it performs its functions without the slightest variation. It has never needed repair. Whatever you are doing—sleeping, waking, journeying,—it still uninterruptedly does its work. You show it to a friend, and expect him to share in your own admiration of the skill manifested in its construction. But he laughs at your credulity for supposing it ever had a maker. “Do you not observe,” says he, “that what you adduce as proofs of extraordinary skill are, on the contrary, demonstrative evidence that no skill at all was concerned in its construction? It was working, you say, when you became its owner. Years have elapsed. It is going still, without aid from yourself, or from any one else. Does not this show that it goes of itself—that its movements result from the operation of inherent laws—and therefore that it never had a maker? But if every day the engine came to a standstill, and some man, declaring himself the contriver and producer of it, were to appear, and bring a fresh supply of fuel to the furnace, of water to the boiler, of oil to the wheels, and then, by the pressing down of some lever, the opening of some valve, were, before your eyes, to set those wheels again in motion,—then you *would* have evidence of great ingenuity; but now

that it works, as you say, so perfectly, without such occasional interference, you are irrational in attributing its operations to any cause external to itself."

What would you say to such an argument? Unless you thought it too contemptible for notice, you would reply: "If the contrivances which would enable this machine to continue its functions without error and without interference for twenty-four hours, would be a proof that it had a maker, still more must contrivances of a superior kind, which keep it in motion for a longer period. Just as a watch which will keep correct time for a month, is a superior instrument to another which needs to be wound up every day, so does the fact that my steam-engine continues working, though I never saw it set in motion, and though it never needs assistance or repair, prove it to be the production of some skilful mechanist more emphatically than if it needed continual supervision.

So with the vast machine of the universe. Some argue as if ampler evidence of wisdom and power would be afforded were its mighty and innumerable wheels occasionally to stop, requiring some miraculous interposition of Omnipotence for their renewed propulsion. Let God, declaring Himself to be the great Mechanist, thus from time to time appear, and before our eyes put it in repair and keep it in motion, and we will believe! That is, a defect shall be more convincing than perfect workmanship! A pause in the great engine, occasioning terror, disturbance, destruction, shall be more demonstrative than that unerring uniformity on which are so dependent the plans, toils, security, happiness—the very existence of the objector himself! Because "all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation," some would make us believe that a Divine author of their existence is not a logical necessity! Because, in our little day—because, during the brief existence of the human race, the origin of things has not been witnessed, therefore those things never were originated! Because neither we nor our fathers were present

at the act of creation, therefore no such act took place! Should not the uniform working of the great machine through sixty centuries be felt as the most convincing evidence of wisdom and might in the great Mechanist?

Dilate to your heart's content on the incalculable antiquity of the universe, and its subjection to primal and inherent laws; demonstrate as you please that what we see around us was not the result of a special putting forth of divine energy, but is merely the evolution of powers in an antecedent system; maintain, if you are so disposed, that what *we* regard as "vestiges of *Creation*" are only the outgrowth of anterior formations—that man is but a developed molecule, and the planets condensed clouds;—I should still insist that the original powers communicated to that molecule and to those clouds, so that, as the result of the original winding-up of their mechanism, the former could become a man, and the latter become worlds, presented only a stronger proof of creative power and skill.

But while the formation of a few elementary substances, endowed with inherent powers of self-development, and then left to endless progression without further interposition, would be no disproof of His existence, we do not consider that God has chosen thus to frame and govern the universe. He has not abandoned to itself the work of His own hands, but, though unseen, stands by the vast machine, ever watching, controlling, directing, conserving.

I envy not the man who could have contemplated that occultation of Jupiter without recognizing the presence of the great Creator. Again, I ask, was it by chance that, with such precision, those wondrous orbs had accomplished the long journey since last they met? Is it the result of a happy accident, of blind fate, or lifeless laws, that the moon, faithful companion of the earth, "with handmaid lamp attending," revolves ever round and round our planet, lighting the traveller on his midnight way, and the mariner across the

dark waters of the deep? Is it by chance that the various forces of gravitation towards the earth, and gravitation towards the sun, and the centrifugal tendency to fly off from the orbit, are so correctly balanced that the moon revolves round the earth while the earth pursues its own journey round the sun? Is it by chance that the planets, appearing but as tiny sparks, but being in reality mighty globes suspended by nothing, are ever whirling through space, never leaving their appointed path, never coming into collision, never deviating from their accustomed rates of motion, so that we, hundreds of millions of miles distant from some of them, may calculate to the fraction of a second the times of their arrival at all the stages of their journey? Tell me not of forces centripetal and forces centrifugal—tell me not of gravitation holding the invisible reins by which these unresting eager steeds of the sky are by strong curb restrained within appointed bounds, and compelled to keep the path: will those forces account for the first propulsion? Who at the beginning launched forth those stupendous orbs? Who impressed on them that primeval force? Who gave them their first direction? Who weighed them in scales, regulating their orbit and their speed? and who ordained those relationships between the various forces of nature, so that the tendency to rush to the centre might be so counterpoised by the impulse to rush from the circumference, that a steady motion along the same path is the result? By whose arrangement and upholding power is it that we never dread the moon dashing against the earth, the earth hastening to terrible collision with the sun, the planets rushing madly through space, and the sky becoming thus a vast battle-field, strewn with the fragments of stars and satellites?

“Have ye not known—hath it not been told you from the beginning—have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth? It is He that sitteth upon the foundations of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that

stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in. Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number? It is He who meted out the heavens with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance. It is He who stretched out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing. By His Spirit He hath garnished the heavens. He telleth the number of the stars, He calleth them all by their names. He commandeth the sun, and it riseth not, and *scaleth up the stars*. He bindeth the sweet influences of Pleiades, and looseth the bands of Orion. He bringeth forth Mazzaroth in his season, and guideth Arcturus with his sons. Lo! these are but a part of His ways, but the thunder of His power who can understand?

“What though in solemn *silence* all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no *real voice* nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:
In Reason's ear they all *rejoice*,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine—
The hand that made us is Divine!”

II.—I shall now refer to some of the phenomena of the occultation, as affording us a sign that our own hasty judgments may be at variance with facts, and that, therefore, we ought to receive reverently the teaching of God on subjects which of ourselves we cannot thoroughly explore.

On the evening in question an observer ignorant of the facts of astronomical science would have said that he saw two lights in the sky—the one, called the moon, being very much larger than the other, called Jupiter; that they were moving in opposite directions, until, approaching one another, the smaller luminary, before it came in contact with the larger, suddenly disappeared in empty space. Now, every one of

these conclusions would be false. Let us begin with the relative sizes of the moon and Jupiter. The latter appeared but as a brilliant point beside the majestic crescent of the former. It seemed as though hundreds of such stars would be required to make one such moon. Yet what is the fact? That it would require more than 60,000 such moons to make one such star! A speck, as it appears to us, Jupiter is 1,300 times larger than the earth itself, on which we stand to view it. Then, as to their motion, the moon and the planet were seen approaching each other, and the natural inference would be either that one was stationary, or that both were moving in opposite directions. Instead of this, each was travelling in its own orbit from west to east—the one round the earth, the other round the sun—so that they were going in the same apparent path, the seeming difference of direction arising from their different rates of motion—the one not meeting, but overtaking the other. But, when convinced of this, our unscientific observer would tell us that the moon was the faster traveller of the two, inasmuch as in the course of the night she had altered her apparent position in relation to the fixed stars much more than Jupiter had done. Here, again, he would fall into an error. The moon does *seem* to move the more rapidly, but the fact is, that while the moon travels at the rate of 2,000 miles an hour, Jupiter moves along his orbit at the rapidity of about 30,000 miles an hour, his *apparent* velocity being diminished by his immense distance of 400 millions of miles from us, *i.e.*, about 1,500 times farther off than the moon.

Again, the planet disappeared from view before it came in contact with the bright inner edge of the moon. It might therefore be supposed that Jupiter had become occulted before it reached the moon. Here, also, there would be an error. Instead of the planet being extinguished, as it were, in space, its disappearance resulted from its passing behind the dark portion of the moon's disc. So that here another

discrepancy is observable between appearances and facts. According to appearances on that night, the moon was in the form of a crescent; but we know that it is always of the same form—always a complete circle, an entire sphere—its varying phases resulting from different parts of its surface being illumined by the sun's rays. So that the moon, when new, with only a thin crescent visible, is as large as when it is at the full.

In all these cases, observe how first appearances differ from the true facts of science. Would it be wise for an ignorant observer to contend for his own conclusions, in opposition to those of a skilful astronomer? If he were to reason as some persons do in theology, he would say, "Don't tell me that Jupiter is sixty thousand times larger than the moon. My own eyes convince me that it must rather be sixty thousand times less. Don't try to deceive me by saying that they both are moving in the same direction. Can't I see for myself that they are *meeting* one another? Don't suppose I am to think that the star disappeared because the moon hid it, when I saw its light extinguished before it touched the moon; nor expect to make me believe that the moon that night was round, when I saw it in the form of a crescent. You may be very wise, but I have eyes of my own, and I'll never believe anything against my own senses." Though such a man might rely on his correct eyesight and other four senses, you would not give him much credit for that sixth, most important, but rarer faculty, called *common* sense. It would be obviously reasonable, in such a case, to receive the testimony of one who had made the stars the study of his life, although his statements might be at variance with your own previous suppositions, and although you were unable to reconcile the discrepancy.

If this principle is sound in reference to things seen and temporal, why should it not be applicable to things unseen and eternal? If, when our knowledge of the planets is in its

infancy, we mistake their forms, distances, and velocities, is it not likely that, being mere babes in the knowledge of God Himself, we may often be misled by superficial notions which matured wisdom will correct? If, in the natural world, we accept the authority of science, shall we not, in the spiritual world, bow to the revelations of God? If we would surrender our opinions respecting the moon and Jupiter in deference to an astronomer, though he failed to make us understand how to reconcile our sense-perceptions with ascertained facts, how much more readily, as little children in the school of a higher astronomy, should we receive with meekness the teachings of the Bible, even though it contain some things hard to be understood! If your unscientific view of the stars leads you to mistakes, be humble enough to feel that, in exploring far wider fields than those of the hemisphere above us, and in studying more glorious orbs than suns and planets, you may also err. Reject not what is revealed on competent authority as a fact, merely because you are unable to comprehend the reason of the fact; repudiate your own theories when opposed to the positive teaching of the Divine Word—and thus gather wisdom from the lights which God set in the firmament for signs!

III.—Take another illustration. The stars were set in the firmament for signs both of physical changes and, as we maintain, of moral truth. Of the former class there is not one more valuable than the indication which the heavenly bodies give to the traveller of his true position. You have, perhaps, often wondered how it is possible for any one in the trackless desert, where vast plains of sand stretch around as far as the eye can reach, or in a wilderness of vegetation as yet untrodden by man—or, still more, on the boundless ocean—to ascertain whereabouts he is. How, for example, could Dr. Livingstone, when exploring the interior of Africa, find his way from the centre to

the western coast, and then again from western coast to eastern, through regions which his native guides themselves had never traversed? How can the mariner, hundreds of miles from shore, sailing on the liquid plain which bears on its yielding surface no track of former voyager, know how to steer his vessel?

It may seem to some of you an impossibility for a man to be carried blindfold a thousand miles away, and then, on some vast plain, or far out at sea, to have his eyes uncovered, and to be able in a few minutes to point out on the map, with precision and certainty, the very spot which he is occupying. To many, the explanation I am about to give will be but the A B C of knowledge; but they will, perhaps, excuse me if, for the sake of others not so familiar with the subject, I briefly refer to the method by which this problem is solved. The mariner can command, at any one moment, so little of the surface of the globe which he is traversing, that he is unable to discover his true position from anything he sees around him. But the lights in the firmament are signs. They serve as signal-posts. Though he can see but a speck at a time on the surface of his own planet, he can survey at one view half the sidereal sphere within which that planet is hung. As he changes his position, the sun, moon, and stars alter their apparent place in the sky. Suppose you could see nothing of the floor of this hall except so much as was directly under your feet. Yet, by examining the roof you could tell what part you were occupying, because the position of the panels and chandeliers is different to every person according to the part of the hall in which he happens to be seated. Just so it is with the earth and the sky. Owing to the rotundity of the globe, we cannot see enough of the terrestrial floor to discover where we are; but we can see the whole of the celestial ceiling, the majestic and illuminated dome above us. As we move about a different part of that dome comes immediately above our heads. That portion of the heavens to which

the axis of the earth points is called the Pole. This would be exactly over the head of any person standing at the north pole of the earth. Of course the opposite pole of the heavens would be exactly under his feet. If, then, he changed his position, so as to stand on the south pole of the earth, the south pole of the heavens would be immediately above him, as the north pole of the heavens was before. Thus there would be an alteration in the position of the stars equal to half a great circle, or 180 degrees. He would know, therefore, that he had traversed 180 degrees on the surface of the earth, from north to south. But this change in the position of the stars would be gradual, and proportionate to his rate of travelling. When he had travelled so far that he saw the stars which had been over his head ten degrees nearer the northern horizon, and other stars which had been ten degrees below his zenith, now immediately above him, he would know he had travelled ten degrees towards the south; and, knowing the value of a degree of the earth's circumference, he could tell how many miles he had travelled. When exactly half-way between the north and south poles of the earth, he would see the north and south poles of the heavens on the horizon in opposite directions to him. The one would be just disappearing, the other just coming in sight. The spot on which he is now standing is at the equator—equally distant from the poles. Here the poles, being on the horizon, have no altitude at all. The latitude is therefore said to be nothing. But if the traveller moves back again towards the north, the north pole of the heavens will rise proportionally above the horizon. Its altitude will give him his latitude north of the equator. So, if he journeys in the opposite direction, the south pole will gradually rise, and its altitude will give him his latitude south of the equator.

But the declinations of all the principal stars—that is, their distances from the equator—are known and set down in astronomical tables, so that we are not limited to the observation

of any one particular star, or of the exact pole of the heavens, but by taking the greatest altitude of any of the heavenly bodies, and adding the declination, if it is south, or subtracting it if it is north, we find the elevation of the equator above the horizon. But as the distance between the pole and the equator is the quarter of a circle, or 90 deg., and between the horizon and the zenith is also 90 deg., just as much as the equator is elevated above the horizon the pole is depressed below the zenith. The complement to the amount of the polar depression—*i. e.*, the remainder of the 90 deg.—will give the polar altitude, *i. e.*, the latitude of the place where the observation is made.

But to ascertain the longitude—that is, the distance east or west of any fixed meridian—this is a much more difficult affair. The earth revolving on its axis every twenty-four hours, presents, in the same time, every part of its surface to every part of the corresponding celestial hemisphere. In other words, every part of such hemisphere comes to the meridian of every place on the earth's surface once a day. When the sun is on the meridian we say it is noon. When the sun is exactly opposite the meridian we say it is midnight. As the earth revolves, and the sun is thus brought on the meridian of different parts of its surface, noon and midnight, of course, traverse the globe at an equal rate of motion. If you divide the earth into twenty-four parts, as the sun traverses the whole in twenty-four hours, it will traverse one part in one hour. Now, one twenty-fourth part of the earth's surface is one twenty-fourth part of 360 deg., and this is 15 deg. The earth revolves from west to east; so that places towards the east come to the sun—that is, the sun reaches their meridian—earlier than is the case with places farther west. If one place is longitudinally distant from another by half the circumference of the earth, there is a difference of half an entire day in the time of noon; that is, while it is noon at one place, it is midnight at another. But if

one place is east of another only 15 deg., that is, one twenty-fourth part of the earth's circumference, noon will occur one twenty-fourth part of the day, that is, one hour earlier than at the other place. If, then, a traveller could know what is the true solar time in London, the difference between this and his own noon would give him his longitudinal distance. Thus, if his own watch was at one o'clock when the London watch was only at twelve, he would know he was one hour in advance; that is, 15 deg. east of London. This is the use of chronometers, which are watches of a superior kind, so constructed with compensating levers as to keep steady time notwithstanding differences of temperature.

But the very best chronometers are liable to irregularity, and consequently the longitude, if deduced solely from them, may be erroneous. When the slightest deviation from the true path may expose a vessel to destruction, it is of the greatest importance to rectify such errors. The sailor looks upward, and finds his clock in the heavens. The sky is the dial-plate, the stars the figures, the moon the hands. He knows, by the almanac, the precise moment, by Greenwich time, when the moon arrives at certain stages of its journey. He looks out for these arrivals. They are some of the signs in the firmament, for which those lights were placed there. By carefully observing them, he is able, without possibility of error, to learn the true time, and to correct his chronometer with as much confidence as though by telegraphic communication he had at that moment received information of the state of the clock at London. Now, an occultation is one of the occasions on which the hand of the sidereal clock points out the true time. The moments when the planet is occulted and when it reappears are exactly predicted and noted in the almanac. If, then, a traveller takes an accurate observation of these phenomena, he knows what, at that instant, is the true hour of the day at London. The difference between this and his own time, as regulated by the sun, at once gives him

his longitude. Thus learning his distance east or west of London, and being always able to know his distance north or south of the equator, he ascertains his place on the earth's surface. He may be on a pathless desert—he may be on the boundless ocean; yet he can open his chart, and, with the fullest certainty, place his finger on the very spot at which he has arrived.

I well remember the deep interest with which, some years ago, I listened to an eminent navigator with whom I was conversing on this subject. I had been expressing to him the feelings of wonder with which I always contemplated the mariner pursuing his way over the trackless waste of waters with as much confidence as a traveller on shore presses forward along a highway marked with many a rut, bounded by hedges, and with sign-posts at frequent intervals; steering his vessel as boldly in one uniform direction as if he saw straight ahead of him the harbour which is a thousand miles away; gliding into favourable currents; availing himself of trade winds; doubling capes which he does not approach near enough to see; skilfully avoiding shoals, invisible to the eye; and shunning rocks below the surface, one touch of which would be destruction to ship and crew, with as much precision as if they reared their frowning fronts as high as Gibraltar or Teneriffe; and then, just when he expected, entering the port for which, months ago, he set out, and from the direct route to which he has never deviated. My friend told me a case in illustration. He had himself recently returned from India in a sailing vessel. He had touched nowhere on his way. Land for months had been invisible. Yet with confidence he turned his vessel's head up the English Channel. He was now approaching very near our dangerous coast. The weather had been rough, the atmosphere thick and hazy. While yet out of sight of land, a pilot-vessel came alongside, offering to take them to the Downs. My friend declined the proffered and costly service. "You had better let me take charge," said the

pilot; "after a long voyage, you can't be sure of your reckoning, especially in such weather, and you run the risk of losing your ship." My friend, opening his chart, put his finger on the very spot where they were; "and," said he, "this evening, about six o'clock, we shall see Dungeness light under the larboard bow." The pilot took his leave. At the time predicted, the man on the look-out gave the signal—"a light on the larboard bow!" It was the southernmost point of the coast of Kent—the first land seen for months; and in a few hours, the gallant ship, so long true and faithful to her home, was riding safely at anchor in the Downs.

Voyagers on the ocean of life, we are all liable to lose our way. Our chronometers do not keep correct time. "The heart is deceitful above all things." "He that trusteth his own heart is a fool." Yet how terrible the results of error! In this ocean there are rocks, and shoals, and quicksands. If we lose our reckoning—if we wander from the true course—how certainly we shall suffer shipwreck! For a season, young men, guided by the capricious compass of your own lusts, shifting your helm to suit every changing impulse, the wind may waft you pleasantly along beneath a cloudless sky and over a stormless ocean, but without some surer guide you sail to destruction. How can you correct your mistake—how discover your true path? Fix your eye on the "bright and Morning Star!" He never suffers occultation—He knows no eclipse—but in His unchanging radiance He ever gives signs which none need mistake, of where we are, and whither we ought to steer. Not merely at certain intervals, but at all times, by night and by day, at every moment, by "looking unto Jesus," we may discover our deviation from righteousness, and learn the way in which we should go. In cloudy weather the sailor can take no observations, and for days together he is thus prevented from profiting by the signs in the firmament. But no clouds conceal this Star, no obstacle impedes the sinner's view, but what arises from himself. The sailor has to make allow-

ances in his calculation for parallax, or the alteration in the apparent place of the planet, arising from the position of the point whence it is viewed. But with Christ there is no changeableness—no parallax—neither “shadow of turning.” He is always the same. The mariner is often unable to profit by an occultation to the full extent, owing to the motion of the vessel. And we also, with our fickle, unstable minds, are unable to obtain a fixed, steady, accurate view of Christ. But He himself will help us. He will correct our mistakes. He will preserve all who sincerely look to Him from any error which might prevent them from reaching port in safety. Look up to Him, young men! It was interesting, on the evening of the occultation, to think how many persons, in different parts of the world, were at the same moment intently watching the same star—how many were thus correcting their clocks, and ascertaining their true place. No star can be seen at once by more than half the globe. If visible to us, it is hidden from our antipodes. But Jesus may be beheld by all who seek Him, at the same moment, and in every part of the world. Chinamen, Caffres, Patagonians, Greenlanders, Tahitians, and Britons, at once reverently and adoringly behold, by faith, the Saviour of sinners—the Morning Star—the Sun of Righteousness.

Look to *Him*! Would the traveller take observations by falling stars? But do not many, who are on a far more important journey, allow themselves to be guided by the false lights of the world? If ye want to know your true position and the right path, look not to those meteors which blaze for a moment, and for ever are extinct; ask not what will be for your worldly interest, but what will promote your soul's salvation; not what will *men* think, but what does *God* command; not what are others doing, but whither is Christ leading; not what is pleasant, or fashionable, or politic, but what is *right*. O ye voyagers over the dangerous ocean of life, with inborn tendencies to deviate from the only safe track,

having, in fact, wandered from it,—allured by false lights to wander more and more,—there is one method, and only one, by which those errors can be corrected, and those dangers towards which you now are sailing, be shunned; and that is by fixing your eyes on Christ! Look not to His fallible followers, but to Himself, the Infallible Guide! Not to the Church, but to the Saviour! Least of all, to the world, the flesh, or the devil. Let your eye be fixed on *Him*! On Him, in His holy life setting an example for you to imitate; on Him, hanging on the cross, offering a sacrifice for you to trust in; on Him, seated on His throne, claiming your obedience and promising His help. Oh, keep your eyes intently fixed on *Him*, the bright and Morning Star!

IV.—Throughout the whole course of the preceding illustrations, this one fact has, I trust, been constantly and emphatically impressed upon our minds, that the universe of stars is under the government of the omnipotent Creator. Suns and planets pay Him homage. In every portion of space His laws are obeyed. His will is done in heaven!—done universally, continually, unerringly!

But there is a universe of a far higher order than that of stars—the universe of souls. One intelligent spirit is of more value than the brightest orb which shines in the midnight sky. That which can behold and admire the stars is greater and nobler than the stars themselves. God is a Spirit, and they who partake of His own nature must be regarded by Him as of more value than the most stupendous unintelligent product of His power. Can we then suppose that if He is present in the world of matter, He withdraws Himself from that of mind; that if planets are subjected to His sway, we, who can calculate the motions of those planets, are removed from His inspection, and beyond His control?

All reason is against such a supposition. The analogy of nature contradicts it. The operation of physical and social

laws, in the general course of divine providence, contradicts it! The voice of conscience in the heart of each one of us contradicts it! But the obedience claimed from us is suited to our spiritual nature. While the stars obey, by physical necessity, only as impelled from without, we are required to render a voluntary homage to laws appealing to the understanding and the heart. But the voluntariness of this obedience, which constitutes its superior dignity and value, involves, necessarily, the possibility of refusal. And, alas! how has man abused this freedom! He alone of all God's works stands forth in the presence of the obedient stars, and dares to disregard the authority of the Great Creator, in whose hands our breath is, and whose are all our ways.

Is it likely that such rebellion will always enjoy impunity? Iniquity may sometimes seem to flourish, and righteousness to suffer wrong; but will there be no day of rectification for these seeming irregularities? The motion of the earth's axis produces a corresponding alteration in the position of the stars, so that, for a short period, we might suspect irregularity in their motions, or instability in the earth itself. But, wait a while, and, after a sufficient interval, we see the uniformity which had existed all along, and are satisfied that the orbit we had fancied capricious, has, in spite of these nutations, a mean position unalterably fixed. The planets are sometimes slightly drawn aside from their path by each other's attraction, but these perturbations obey a great law, and, in process of time, correct themselves. So in the moral government of God. From limited observation we may deduce erroneous results. From temporary perturbations we may infer disorder where all is working out the grand result of an unerring recompense both to saint and sinner. For a season God may seem to hide Himself, but He will eventually come forth to vindicate His slighted majesty.

As in the solar system, so in the spiritual, there is a central sun, round which obedient planets, in ever-circling march, do

homage by the reflected light which they receive from itself. While preserving their appointed path, their motions are regular, their course undisturbed, their light uninterrupted, their peace unbroken. But should one of them fly off from its orbit, it must lose all the advantages derived from that attracting and enlightening centre. Should it become free from the laws ordained by the Creator, it must plunge along into ever-deepening darkness, or in some terrible collision be destroyed.

God is the grand centre of attraction, the only fountain of light and love to all holy souls. Towards Him they adoringly look—round Him they reverently revolve—in His radiance alone they shine. Obeying his laws they move in harmony with the great universe—they roll on without rub in the grand mechanism of the divine purposes; and with voices more real and jubilant than the music of the spheres, they evermore, in rapturous hallelujahs, express their own gladness and their Creator's praise. But should any of these, in wilful disobedience, break loose from that spiritual gravitation, which, being voluntary, is capable of being resisted—should any soul turn away from the central sun to gaze on other objects in the regions beyond its orbit—should the lust after forbidden objects, wilfully and wickedly encouraged, engender an anomalous centrifugal force, causing it to break loose from that gravitation towards the Deity on which the order and happiness of the moral universe depends,—could such a soul expect to enjoy the same privileges and security as before? Rushing from the light, must it not now roam on in gloom—one degree of darkness ever leading to another yet more deep? The golden chain of love which hitherto bound it to the Eternal Throne being broken, instead of circulating around that throne, radiant in its glories, must it not now pursue its solitary ignominious course; and having forsaken the happy path of obedience, plunge wildly on in its own self-chosen career, destruction its final and inevitable doom?

Sinners may console themselves with the delusion that, because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore such sentence will not be executed at all! They do not appreciate the blessedness of that loving-kindness which is better than life, and therefore they do not consider how truly they are even now in a state of death, because in a state of distance from God! They have turned away from the Sun, and are hurrying farther and farther towards the darkest gloom of that separation from Him which constitutes hell! But will this dream of security last? Will there be no interruption to their career of sin—no terrible collision with divine justice which will awaken them to know, too late, that they are lost? Think not that God delays, because He does not hurry. When our first parents sinned, He came not to reprove them till the evening—yet He came! While the ark was building, the sun shone brightly, and the flood, often threatened, did not come for 120 years—yet it came! The very night preceding Sodom's overthrow closed in as peacefully as any other, and yet at dawn of day the tempest of fire overwhelmed the guilty city. There may be no indication of such judgment, though all the while it may be moving on.

There is no bustle, no haste in the progress of the planets; you cannot by the eye detect any motion; yet, though slowly, how steadily and surely do they travel onward to their destination! As I watched the occultation, one of the lessons of which it seemed to me a sign, was the certainty with which judgment will overtake the evil-doer. You saw the planet near the moon—it seemed stationary; but when you looked again, it had most certainly advanced. Whatever was doing here below impeded not its progress. It was shining with all its wonted brilliancy, yet you knew it would ere long be extinguished. During days, months, years, it had been steadily progressing towards that eclipse, although at no time was there the least indication of it by any diminution of its

radiance. But at length, suddenly, by the operation of irresistible laws, its light faded away, and itself seemed swallowed up in darkness. And thus will it be with the sinner; every day, every moment, he is moving on to destruction. Whatever his pursuits, whatever his thoughts; though he may revel, and laugh, and sneer at such threatenings; though he may affect to despise every warning, and boast in an immunity from all punishment,—he is moving on nearer and yet nearer to his doom. Yes, scoffers walking after their own lusts may say, “Where is the promise of His coming, for, since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation. But be not ignorant of this one thing—that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The Lord is not slack concerning His threatenings, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in the which the heavens will pass away with a great noise and the elements shall melt with fervent heat.” O sinner! what will *you* do in the end? *Your* occultation is coming, to be followed by no light, even everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord—total eclipse!

V.—I can imagine some one saying: “But suppose I have already broken away from the Central Sun, is not my case necessarily hopeless?” A planet under such circumstances could not be brought back; but, thanks be to God, a wandering sinner can. For the Sun of Righteousness comes after the wanderer to draw him once more into his true orbit—the attracting Centre pursues the guilty fugitive as he rushes away from light and joy. Jesus came to seek and to save the lost. Yield to the attraction of His cross, and He will replace you in your true orbit.

The perfection which is traceable in all His works should

encourage us to rely on all His promises. Does not every progressive step in science add fresh illustrations to the truth that "He hath done all things well"? Can the mathematician, with all his skill in numbers, detect a flaw in the great problem of the sky? If the heavenly bodies move with such precision that this occultation could be predicted with certainty, even to the fraction of a moment, may we not, without fear, trust our souls to Him whose all-sufficient power, whose unerring wisdom, whose undeviating faithfulness, are so clearly exhibited in the lights which He hath set in the firmament of heaven to serve for signs of Himself?

Yes, if thus you will trust in God, you may say with confidence, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." Your final salvation shall be sure; and the trials you will meanwhile encounter, however dark they may for a while appear, will become bright and beautiful in the light which streams from Him. And this suggests my closing illustration. You observed that Jupiter disappeared before it touched the illumined disc of the moon—it was occulted by what was dark; but on reappearing it emerged from what was bright. That which obscured it was shrouded in shadow; that which ushered it forth to view was radiant with beauty. Yet both were necessary parts in completing one perfect sphere. Thus affliction approaches with a stern and gloomy aspect—moving on, moving over, and occulting the Christian's joy. "No affliction for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous. Yet *afterwards* it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness." *Afterwards*, when passing away, it is seen that the light of heaven is in contact with the very dispensation which seemed so dark; for "all things work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to His purpose."

Thus, also, is it when a Christian dies. There is much to invest with terror the last enemy. Onward it comes, like the

dark portion of the moon's disc, threatening to eclipse all our joy. Onward it comes, telling us of disease, pain, weariness, decay—of the forcible sundering of soul and body—of the abandonment of familiar scenes—of separation from endeared friends—of the solitary journey we then must take into an unknown eternity. Thus death advances on us with a darkened aspect. But how instantaneously does the Christian emerge once more into the light! Lost to the view of men, he joins the assembly of the just made perfect! Absent from the body, he is present with the Lord! If the one side of death is dark which hides him from earth, how bright is the other which ushers him into heaven! Why, then, should we dread so much that brief occultation which withdraws the soul from a world of sin and sorrow into those regions where there shall be no darkness at all—where the sun shall no more go down, neither shall the moon withdraw herself—where the Lord shall be our everlasting light, and the days of our mourning shall be ended?

Oh that all of us, restored by the grace of Jesus to the soul's true orbit, and revolving ever round Himself, the Central Sun, whence emanate all light, and life, and love, may shine as the stars for ever and ever, set in the firmament of heaven, to be signs of the efficacy of His redeeming grace!

Queen Elizabeth, and the Spanish
Armada.

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. GERVASE SMITH.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, AND THE SPANISH ARMADA.

THE history of England is the wonder of the world. Ranked only as a third or fourth rate power till the Reformation, it then began, with its embrace of pure Christianity, to develop its internal resources, and to extend its conquests. Maintaining a bold stand for Truth, and consecrating life and wealth to its spread, this country has pursued an unchecked career of glory; and though a tiny island of the sea, it is now in the van of nations as to commerce, legislation, civilization, and religion. Its dependencies are in every quarter of the globe; its alliances are universally appreciated; its name is the shield of the traveller, the safety of the exile, and the hope of the slave; its people are generous and brave; its peers the noblest of nobility; and its monarch's character is without a stain.

It has been stated that our gracious Queen now reigns over one whole continent, a hundred peninsulas, five hundred promontories, a thousand lakes, two thousand rivers, and ten thousand islands. "She waves her hand, and a thousand ships of war, with a hundred thousand sailors, are ready to perform her bidding on the ocean. She gives the command, and five hundred thousand warriors rush into the battle-field to conquer or die. The Assyrian empire was never

so wealthy; the Roman empire was never so populous; the Persian empire was never so extensive; the Carthaginian empire was never so much dreaded; the Spanish empire was never so widely diffused. We have overrun a greater extent of territory than Attila ever ruled. We have subdued more kingdoms than Alexander of Macedon. We have dethroned more monarchs, if it be anything to our credit, than Napoleon in the plenitude of his power; and we have gained to ourselves a larger extent of territory than Tamerlane the Tartar ever spurred his horse's hoof across."

But our country has attained a moral greatness, sublimer far than its geographical extent, or than its political renown; and the secret of that greatness is to be found in its unswerving maintenance of the *Protestant religion*.

Some take a superficial view of England's glory. They look at its palaces and public charities, its churches and lazarettos, its arsenals and dockyards, its army and navy, its equipage and pageantry, its commerce and agriculture,—and they are in ecstasies of joy. I join them in admiration of every feature of national dignity and power; but I like to think of days gone by, when the foundations of it all were laid. I like to think of our old England's heroes who, for the sake of fatherland, endured hardness as Christian soldiers and fell into a martyr's grave. We are reaping the fruit of that seed which was sown in the glorious Revolution of 1688. We inherit the blessings which our Puritan ancestors of the sixteenth century have secured to us. We are the sons of the Reformation, and our fair inheritance is seen in our civil and religious liberties. All honour to the statesman and the hero—the great and good of our own times; but I rejoice to throw back my thoughts to the days and deeds of men departed. The subject of our Lecture is well said to be one of those "pivot-points" on which the destiny of this Christian country has turned.

“ Attend all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise :
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible, against her bore in vain,
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.”

My purpose is, first to review the reign of Queen Elizabeth so far as that you may see the causes and occasions of this celebrated invasion; and, secondly, to fix attention upon the Armada itself. I hold it to have been a great religious enterprise, or, rather, an irreligious enterprise under the pretended sanctions of religion. Events, therefore, merely political or social, will be passed by; but we may stay for a moment to say that curiosity-seekers may reap a rich harvest. It was in this reign, for instance, that tobacco was introduced here: whether the importer deserved a pension or a halter is matter of controversy. About this time coaches began to be built in England; pocket-watches were brought into common use; the Royal Exchange of London was completed; the coinage was reformed; the lottery system was started for the purpose of supplying the national exchequer; and—the most called-for of all—several Royal proclamations were issued to regulate the size of ladies' dresses, and the shape of gentlemen's coats and neckties.

Elizabeth ascended the throne of England at a crisis in its history. Under the government of Henry VIII. our ancestors threw off the galling yoke of Rome. This was not from their love to him, but his quarrel with the Pope was the occasion which they seized for claiming emancipation from priestly thrall, and embracing the heaven-born blessing of religious liberty. During the short reign of Edward VI. the work of Reformation proceeded vigorously. But after the few days' elevation of Lady Jane Grey, Bloody Mary was proclaimed, and soon began those horrible atrocities upon the Protestants which will give to her name an unenviable immortality. She at

once restored the ceremony of the mass; made Gardiner, and Pole, and Bonner, her chief councillors; received formal absolution from the Pope's legate on behalf of the country; threw her sister Elizabeth into prison, and hurried hundreds of Protestants to a martyr's grave. Those were the days—

“ When persecuting zeal made royal sport
Of royal innocence in Mary's court;
Then Bonner, blithe as shepherd at a wake,
Enjoyed the show, and danced about the stake.”

On the morning of November 17th, 1558, Mary died. Parliament was at once summoned, and Elizabeth's claims were rapturously acknowledged. She had been removed from close custody in the Tower to Hatfield, where some degree of liberty was allowed her. Hearing of her sister's death, and her own proclamation, she at once left her retreat and made for the metropolis. At Highgate she was met by the bishops, all of whom were courteously received except Bonner, the man of blood. From him she turned with expressions of loathing. Visiting the Tower, where a little while before she lay a prisoner because of her Protestantism, and contrasting her present and former position, she gave thanks to God, and renewed her resolution to restore and uphold the Reformed religion.

From the moment of her accession, she made no secret of her intentions, and her royal motto was, “*Semper eadem.*” The selection of her councillors displayed great acuteness of understanding and strength of will. As a matter of expediency, she retained several of her sister's ministers; but, by her nomination of others, she gave unmistakeable indications as to her view of the Papacy. She gathered around her throne the noblest and ablest men of that age, and they devoted themselves to her interests with a gallantry, as well as ability, worthy of all praise.

The coronation took place on January 13th, 1559: the Queen

having the day previously gone to the Tower, in solemn procession, according to ancient custom. There was great difficulty in finding a prelate to conduct the service. Several sees were then vacant by death, and the Catholic bishops refused to undertake it because of the Queen's intentions respecting Popery. At length, Oglethorpe, of Carlisle, was prevailed upon. The ceremony was performed according to the Roman pontifical, except that the elevation of the host was omitted. During the procession from the Tower a circumstance occurred which gave general joy. While passing along Cheapside amid the acclamations of the people, a boy who was intended to personate Truth was let down from one of the triumphal arches, and gracefully handed to her Majesty a copy of the Bible. She took and pressed the volume to her heart, and declared that of all the costly presents she had that day received, this was by far the most precious and acceptable; that it should be her constant companion and the guide of her life.

The Queen speedily summoned her ministers for consultation as to the best mode of accomplishing the restoration of Protestantism. She recalled those who, because of the persecution of the preceding reign, had gone into exile, and set at liberty all who were in prison for the sake of conscience. There is a story told of one Rainsford who, when the Queen was thus giving liberty to the captive, humbly approached her Majesty, and said he had a petition to present on behalf of certain other prisoners who had undergone a sad confinement during her predecessor's sway. Their names were Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and others. She pleasantly replied that it would be her duty to converse with the prisoners first, to see whether or not they desired their liberty, and if they did they should certainly have it.

She forbade henceforth the elevation of the host, issued a proclamation for the public service to be conducted chiefly in

English, and on the first Christmas-day of her reign refused to have the mass celebrated in her presence.

A few days after the coronation, the parliament assembled. Religious questions were soon introduced. The statutes made in the time of Henry and Edward against the Papacy and in favour of Protestantism, and which Mary had 'repealed, were renewed. The firstfruits and tenths of ecclesiastical preferments, which had been made over to Cardinal Pole for the purpose of promoting Popery, were restored to the crown, and the Queen's supremacy was declared, while the authority of the Pope was utterly repudiated. The oath of supremacy was in strong terms. Whoever refused to take it was incapacitated from holding office, and all who denied the Queen's prerogative, or attempted to destroy it, were subjected to fine and imprisonment, and a third offence was accounted treason. The bishops stoutly opposed this piece of legislation, but only two temporal peers voted with them, while the Commons passed the bill with acclamation. The reforming process was now carried on with vigour. The whole of the Liturgy was read in the vernacular, images were removed, and those officers who would not take the oath were deposed. There were at that time nearly ten thousand Church preferments in the country; but Roman Catholics themselves do not enumerate more than two hundred depositions, so that the immense bulk of the clergy took the oath, and renounced the Pope. Nearly all the bishops, however, were among the two hundred. They were displaced; and, after a few days' confinement, had their full liberty, with the exceptions of Lincoln and Winchester, who had threatened to excommunicate the Queen. Others were appointed. Parker, who had been chaplain to Henry, was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury by three *quondam* bishops. He then ordained the others.

The Roman Pontiff was now treated with contempt. There was a large bonfire in the public street of wooden crucifixes,

presenting a happy contrast with the flames of the martyrs, which only a little before cast their horrid glare over Smith-field and other parts of the City.

But while the vast majority of the nation gratefully accepted the Reformation, there were two classes who found fault with the Queen's conduct. One was the thorough Protestant, who thought she did not go far enough; the other was the thorough Papist, who thought she went too far. Looking back to that period, the impartial judge will say that the Protestant had some ground of complaint. Great allowance is to be made for her Majesty's position, but we must always regret that when the work of reformation was in hand, it was not done thoroughly. It may be that to this day Christianity is suffering because some of the ligaments which bound and crippled it for ages were then permitted to remain. Passing by Elizabeth's harsh treatment of the Puritans, which can never be justified, it had been well if every Popish ceremony had been abandoned. Passages were permitted to remain in the Book of Common Prayer which should have been erased. The prayer which was inserted in Edward's time for deliverance from the thralldom of the Bishop of Rome was expunged. Many of the Roman Catholic festivals were retained. The Queen ordered the communion-table to be placed where the altar stood. In her own chapel the altar-table was furnished with rich plate, gilt candlesticks, and a massive crucifix; and she moreover enjoined that the sacramental bread should be made after the Popish fashion, in the form of wafers. It is said that when her chaplain, Nowel, was preaching before her, and spake not very reverently of the sign of the cross, "she called out from her closet window, commanding him to return from that ungodly digression, and get back to his text." But on another occasion, when a divine had preached a sermon in defence of the real presence, "she openly gave him thanks for his pains

and piety." She would positively have required the celibacy of the clergy had not her ministers interfered ; and, indeed, the statute of Mary on this subject was not formally repealed till the reign of James I.

But, after all, these defects must not prevent us from rightly estimating her services to Protestant truth. On one subject she never wavered—her hearty abhorrence of the Pope's assumptions, and her indomitable resolution to rid England both of them and him. She loved her people ; and believing, on the one hand, that Popery fettered the understanding and obstructed national progress ; and that the Protestant religion, on the other, would be the safety and elevation of her country, she never really hesitated between the two. And, observe, she had not to drag on an unwilling population, but had rather to guide and even restrain their enthusiasm in favour of an open Bible, freedom of conscience, and religious liberty.

The Elizabethan Reformation may be said to have been completed in 1562, when the Forty-two Articles of Edward's reign were revised, and the Thirty-nine were adopted by Convocation, and subscription to them was enforced on the English clergy. But the Queen and country found that the work was only just begun. Popish rebellion and treason very soon appeared ; and Parliament was driven to enact stringent laws, not so much against Roman Catholicism as against the treasonable practices which that system instigated and upheld.

The Queen became to be regarded as the champion of Protestantism throughout Christendom. She entered into an alliance with the King of Scotland for the maintenance of the Reformed religion. During the third civil war in France, she openly allied herself to the Protestants there ; and when the Netherlanders could no longer endure the tyranny of Spain and Italy, she espoused their cause, gave their exiles a

sanctuary in England, and sent both men and money to carry on the war.

There were two parties who, during this struggle, mortally hated the Queen. The first, of course, was his Holiness the Pope; the second was his Holiness' friend, Philip, King of Spain.

We begin with his Holiness. From Elizabeth's youthhood, the Pope had regarded her, as the heir-apparent, with suspicion; and when she ascended the throne, he treated her with insolence. She wrote to the ambassador at Rome, telling him to notify her accession to the Holy Father. But the reply to the Queen's courtesy was a great impertinence. The ambassador was told that "England was a fief of the Holy See, and it was great temerity in Elizabeth to have assumed, without his participation, the title and authority of Queen. That were he to proceed with rigour he would punish this criminal invasion of his rights by rejecting all her applications; but, being willing to treat her with paternal indulgence, he would still open the door of grace to her; and that, if she would renounce all pretensions to the throne, and submit entirely to his will, she should experience the utmost lenity, compatible with the dignity of the Apostolic See."

An infallible Pope, however, can change his manner, if not his purpose. Assuming, therefore, a most fatherly and tender character, he sent an embassy to her Majesty with an affectionate epistle. It was addressed to "Our Most Dear Daughter in Christ, Elizabeth," and it urged upon her the propriety and safety of throwing herself and her people into his parental arms.

Finding, however, that she was not grateful enough to appreciate either his letter or ambassador, he thought it time to change the ground again and come back to his real proper position. To see a Pope covering his face with smiles of affection, and filling his eyes with tears of sympathy, when speak-

ing of Protestants, is very suggestive. Chagrined, therefore, that his blandness and assumed affability had not been properly appreciated, in great wrath he transformed himself into both Vulcan and Jupiter; and, forging a red-hot thunderbolt, he hurled it at England and her island Queen. This is a wonderful document, and ought to be associated with the famous minute of the Pope's council at Rome, which decreed "a pardon to be granted to any that would assault the Queen, or to any cook, brewer, baker, vintner, physician, grocer, surgeon, or any other calling whatever, that would make her away; and an absolute remission of sins to the heirs of that party's family, and a perpetual annuity to them for ever, and to be of the privy council to whomsoever afterwards should reign."

On the 25th May, 1570, a man called John Felton affixed a copy of this bull to the gates of the palace of the Bishop of London. He was taken into custody, and tried for treason. He acknowledged the act, and professed to die a martyr. This bull, and the declaration of the Pope's council just cited led to no end of plotting against her Majesty. It is impossible to account for the repeated failures, except by acknowledging the special providence of God. From her very childhood she was in danger; but throughout her reign the country was disturbed with these attempts upon her life.

In 1568 the Pope sent a man from Florence to excite the Roman Catholics of England to commit this murder. In 1569 an Englishman received a similar commission from his Holiness. In 1570 a rebellion broke out in Ireland, under the same auspices. A few years later, James Fitzmarris took from the Pontiff's hand a consecrated banner, and came to England on this same errand. 1584 witnessed the discovery and punishment of Throckmorton's conspiracy. In the same year a Popish missal was published urging the ladies of the Queen's household to do to her as Judith had done to Holo-

fernes, that is, to murder her in cold blood upon her bed. In 1585 a more dangerous conspiracy still was formed. A Roman Catholic, of the name of Parry, who had been convicted of treason and pardoned by the Queen, went over to Milan to consult a Jesuit priest as to the best service he could render to Rome. He was assured that nothing could be so meritorious as to shoot Elizabeth. The papal nuncio in that city was consulted, and gave the proposal an unqualified approval. The traitor then wrote a letter to the Pope, detailing his scheme, and asking absolution and benediction. He received a most applauding answer, and the desired indulgence. The assassin came to England, and was joined by a nobleman in his bloody purpose. The day and circumstances were fixed ; but the nobleman betrayed his companion. Parry was tried and condemned, and he suffered death. The last and most notorious of all the conspiracies against Elizabeth, previous to the Spanish invasion, was in 1586. It is memorable, because the trial and execution of Mary Queen of Scots arose out of it. Ballard, a Romish priest, addressed himself to a Derbyshire gentleman, who was known to be a warm admirer of Mary, and who not only joined the plot but secured the co-operation of many others. He secretly conveyed the plan to Mary, who approved it, and promised that all the assassins should be amply rewarded. But a spy of the Government became acquainted with the whole scheme. At the proper time every conspirator was seized and endured a fearful death.

Now, let it be remembered that all these attempts were instigated by the Popes and their adherents. England was lost, and they resolved either to regain it or to be avenged.

We now look at the other great agent in this Armada movement, Philip of Spain. By his devotion to the Papacy he well earned, and proudly wore, the title of the "Catholic King." The Reformation in England went like a

dagger to his heart. He claimed a personal interest in the British crown. He was, moreover, eaten up of ambition, so that when his interest and inclination were backed by the authority of the Pope, he was eager to do battle against the Protestantism of this country.

He had formerly married Elizabeth's sister and predecessor. Before Mary's death she desired that he might be proclaimed her successor. The Queen of Scots had also pretended to devise her claim to the British crown to him. He was himself a descendant of John of Gaunt, fourth son of Edward III. So that, accepting, of course, the Popish dogma that heretics have no right to reign, he came to the conclusion that the crown of England belonged to him. Indeed, immediately after Mary's death, he sought to marry Elizabeth; and of all the noble suitors which that royal lady had—and surely no poor creature was ever so tormented with lovers—he was the most formidable. His ambassador, who presented the overtures, was instructed to say that the Pope would grant him a special licence to marry his former wife's sister. She kept him in suspense for a while, as coquettes sometimes do, during which he wrote her most loving epistles; and then, instead of a formal refusal, she gave him a practical one, by inaugurating the Protestant religion. As in the case of other disappointed lovers, this gave great offence to Philip; and he now determined that, as she would not marry, she should not reign. Well trained, however, in the art of deceit, he blandly smiled, and assured his former lady-love that, as he could not be her husband, he would be her friend. But he at once entered into an alliance with Rome against this country. His war with Portugal, however, prevented him for some years from making the invasion; but at length it was urged upon him by the Pope as a solemn duty.

Two *occasions* for an open rupture were soon presented. The first was the sympathy which Elizabeth had manifested

with the Hollanders in their struggle for liberty; and the second was the execution of Mary Queen of Scots.

But while these were the occasions, the *cause* of the invasion, doubtless, was the determination of England to stand by the Protestant religion. Only a few years before, the massacre of St. Bartholomew's had taken place. More than thirty thousand innocent victims were murdered by the command of their King, who had just before assured them of his protection. This Charles IX., so far from repenting of his atrocious act, in commemoration of the event struck a medal, with an inscription declaring that it was piety which had done the deed. The Pope, moreover, applauded the massacre; ordered a jubilee and public thanksgiving, and also issued a commemorative medal.

Now what was done in France in 1572, was intended to be done on a larger scale in England in 1588. The Queen had been twice excommunicated. She was declared to be an usurper, and her subjects were absolved from their allegiance. Every Roman Catholic kingdom was exhorted to take up arms against her. Those who refused to do so were cursed, and a plenary indulgence was offered to all who should attempt to depose her. Cardinal Allen was sent into Flanders, that he might prepare for and accompany the expedition, and was nominated the Pope's legate in England, when it should be subdued. And finally, to show that Popery instigated this invasion, his Holiness promised to contribute a million crowns towards the expenses; but was wily enough to stipulate that the money should be paid when England was taken.

The memorable 1588 at length arrived. It had long been predicted that this would be an extraordinary year. Some Königsberg astronomer, a century before, had declared that 1588 would be a year of wonders; and the German chronologers had stated that it would be the climacterical year of the world. All the Papal nations were hoping that the time had

come for the extirpation of heresy, and the re-establishment of the holy faith. It was now generally known that the King of Spain was preparing to invade England. He was regarded throughout the world as the champion of the Papacy.

We are brought to the facts immediately connected with the enterprise.

The preparations which Philip made were most extraordinary. For more than two years these had been noiselessly going on; but when the projected invasion was no longer a secret, every part of his vast dominions resounded with the war-cry. From the highest noble to the lowest peasant, service was exacted. All the dockyards and arsenals were filled with workmen, and the ominous hum was heard throughout the lands of Europe. It was pretended that these preparations were against America and the Low Countries. But Walsingham, through one of his spies, obtained a copy of a letter which Philip had privately written to the Pope, stating that the design was the invasion of England, the death of Elizabeth, the placing of Mary on the throne, and the destruction of the Protestant faith.

Here is the result of this three years' toil: one hundred and thirty vessels, twelve of which were named after the Apostles, and others after the saints of the Romish calendar; nearly twenty thousand soldiers, besides the large army under the Duke of Parma; eight thousand four hundred and fifty marines; two thousand and eighty-eight galley-slaves; two thousand six hundred and thirty heavy pieces of cannon, with four thousand five hundred and seventy-five quintals of gunpowder. Provisions for six months were put on board. There was a fabulous quantity of biscuit, bacon, fish, cheese, rice, &c. There were fourteen thousand one hundred and seventy pipes of wine, with thirty-three thousand eight hundred and seventy measures of vinegar.

Another article was supplied to a large extent, in the form

of priests ; one hundred and eighty of these holy men were consecrated to this work.

These monks and friars were to take an important part in subduing the country. They therefore brought appropriate weapons. In the vessels which were seized by the English commanders, were found many instruments of torture. Don Pedro, who was taken prisoner and examined before the Lords of the Council as to the design of these engines of cruelty, coolly replied, "We meant to whip you heretics to death, that have assisted my master's rebels, and done such dishonour to our Catholic king and people. And as to the children, they who were above seven years old should have gone the way their fathers went ; the rest should have lived, branded in the forehead with the letter L, for Lutheran, to perpetual bondage."

A litany was especially prepared for the fleet and Roman Catholic churches, in which heaven was implored to assist the faithful against the heretics of England. Never had superstition a finer opportunity for display than here, and never was a people more fully under its spell. But it was not the first time that superstition had urged the Spaniard to war. In the old ballads of that once brave and chivalrous nation there are many cases. In one, for instance, there is a "description of the miraculous appearance of Santiago and San Millan, mounted on snow-white steeds, and fighting for the cause of Christendom, at the battle of Simancas :"—

"And when the kings were in the field, their squadrons in array,
With lance in rest they onward pressed, to mingle in the fray ;
But soon upon the Christians fell a terror of their foes—
These were a numerous army—a little handful those.

And while the Christian people stood in this uncertainty,
Upward to heaven they turned their eyes, and fixed their thoughts on
high ;

And there two figures they beheld, all beautiful and bright,
Even than the pure new-fallen snow their garments were more white.

They rode upon two horses, more white than crystal sheen,
And arms they bore such as before no mortal man had seen.
The one he held a crosier,—a pontiff's mitre wore;
The other held a crucifix—such man ne'er saw before.

The Christian host, beholding this, straightway take heart again;
They fall upon their bended knees, all resting on the plain;
And each one with his clenched fist to smite his breast begins,
And promises to God on high he will forsake his sins.

And when the heavenly knights drew near unto the battle ground,
They dashed among the Moors and dealt unerring blows around;
Such deadly havoc there they made the foremost ranks along,
A panic terror spread unto the hindmost of the throng.

Down went the misbelievers—fast sped the bloody fight—
Some ghastly and dismembered lay, and some half-dead with fright.
Full sorely they repented that to the field they came,
For they saw that from the battle they should retreat with shame.

Another thing befell them—they dreamed not of such woes—
The very arrows that the Moors shot from their twanging bows
Turned back against them in their flight, and wounded them full sore,
And every blow they dealt the foe was paid in drops of gore.

Now he that bore the crosier, and the papal crown had on,
Was the glorified Apostle, the brother of St. John;
And he that held the crucifix, and wore the monkish hood,
Was the holy San Millan of Cogolla's neighbourhood."

When the fleet was nearly ready, King Philip assembled his councillors to consult whether it was better to attack England first, or to begin with Holland. The resolution to invade England was taken, though against the opinions of the best Spanish officers.

The plan of operations was also deliberated, and it was agreed that the Armada should sail to the coast opposite to

Dunkirk and Nieuport, and having chased away all English and Flemish vessels, should join the Duke of Parma,—thence make sail to the Thames, and having landed the whole Spanish army, thus complete at one blow the conquest of England. The chief officer received orders that in passing along the Channel he should avoid an engagement with the English fleet; and keeping in view the main enterprise, neglect all smaller successes, which might prove an obstacle, or even interpose a delay to the acquisition of a kingdom. And now that every preparation was made, the admirals obtained their commissions; the Pope blessed the enterprise; and the King, confident of success, took the christening out of the hands of his Holiness, and named it the “Invincible Armada.”

We now look at the preparations which this country made to meet the formidable foe. For some time a sharp look-out had been kept on the Spaniard by the English ministers, so that the danger was really apprehended. The moment was felt to be at hand which would decide whether England should maintain its Protestant independency, or crouch once more at the feet of Rome. It was a case of life or death; and nobly did all classes rush to the rescue.

With that quick-sightedness which distinguished the Queen and her two principal advisers, special care was taken as to the selection of commanders. This was the more necessary because of the superiority of the enemy's navy. They had the advantage in everything but heart and Providence. The pluck of the British sailor was unconquerable; and God, mercifully, never left us. There were then only fourteen thousand seamen in the kingdom. “The size of the English shipping was, in general, so small, that, except a few of the Queen's ships of war, there were not four vessels belonging to the merchants which exceeded four hundred tons. The Royal navy consisted only of twenty-eight sail, many of which were of small size;

none of them exceeding the bulk of our largest frigates, and most of them rather deserving the name of pinnaces than of ships. The only advantage of the English fleet consisted in the dexterity and courage of the seamen, who being accustomed to sail in tempestuous seas, and to expose themselves to all dangers, as much exceeded in this particular the Spanish mariners, as their vessels were inferior in size and force to those of that nation."

The chief command was given to the Lord High Admiral, the Earl of Effingham and Nottingham, commonly called Lord Howard. No man was more remarkable for the union of courage and judgment; and his very appointment to the command of the fleet inspired hopes of success.

He was supported by three of the noblest sailors in the world. Sir Francis Drake was made Vice-Admiral. Though born of mean parentage, he was trained in the right school. Very early in life he committed his fortunes to the waves, and soon earned a reputation. In 1567, he obtained a commission, and joined the expedition of Sir John Hawkins to the Gulf of Mexico. The enterprise failed, and he only just escaped the hands of the Spaniards. The chaplain of his vessel taught him a lesson on sea-divinity to this effect: that, as the King of Spain's subjects had treated Mr. Drake badly, it was Mr. Drake's duty to treat the King of Spain in the same manner; and he became a profound theologian of that particular school. He sailed in the *Dragon* to America, more in the character of a pirate than a British officer; took immense prizes, and returned home. The next year found him on the same track. His successes were unexampled; and he came back with a sum of money so fabulous that, at the distance of a century, Sir William Davenant, the poet-laureate in the reign of Charles II., made this expedition the basis of a dramatic performance, called "The History of Sir Francis Drake."

This distinguished adventurer was introduced at Court; and, having received the command of a small squadron, he undertook his celebrated voyage round the world. The Queen graciously received him on his return; and, stepping aboard his little vessel, near Deptford, she conferred on him the honour of knighthood. The scholars of Winchester school took their part in that day's pageant, and having composed some lines in honour of their hero, posted them upon the mainmast of his ship:—

“ Sir Drake, whom well the world's end knows,
Which thou didst compass round,
And whom both poles of heaven once saw,
Which North and South do bound.
The stars above will make thee known,
If men here silent were;
The sun himself cannot forget
His fellow-traveller.”

While the King of Spain was making his huge preparations, Drake was despatched to destroy his ships and intercept his provisions. He took and fired one hundred vessels in the port of Calais, and captured large quantities of ammunition. And when the British fleet was officered, he was second in command.

Sir John Hawkins and Sir Martin Frobisher were appointed Rear-Admirals, while Lord Henry Somerset, second son of the great Duke, had charge of forty vessels on the Netherlands coast, to look after the Duke of Parma.

The preparations were made with the utmost energy, under the guidance of a council of war which the Queen had nominated. They issued an order declaring that “the places most convenient for the enemy's landing, as Milford Haven, Falmouth, Plymouth, the Isle of Wight, Portsmouth, the Downs, the Thames mouth, Harwich, Yarmouth, Hull, and

others, should be well manned and fortified—that the trained soldiers of those shires which lay near the coast should defend those places, and be ready, at the alarm, to hinder the enemy from landing—and if they did land, to lay the country waste, that they might find no subsistence, and, by continually crying ‘Arm, arm!’ give the enemy no rest; but yet they were not to give battle till more commanders and their soldiers were come up.”

The Queen issued a letter to each lord-lieutenant, urging him to bestir himself in this time of exigency. The Council despatched a circular to the nobles of the land, with the same intent. To these demands prompt responses were given, and every shire sent up its complement of men and furniture.

All the commercial towns were required to furnish ships for the reinforcement of the Royal navy; and right heartily did they perform the task. London fitly took the lead: fifteen ships and five thousand men had been requested, but the metropolitan city provided twenty-three thousand soldiers, twenty-nine vessels, and two thousand marines. I see among the list of shipping the name of the *Mayflower*. May it not have been that very vessel which, a few years later, conveyed the Pilgrim Fathers to their New England home? A Protestant ship that, every inch of her; and it may be that when the *Great Eastern* is forgotten, the *Mayflower* will live as the memorial of Papal intolerance, and of the eternal rights of an Englishman—his civil and religious liberty.

The result of all this preparation is thus stated: one hundred and forty-three vessels—though very few of them were men-of-war. The army numbered seventy-nine thousand men, and was arranged in three divisions: twenty thousand troops were stationed on the south coast; twenty-two thousand foot and one thousand horse at Tilbury; and thirty-six thousand to protect her Majesty.

It is said—though there is some dispute as to the fact—that these preparations were greatly stimulated by a project which has had, and will yet have, a powerful influence on the destinies of England. The country was quickly aroused by the tidings of the coming invasion, and the Queen appreciated her situation. Destitute of allies; Scotland and Ireland just in the balance; the most powerful monarch in the world as her adversary, and many matters at home in a critical position; she saw that her safety, under God, was in the enthusiasm of her people. The first newspaper ever published is said to have been then started, under the name of the *English Mercury*. Its professed object was to excite the national mind in these preparations for the Armada; and nobly did that *Mercury* accomplish the purpose. Number after number dealt severe blows against Popery, and touched in no delicate manner the doings of his Holiness and the King of Spain. The barbarities of Mary's reign were reproduced. Exciting pictures of St. Bartholomew's were published. The cruelties of the Inquisition were portrayed. The engines of torture accumulating for the Armada were described. All England was urged by the love of home and family, by the calls of patriotism and loyalty, to unite with the Government against the common foe.

Some writers date the commencement of newspapers a few years later; but, if what I have stated be correct, it is interesting to know that the *Press* of England had a Protestant origin; and earnestly may we hope that the immense power which it wields may always be on the side of truth. It is now the purest and, therefore, the most powerful in the world.

This first English newspaper, as it has been termed, is now preserved in the library of the British Museum. It certainly does not bear all the marks of genuineness one would like to see; but, whether genuine or spurious, it is an interesting document. It is headed, "*The English Mercurie*, Published

by Authority, for the Prevention of False Reports," and dated, "Whitehall, July 23, 1588. It consists of four quarto pages. The first page announces the appearance of the Spanish fleet on the Devon coast. The second gives a description of the first engagement. The third recounts the Spanish preparations; and the fourth relates an interview between the City authorities and the Queen.

While the military and political preparations were going on, the Government did not think it beneath its calling to commit the case to the benediction and interposition of Heaven. "The horse is prepared for the day of battle, but salvation is of the Lord." It is the height of folly to attribute victory to merely human causes, and it is the height of wisdom to acknowledge all that is good as the gift of God. Prayers, suited to the occasion, were prepared and used throughout the nation. Public fasts were enjoined, and in the Queen's chapel special intercession was offered on her behalf, as well as for her subjects.

To inspire the army with fresh heroism, her Majesty resolved, though contrary to the advice of the Secretary, to visit Tilbury, where part of the troops were stationed under the Earl of Leicester. Her presence had the desired effect. Wherever she went, accompanied by the officers, she was received with enthusiasm. She assumed the orator as well as the soldier. Her energetic speech well-nigh drove her warriors mad; and in their ungovernable excitement they pledged themselves to death or victory. Sitting upon a richly caparisoned war-horse, and holding a marshal's truncheon in her hand, while Essex on one side and Leicester on the other held the bridle-reins, she said: "My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you that I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear. I

have always so behaved myself that (under God) I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects, and therefore I am come amongst you, as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live or die amongst you all—to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too; and think fine scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms—I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field; not doubting we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, my kingdom, and my people.”

A schedule is preserved, showing the number of men which each county furnished. There is also a financial statement as to the daily expense of this army. The lieutenant-general received six pounds per day; but most of the other officers were put on short commons. The judge-general had only two shillings and eightpence, the gaoler one shilling and eightpence, while the trumpeter, the clerk, and the surgeon were put on a level—one shilling and sixpence each.

A council of war was held as to the plan of operations. The course to be pursued on land has been already stated; and it was agreed that the Admiral's policy should be defensive—not to engage in a regular sea-fight, but to follow up any advantage which Providence might offer for harassing and dividing the Spanish fleet.

It was on the 29th of May that the Armada sailed from the port of Lisbon, the Tagus having been appointed as the rendezvous of the whole fleet. But from the very day of sailing,

and even before, disaster befell it. The ablest seaman of Spain, who had been appointed to the chief command, was seized with fever, and died just as the preparations were completed. By a singular concurrence, the Vice-Admiral was at the same time carried away by death. An officer was then appointed who had no recommendation but the nobility of his birth, and when opposed to British sagacity and valour, this did not go for much.

On the day after leaving the port a violent storm arose, which did great damage; so much so that several vessels were lost altogether, and the rest were glad to take refuge in the Corunna harbour. When the news of this first casualty reached England, the Secretary of State wrote to Admiral Howard, saying that the storm had doubtless prevented the Armada coming that year, and, therefore, he must send into port, for the autumn and winter, four of his largest ships. But he was not so credulous as the Secretary, and begged, even though it were at his own cost, that the fleet might remain as it was till the truth was known. He would not wait for a reply; but, taking advantage of a favourable breeze, resolved to see for himself. He sailed within a few miles of the Spanish coast, when the wind came directly about to the south; and, knowing that that wind might bring the enemy to our shores, he wisely turned round and made his way to Plymouth.

Just as he supposed, the Spanish Admiral set sail. He soon came up with a small fishing-boat, the master of which told him that the English Admiral had been at sea, had heard of the storm which had overtaken the Armada, and, believing that the enterprise must be abandoned for a year, he had laid up his vessels and discharged the seamen. This false intelligence led him to break his orders; and, instead of joining the Duke of Parma, he resolved to sail to Plymouth; and, as he supposed, quietly take possession of the English shipping,

and proclaim King Philip all over the country. About sunset, on July 19th, the Armada made the Lizard Point. The Spanish Admiral was not well up in his geography, and took it for the Ram Head, near Plymouth. He, therefore, bore out into the sea for the night, resolving next morning to take the prize.

An English pirate, Thomas Fleming, had fallen in with the Armada, but had escaped away, and run into Plymouth with the intelligence that the Spaniards were coming. For this service he received his pardon and a pension for life. When Lord Howard returned from the Spanish coast, he permitted many of his men to go ashore; but, as soon as the news arrived, all hands were summoned. As an illustration of the coolness and courage of the British tar, it is said, that at this moment the officers were on the Hoe playing at bowls. When the call was sounded there was a rush to the boats; but Sir F. Drake insisted that the match should be played out, for there was time enough, he said, both to finish the game and to beat the Spaniards. It had been arranged that on the first appearance of the enemy, beacon-fires should be raised on the coast; so that, being extended from one hill to another, the tidings might speedily flame through the land. This was done, and in an incredibly short time all England was in arms:—

“ It was about the lovely close of a warm summer-day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall *Pinta* till the noon had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the drums;

His yeomen round the Market Cross make clear an ample space;
 For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace.
 And haughtily the trumpet peals, and gaily dance the bells,
 As slow upon the labouring wind the Royal blazon swells.
 Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
 And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
 So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
 Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.
 So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay;
 And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
 Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, sir knight; ho! scatter flowers, fair
 maids,

Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute; ho! gallants, draw your blades;
 Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;
 Our glorious *Semper cadem*, the banner of our pride.

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold;
 The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold.
 Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
 Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
 From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
 That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
 For swift to East, and swift to West, the ghastly war-flame spread,
 High on St. Michael's Mount it shone; it shone on Beachy Head.
 Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each Southern shire,
 Cape beyond cape in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
 The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves;
 The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves;
 O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew,
 He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
 Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol
 town,

And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down.
 The sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked forth into the night,
 And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.
 Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
 And with one start, and with one cry, the Royal city woke;
 At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires,
 At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
 From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear,
 And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer;

And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring
street ;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in.
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers
forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the North ;
And on and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still ;
All night from tower to tower they sprang, they sprang from hill
to hill,
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales ;
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stony hills of Wales ;
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height ;
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light ;
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare of Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle."

During that first night the wind blew heavily into the mouth of Plymouth harbour, so that the utmost exertion was required to get the ships out of the Sound ; but the Admiral worked hand to hand with the humblest sailor, and before daylight every vessel was in its proper place. As the morning broke on the horizon, the magnificent fleet of the enemy was seen, " disposed in the form of a crescent, and stretching the distance of seven miles, from the extremity of one division to that of the other." Seeing the English vessels in battle array, the Spanish Admiral made for the Channel. He was allowed to pass by, and then Howard sent his pinnace-boat, the *Disdain*, to fire the first shot. The little vessel seemed proud of the honour, and gallantly did her duty. The Admiral, supported by Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, followed ; and the result

of the first encounter was the capture of the great galleon belonging to the commander of the Andalusian squadron, Don Pedro; and four hundred men were made prisoners. Five thousand ducats, found in the vessel, were distributed among the English seamen.

Nothing was done by our fleet against the enemy the next day; but a Dutch gunner belonging to the Armada revenged an insult offered to his wife and daughter by firing the gunpowder in the ship which carried the King's treasurer. There was an engagement on the 23rd, but with little result to either side. Intelligence of the first battle had been widely circulated, and many of the nobility came and begged permission to join the fleet. The Lord Admiral conferred the honour of knighthood on five officers for their distinguished valour. On the 24th and two following days there was a calm, which prevented any action. The Spanish Admiral was at anchor off Calais, waiting for the Duke of Parma; but that officer refused to leave the harbour. He did, however, promise to send ten thousand men, if they could be got upon the Spanish ships. The English Admiral saw the importance of preventing this, and, in a council of war, resolved upon a singular stratagem. He filled eight of the oldest ships under his command with combustible material, and in the dead of night fired them, and sent them before the wind, which had just sprung up, into the midst of the Armada. The success of this scheme was extraordinary, for the Spaniards thought that they were the "infernal machines" which had recently been used at the siege of Antwerp. Several captains, therefore, cut their cables, and let the vessels drive; others slipped their anchors and took to flight; one huge ship fell foul of another, and struck upon the sands. Early the next morning, while the Armada was in confusion, the English attacked in great force, and twelve of the largest vessels were destroyed or compelled to surrender. One of the capital ships of the enemy, having been

long battered by an English captain of the name of Cross, was sunk during the engagement. Only a few of the crew were saved, who stated that one of the officers had proposed to surrender, but that he was killed by another who was enraged at his proposal; that this other was killed by the brother of the first, and that it was in the midst of this bloody scene that the ship went to the bottom.

It was, however, diligently reported in France that the Armada had succeeded and that England was taken. The Queen was made prisoner and sent to Rome, it was stated, and there, barefoot, she must make her humble confession to the Pope. The Spanish ambassador in Paris was in ecstasies. He ran breathless to the cathedral, and, flourishing his rapier, cried, "Victorie, Victorie!" But, next day, when the truth was known, he was in sad disgrace. Many insulted him in the streets, and begged him sarcastically to bestow on them a few old ruined towns and villages, such as London, Canterbury, Bristol, and York.

But while the Spanish ambassador in Paris was shouting victory, the Spanish Admiral in the Channel was not so jubilant. He saw that the enterprise was a gigantic failure, and that the whole fleet would be destroyed, unless he could soon get home. Indeed, he had resolved to surrender, but his father-confessor dissuaded him. He took to flight instead. Orders were then given to throw overboard the horses and mules, to save water and lighten the ships, and to make all possible sail. The English followed them to the Frith of Forth, and then gave up the chase, well knowing that the stormy weather in those narrow seas would do more execution than their own guns. And so it proved; for a violent storm overtook them as they passed the Orkneys. "The ships had already lost their anchors and were obliged to keep to sea; the mariners, unaccustomed to such hardships, and not able to govern such unwieldy vessels, yielded to the fury of the storm."

It is said that eighty-one ships were lost, and nearly fourteen thousand men; while on the side of the English only one small vessel was taken, and the country scarcely mourned the loss of a sailor.

“Destruction follows where her flag is seen,
And haughty Spaniards stoop to Britain's Queen.”

Many of the Spanish vessels were cast upon the coast of Scotland. It is right to say here that the King of Scots acted a wise part throughout this struggle. It is true he resented, as might be expected, his mother's execution; but he plainly saw that if Philip succeeded in England, his own country could not long survive. He was, therefore, in the habit of saying that the only favour he could hope for from his Catholic Majesty, would be that granted by Polyphemus to Ulysses, viz., that, after all the rest were devoured, he should be swallowed the last.

These calamities produced an overwhelming effect on Spain. Scarcely was there a noble family whose mansion was not darkened by death, and an universal wail was heard through the land; so much so, that the King became alarmed for his own throne; and, imitating the conduct of the Roman government after the battle of Cannæ, he issued a proclamation to shorten the time of public mourning.

It is true the accounts differ as to the temper in which Philip received intelligence of the disaster. Some assert that he was writing a letter at the moment, and heard the announcement with heroic coolness, saying that he sent his fleet to fight against the English and not against the winds; and that he even fell down upon his knees and gave thanks that the calamity was no greater. This, however, looks too good; and, considering his haughty spirit, is very improbable. We rather believe the other version, given on the authority of a Spanish writer, that the king was at mass in his private

chapel when he heard the tidings, and was so enraged that, taking a fearful oath, he swore he would waste and consume his crown, even to the value of a candlestick (pointing to one on the altar), and utterly ruin Elizabeth and England; or else he and all Spain would become tributary to her.

As to the Pope's bearing on this occasion, he was greatly mortified that his enemies were not crushed; but thankful that he had not to pay the million of crowns towards the expenses, and he chuckled no little over his diplomatic foresight. He did, however, send a letter of sympathy to the king, who smartly replied, that "the loss concerned the Pontiff as much as himself, as it had been undertaken by his direction; and that in the next attempt the Church must lead the way, and he would follow."

For several weeks the Spaniards and Italians announced that the enterprise had succeeded admirably. A pamphlet and many letters were published, stating the particulars of the victory. The Queen was made prisoner, and carried into Italy. Drake was either slain or captured; only one of the Spanish vessels was lost, while forty of the English had been sunk at one encounter, and the few which had escaped had run into a Scottish port; and all Scotland had risen up in arms against England. So thoroughly were the people imposed upon, that a grand banquet was got up in Rome to celebrate the conquest.

When, however, the truth became known, there was sad recrimination and angry feeling. The Spanish navy blamed the Duke of Parma. The Duke of Parma blamed the Spanish admiral. The admiral blamed his orders. And, finally, the priests, who had been blessing the Armada ever since it started, suddenly discovered that the reason why Providence had not prospered it was because the Moors had not been expelled from Spain.

It is impossible to describe the transports of joy into

which England was thrown by this deliverance. It was not merely a mutiny crushed, as in India; nor a victory gained against fearful odds, as at Inkerman; nor a glorious display of courage in the face of death, as at Balaklava; nor a long-beleagured city stormed and breached and taken, as at Sebastopol; nor a world-wide ambition checked, as at Waterloo: but it was the mercy of all these deliverances concentrated together. The whole country saved, home saved, liberty saved, the British Constitution saved, the Queen saved, sanctuary saved, the Bible saved, and, to consummate and crown the whole, the Protestant religion, which makes nations great and peoples happy, is saved by one of the most extraordinary interpositions of Providence which the history of our world records. Give God the glory: "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us, then had they swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us; then the waters had overwhelmed us; the stream had gone over our soul; then the proud waters had gone over our soul." How gratefully ought we to respond, "Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us a prey to their teeth. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers; the snare is broken, and we are escaped."

It is pleasing to know that the first thoughts of the country were directed to Heaven. Immediately on the arrival of the tidings the people crowded into the sanctuaries and at St. Paul's Cross to express their gratitude. There the captured banners were displayed on the Sabbath, and on the week days they were hung upon London Bridge. November 17th, the anniversary of the Queen's accession, was a joyous day in London, in celebration of the two events. Tuesday the 19th was the national holiday; but Sunday the 24th was *the* day on which a nation's thanksgiving was offered to Heaven. The Queen, in all the pomp of state, proceeded in a splendid chariot from Whitehall to St. Paul's Cathedral.

Arriving there, she fell on her knees upon the pavement, and loudly offered praise to God. At the conclusion of the service, she addressed a few words to the crowd, beseeching them not to forget this signal deliverance. A form of thanksgiving was prepared for this occasion, properly expressing joy and humiliation.

Addresses of congratulation were sent to the palace from all parts of the country. It is true, though all these were sincere and hearty, some of them were not distinguished by the refinement of expression which befits a court. It is said that the Mayor of Coventry was deputed by that ancient town to convey their loyal thanksgivings. His worship assured her Majesty in strong language—language more suggestive than polite—that the King of Spain, in waging war with her, “had taken the wrong sow by the ear.”

The Queen testified her admiration of the officers and navy by pensions and promotions. Medals were struck with appropriate inscriptions. On one there was represented a weather-beaten fleet, with the motto: “*Afflavit Deus, et dissipantur*”—God blew, and they were scattered. On another there were vessels flying with full sail, and the words, “*Venit, Vidit, Fugit*.” Another, in special honour of the Queen, represents the fire-ships and a fleet in confusion, with the inscription, “*Dux fœmina facti*.” Upon another, floating and sinking ships were stamped on one side, and on the other were suppliants on their knees, with the motto, “*Man proposeth—God disposeth*.” Several others were published in England; and in Holland, where the joy was only second to our own, there was one representing the Pope, cardinals, and princes sitting in council blindfold, and treading on iron spikes, with the motto, “*It is hard to kick against the pricks*.” And another, bearing the arms of their country, with the words, “*Glory to God alone*.” All the Protestants of Europe felt the deliverance, and ascribed salvation to the Lord of hosts.

Triumphal poems, in several languages, celebrated this event. King James I. tried his hand at poetizing as well as government. His lines are neither Miltonic nor Shakspearian, but, coming from the throne, they are worth repeating :—

“The nations banded 'gainst the Lord of Might,
 Prepared a force and set them to the way ;
 Mars dressed himselfe in such an awful plight,
 The like whereof was never seene, they say :
 They forward came in monstrous array ;
 Both sea and land beset us everywhere ;
 Bragges threatened us a ruinous decay.
 What came of that ? The issue did declare.
 The winds began to toss them here and there,
 The seas began in foaming waves to swell.
 The number that escaped, it fell them faire ;
 The rest were swallowed up in gulphs of hell.
 But how were all these things miraculous done ?
 God laught at them out of His heavenly throne.”

Cowper was not of royal birth, but he was born a poet. His lines on the overthrow of the Armada are nervous and beautiful :—

“His power secured thee when presumptuous Spain
 Baptized her fleet Invincible in vain :
 Her gloomy monarch, doubtful and resigned,
 To every pang that racks an anxious mind,
 Asked of the waves that broke upon his coast,
 What tidings ? And the surge replied, ‘ All lost ! ’ ”

I close with a brief but earnest appeal to the members of this Association. My fellow-warriors in the world's great battle ! It is our lot to be in the midst of the conflict between truth and error. The privilege of living in these days is united with heavy responsibility. Our fathers have not only left us an inheritance of truth, but an example of courage. Many of them fought long, and some of them died, to secure

for us the Bible, and the right to read it. The enemy is again pressing hard for a surrender. In some places is he seeking covertly to destroy THE BOOK, and, like a vampyre, would suck its life away, by denying its inspiration. In other places more openly does the war of persecution rage; and at this moment there are hundreds of good men and women in prison, on the continent of Europe, for the sake of conscience. The battle waxes hot. We exhort you to prepare yourselves for the fight by a personal devotion to the Great King. You will not struggle, and bleed, and die for the truth, unless you love it. To battle bravely and successfully, you must confederate together. This Association is not designed to supersede, but it rather presupposes, Church fellowship. Here is one of the rallying-points, where, laying aside sectional peculiarities, you may muster; and, bracing yourselves up by counsel and prayer, you may go forth to glorious war. Is there a straggler here, or one who hesitates to take the field? These are not the times either for parley or inactivity—

“ Arise! for the day is passing
While you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are cased in armour,
And forth to the field are gone.

“ Your place in the ranks awaits you;
Each man has a part to play:
The *past* and the *future* are nothing,
In the face of the stern *to-day*.”

Let us all heartily give God thanks for the preservation to our country of the Protestant Religion. It is this which has made England great, and which will keep it still in the van of nations. It is this which has given to us our constitution, and secured our liberties. It is this which has established among us the house of Brunswick, and vouchsafed to us our present noble and gracious and precious Queen. We may well

be grateful that no Salic law ever obtained in England. Looking at some of the past occupants of the throne, we have no hesitation in saying that the British crown has shone more brilliantly on queenly than on kingly brow. What a contrast does the present moral atmosphere of the court exhibit with the time when the rotten and Royal *débauché* had to be let down from his window into the coach, on an inclined plane, that he might breathe the fresh air! What a pattern does Queen Victoria present, in dress to the ladies, in condescension to the aristocracy, and in virtue to all! What a Royal mother of a happy and loving family! What a gracious friend, sympathizing with the meanest of her subjects in their sorrows, and rejoicing with them in their joys! What a Christian ruler, acknowledging God in her victories, and supplicating Heaven in her country's peril! May her reign be yet long and prosperous; and may she still sway her sceptre over a great and free and Christian nation! Our safety is in our religion. This is Britain's bulwark; and if we surrender our Bible, either to Popery or infidelity, the downfall of Old England will begin. But let us stand by the Bible, and honour God; and the combined forces of scepticism and superstition and despotism wage war in vain.

"This, England never did, nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

THE
Life of Jesus its Own Witness.

A LECTURE,

BY THE
REV. J. M. M'CULLOCH, D.D.

THE LIFE OF JESUS ITS OWN WITNESS.

Is the Jesus of the Evangelists a real portrait, or only a fancy-picture—an historical, or only an imaginary personage? This is the question to which I invite your thoughts—a question, manifestly, of supreme importance; a question which involves, not an interesting historical problem merely, but the truth of our religion, and the foundation of our eternal hopes. Disprove the Evangelic history of Jesus, and Christianity falls like a house built upon the sand; establish the truth of that history, and our holy religion is based upon a rock.

It is of course impossible, within the compass of a single lecture, to enter upon *all* the grounds for believing in Jesus; nor, though practicable, would it serve any good purpose to take you to arguments which cannot be verified without erudition and research. I waive, therefore, the external and direct proofs; I waive the multifarious evidence, historical and critical, which learned men have collected and adduced in support of the genuineness and credibility of the Gospel narrative. I limit myself to evidence open to the investigation of all of you equally. And, happily for the faith and comfort of those who have little leisure for studious inquiry, such evidence is easily found, and as decisive as it is accessible. The Gospel biography of Jesus possesses the rare property of being self-evidencing, of carrying its credentials

within itself, of needing no other authentication than what any unbiased reader may gather up during an attentive perusal of its contents. It is its own Witness. And to *itself*, accordingly—to its own intrinsic properties and peculiarities—I go for my present argument.

One ground—though only a preliminary one—on which I affirm the Gospel biography of Jesus to be itself an evidence of its historical truth, is, that it commends or approves itself to the reader's intuitive discernment of the True.

The Gospel narrative is confessedly, to a large extent, a narrative of the marvellous. You perceive, on the most cursory perusal of the four Gospels, that the personage to whom they introduce you is of quite another order than the usual subjects of biography. As you follow him along his life-journey from the manger to the Mount of Ascension, you feel that you are in the presence of One who has no archetype in the annals of our race. A superhuman power characterizes his actions; an unearthly beauty irradiates his character; a preternatural halo encircles and glorifies all he says and does. You involuntarily exclaim, "What manner of man is this!"

Now, since the marvellous is, generally speaking, only another name for the incredible, it might be expected that a narrative so strange would shock the reader's sense of probability. But is such the experience of any earnest reader? Quite otherwise. That fine instinctive feeling of the true, which enables every unsophisticated mind to pierce the specious disguises of falsehood, and to discriminate, with unerring tact, between the real and the fictitious, returns an instant verdict in favour of our Lord's biographers. The supernatural and the ordinary portions of their narrative do not, as in other ancient histories, jar with each other, and disturb our belief of both. The suspicion, if it ever arises, that part may be fictitious, vanishes when the whole is read continuously. Nay, so homogeneous and self-consistent is the entire por-

traiture, so free from every semblance of artful contrivance, and so full of inimitable and unequivocal touches of nature and reality, that even the incredulous reader, if he be also candid and earnest, is compelled to forego his doubts, at least for the time, and to feel that it is historical truth which is before him. Just as there is in the very look and bearing of an honest witness an indescribable something which conveys to you an instant and irresistible impression of his veracity, so there is about the whole tone and tenor of the Gospel narrative an air of honest truthfulness which precludes suspicion and commands confidence.

Nor is this *felt truthfulness* an illusory evidence. It is, indeed, a sort of evidence which cannot be formally conveyed in words, nor fully appreciated by persons of dull or blunted moral feelings; but it is not therefore the less to be relied on. You rely on your instinctive sense of the beautiful as a safe and competent guide, when the question respects the beauty of an object; you rely on your instinctive sense of the right as a fit and adequate criterion when the question relates to the morality of an action; and why not equally trust to your instinctive feeling of the true, for a sound and reliable verdict in reference to the credibility of a narrative? That fine moral tact by which we distinguish between the genuine and the spurious, has been styled the *antennæ* of the mind—and most aptly; for, like *antennæ*, it possesses a nicety of discrimination which often renders it a safer and more certain guide than direct reasoning. “In our reasonings, a false step at the commencement sends us far astray; but in gathering up the inductions of the moral sense we feel our path as we proceed, and at every step get so much the nearer to truth and certainty. Logic takes us on a circuit which, if the course be not correctly calculated, brings us round to a false conclusion; but the method of induction by the tact of the moral sense is a walking with nature on a day’s journey, and a

making ourselves familiar with the sweet tones of her voice in a lengthened communion."* If, then, it be the fact that the Gospel narrative never fails, while you are perusing it, to wake up in your moral consciousness a responsive echo to its truthfulness, I know not why you need hesitate to accept such evidence as perfectly valid and conclusive, or at any rate as equally valid and conclusive with most of the deductions of your reason.

But it is not alone on the ground of its verisimilitude that I affirm the Evangelic portraiture of Jesus to be its own evidence. I affirm this, also, and chiefly, on the ground of its peculiar and unparalleled features. I maintain that the Life of Jesus is true, not only *in spite* of its marvels, but *because* of its marvels. I maintain that it is so wholly unmatched, so unique, so dipped in the colours of heaven, so "beyond the reach of art," as altogether to exclude the hypothesis of its being an imaginative creation.

If the authorship of an epic poem, or the construction of a ship of the line, were claimed for a savage of the woods, every man of sane mind would at once reject the claim. Why? Because of the palpable disproportion between such a work and the capabilities of a savage. But what if there be an equal disproportion between the Evangelic portraiture of Jesus and the inventive powers of his biographers? What if there be about Jesus, and all that he says and does, a *quality*—always peculiar and often preternatural—which disowns a Jewish or even a human origin? Let us try the question by an induction of particulars.

Let us take, first, the *Social Position* of Jesus.

We learn from St. John that the main design of the Gospels is, to set forth and certify Jesus as the promised Christ or Messiah. "These things," he says—these memoirs compiled

* Taylor's Spiritual Christianity.

by us, the Evangelists—"are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is *the Christ*, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life, through his name." * Now, with such an object in view, it is manifest that the Evangelists, if without a *real* person to describe, and a *real* history to narrate, must have gone for the materials of their portraiture to Jewish ideas and traditions, and sketched a Messiah with features and environments answerable to the national expectations. But is the *social position* of the Jesus of the Gospels at all such as these Jewish ideas and traditions would or could have suggested to them? The Evangelists, in common with their whole nation and race, believed and expected that the Messiah would be a great temporal Monarch, who should free them from the Roman yoke, establish his throne in Jerusalem, and restore the kingdom to Israel. But the Jesus whom they actually portray, claims no earthly throne, assumes no regal state, levies no armies, projects no schemes of worldly ambition. On the contrary, he treads the humble walk of common life. He is the child of poor parents; he is born in a stable; for the greater part of his life he dwells in an obscure village, and works as an artisan; and, after a public career of only three years, he dies at the age of thirty-three—"dies, because the nation would tolerate him no longer." Is this the sort of condition in which the Evangelists would have placed and portrayed their hero, had not their Jewish preconceptions been overruled and corrected by the historical reality before them? Is it supposable that, if the facts of the case had not necessitated them to do so, they would have described the great Messiah as the son of a carpenter, and himself a poor mechanic? Is it supposable that, if the facts had not compelled them, they would have represented him as spending thirty years as an obscure villager, and only three years in his public function? Is it supposable that, after bringing him

* St. John xx. 31.

forth from his long privacy to the public stage of the world, they would have pictured him—not as another Moses, or Elijah, or Judas Maccabeus—but as an itinerant teacher, often travel-worn, often faint from hunger, always poor and unbefriended, despised by the great, persecuted by the powerful, and at last cut off in his early manhood by a death of violence and shame? Can their narration of these things be accounted for, except on the supposition that these things were facts?

And especially unaccountable, on any other supposition, is their narration of his last sufferings. They do not all record his nativity, they do not all record his transfiguration, they do not all record his ascension : but not one of them has failed to record his death, and to record it, too, with the utmost fulness and minuteness. In the longest of the Gospels his death with its attendant circumstances, occupies one-tenth of the whole book ; in the shortest, it occupies almost one-sixth ; and, in all the four, it has a space and prominence assigned it incomparably greater than any other event in his history. Is not this strange, considering that the writers were Jews, to whom the very idea of a suffering, dying, crucified Messiah must have been revolting? Can you account for such writers introducing his death at all, if they were mere fabricators of a Messianic biography? Can you account, especially, for their narrating it at such length and with such minuteness? Had they any precedent for such a course? Do the Scriptures of either the Old or the New Testament dwell at any length on the deaths of those whose history they record? They do not. The important place assigned in modern biographies to deaths and death-bed scenes has no sanction from Scripture example. Not one of even the Apostles has his death recorded, except James, and his occupies only one short verse. The book which relates to the Apostles is significantly called *The Acts of the Apostles* : “it

registers their deeds, but it does not sing their requiem." No death but that of Jesus is recorded at large, and in all its circumstances. No death-scene, no dying agonies, no last conversations with friends, no parting farewells to kindred—none but his find a place in the sacred page.* Is it at all likely that the Evangelists, if only sketching a fancy picture, would have adopted in his case a course so wholly repugnant alike to their own Messianic predilections and to the usages of their national literature? *We*, who have been taught to regard the death of Jesus as the most momentous event that ever transpired on earth—the great Atonement for the sins of the world—the sheet-anchor of men's everlasting hopes—can understand why that death should have *such* space and prominence accorded it in the Evangelic page; *we* can appreciate and admire the congruity of such an arrangement. But it is wholly out of the question to suppose that writers in the circumstances of the Evangelists would or could have narrated them so fully and minutely, if the scenes of the Garden and the Cross had not been realities.

Let us take, secondly, the *Teaching* of Jesus.

Can the supposition be entertained for a moment that the matchless discourses recorded in the Gospels were composed by our Lord's biographers? These discourses are, even on the admission of infidels themselves, the best and noblest that ever fell from human lips. They disclose great truths regarding God, and the soul, and the spiritual universe, which,

* "The principle of Scripture biography seems to be that of recording a man's life and deeds so far as they have tended to the furtherance of the kingdom of God, and to leave almost—or quite—unnoticed the manner of his departure hence. I think there is no exception to this rule in the New Testament but that of St. Stephen, which, after all, is no exception, but a confirmation of the rule; for the death of the proto-martyr of the faith was precisely his contribution towards the great cause."—*Goodwin's Hulsean Lectures* for 1856.

till then, had eluded the discovery of, the human mind, and which, to this hour, are unreachd by the wisest men in lands unblest by the light of the Gospel. They unfold a code of morals so sublime, and pure, and perfect, that all after teachers have failed to discover in it either a defect or a redundancy. Every parable is a mine of precious truth; every sentence is a text capable of inexhaustible comment. Meet "the words of Jesus" where you may—in whatever author, with whatever other matter surrounded—you at once recognize them; they bear an impress all their own; they assert their high lineage; they clear a space for themselves, like shining angels among a crowd of men. Can it be that discourses like these—so sublime, so original, so suggestive, so prodigal of meaning, were the production of a few unlettered Jews?

Will it be said that the Evangelists had the Old Testament Scriptures to draw from—those Scriptures which contain at least the nucleus of much of our Lord's teaching? Granted—but what then? Does this render the Jewish origin of such discourses one whit more credible? Be it that the teaching of Jesus is often only a development of ideas and principles involved in the Old Testament economy; but, *what sort* of a development is it? Is it a development *in the direction* which Jewish opinion would have given it, and must have given it? Quite the reverse. The Jews looked for a political Messiah to deliver them from the yoke of the Cæsars; but Jesus preaches a spiritual Messiah, who should save his people from their sins. The Jews expected a kingdom of this world; but Jesus proclaims a kingdom of truth, and righteousness, and peace. The Jews prided themselves on their superiority, as the peculiar favourites of Heaven; but Jesus teaches that in the eye of the Great Father all men are equal. The Jews counted on the speedy re-establishment, in more than former splendour, of their own local

polity and worship ; but Jesus foretells the abrogation of their law, the ruin of their temple, and the erection of a Church in which all men, Jew and Gentile, would meet as brethren. A spiritual Messiah, a spiritual kingdom, a religion without a sacrifice and without a temple, a religion for all mankind—oh ! these were ideas, these were developments, too magnificent to have originated in the Jewish mind—nay, too directly opposed to the deepest prejudices and dearest hopes of the Jews, to allow even the possibility of such an origination. Talk of Jews inventing the discourses of Jesus ! Jews could as soon have invented a new language, or added a new faculty to the human mind.

Let us take, in the next place, the *Miracles* of Jesus.

Are these miracles mere prodigies—mere displays of supernatural power, unrelieved by any divineness of purpose ? Far from it. They are, indeed, works of impressive majesty, out not of bare, frowning majesty. Like mountain scenery tinted by the hues of sunset, the grand in them is always softened by the gracious. They are all* miracles of mercy—benign interpositions in behalf of the sick, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the impotent, the demoniac, the dying, the bereaved, the endangered—in beautiful harmony with the

* Sharp-eyed infidelity has been able to discover in the long roll of Christ's miracles only one which is not an express work of mercy ; and even that one—the cursing of the barren fig-tree—is only an *apparent* exception. In cursing the fig-tree because, though capable of bearing fruit, it yielded none, our Lord had it in view to warn his disciples of the sure destruction which abused privileges entail on men. And, having such a lesson to teach them, in what more merciful way could he have taught it than by exemplifying it in the destruction, not of one of themselves, but of an unconscious tree ? The fact that he singled out for destruction, as a warning to sinners, not a living man, but an insensate tree, is not in disharmony, but in fine accordance, with his mission of mercy.

temper which their Author evinced when he refused to command fire to come down from heaven to consume his adversaries, and assigned as a reason that he had come not to destroy but to save. Nor are majesty and beneficence their only characteristics. They have a manifoldness of character and purpose. Of a nature to attest and authenticate the divine mission of Jesus, they are also of a nature to illustrate the benevolent object of his mission—thus declaring, at one and the same time, *whence* he came, and *why* he came. They are samples of his great work as the Redeemer from physical as well as from moral evil. They are patterns for the guidance of his followers in the duty and method of doing good. And, to name but one other property, they are vehicles of religious instruction—sermons as well as signs, infolding a spiritual meaning, and reiterating in visible act the lessons of his oral ministry.

I ask you, if miracles so grand, so beneficent, so many-sided, so inlaid with religious truth, so altogether in the style of a Divine Being, do not assert for themselves a higher origin than fraudulent invention? The human mind, it is true, has always been addicted to the fabrication of “lying wonders;” and manifold and daring have been its achievements in the realm of the marvellous. But has it ever produced, either before the Christian era or since, anything to prove its competency for the invention of miracles like these? The so-called miracles which have originated in the imaginations of impostors and enthusiasts, are invariably of one and the same character—and *that* a character totally diverse from these. Pretenders have dealt uniformly in portents and prodigies—never in such beneficent restorations as followed the word or touch of Jesus. Nay, so inseparable, on this field of invention, is the connection between imposture and extravagance, that even “the wonder-mongers” of the Romish Church, though with Christ’s miracles before them as a pattern, have

never been able to keep clear of the hyperbolical and the monstrous. And yet, forsooth, we are to believe that a task to which learned ecclesiastics have proved unequal, even with perfect models to copy from, was quite within the reach of the illiterate writers of the Gospels, though without any such models.

For a fourth tentative example, let us go to our Lord's *Personal Character*.

If his teachings and miracles are without a parallel, much more is his personal character. Not only does it rise upon us from the pages of the Evangelists with a graphic distinctness, which enables the humblest reader to apprehend and realize it, but it is made up of features which are altogether unprecedented, whether taken separately or in combination.

Look, for instance, at the *benevolence* of Jesus. Is there anything like it in the whole range of previous history? It is a benevolence expansive, tender, energetic, superior to injury; so expansive, that it reaches to all men without distinction of country, or creed, or condition; so tender, that it stoops to the humblest offices of kindness; so energetic, that it refuses to forego any opportunity of doing good; so superior to injury, that it pursues its beneficent path unmoved by ingratitude or hostility, and even returns blessing for cursing. Can it be that a benevolence so godlike suggested itself to human invention, in an age when stoical insensibility was counted the perfection of virtue?

Or look at his *humility*. The greatest of characters, he is at the same time the gentlest. No air of assumption is ever seen in his demeanour; no tone of arrogance is ever heard from his lips. He discloses the profoundest mysteries without self-pretension; he performs the most stupendous miracles with unostentatious simplicity. Wherever he is—in the temple or by the wayside—at the banquets of the rich, or in the hovels of the poor—when raising the dead to life,

or when taking little children in his arms to bless them—he appears in the same simple, beautiful garb of humility. Strange if this most winning feature of character was the mental offspring of persons born and reared in the very hot-bed of Pharisaic bigotry and pride.

Nor is Christ's character more unprecedented in its separate elements than in their combination. Every reader of the Gospels is struck with the contrasts in our Lord's outward condition—with the contrast, for example, between his lowly nativity and the angelic pageant which announced it—the contrast between the manger where he was cradled, and the star which lighted the way to it. His personal character presents like striking contrasts. You behold in him a self-sustained and commanding dignity, which isolates him from all the men around him; yet with this he conjoins the sweetest simplicity and condescension. You behold in him an intense abhorrence of sin; yet compassion to sinners fills his heart and flows from his tongue. Nowhere else do you find such supreme devotion to a great enterprise; yet, instead of being chagrined by ill success, he bears opposition and disappointment with unruffled equanimity. Nowhere else do you find such an entire superiority to the need of earthly pleasures; yet, instead of displaying an ascetic temper, or frowning on human enjoyments, he joins freely in the genial courtesies and social festivities of life. Are such opposite qualities usually combined? Nay, does the whole history of mankind furnish another instance of their union? And, to increase the marvel, these seemingly incongruous elements never clash, never jar, never impair the *oneness* of the character. They always harmonize; they always unite in perfect apposition and concord; they always blend and combine like the prismatic colours in the ray of silvery light. There is no confusion and no distortion. See Jesus where you may—on the high walk of miraculous power or in the humble scenes of common life—

with his enemies or with his friends—amid the glories of the Transfiguration or amid the dishonours of the Cross—you behold one and the same harmonious character; you recognize his unmistakeable identity; you hear, as it were, a holy voice speaking to your heart, and saying “It is I.”

And then, besides being altogether peculiar, this character is absolutely perfect. It commends itself to our moral sentiments as consummately excellent; and, what is not less signal, it commends itself the more the longer we study it. It grows in beauty, in symmetry, in moral glory, as we gaze upon it. It advances in our admiration in proportion to the refinement of our sensibilities; and they who are holiest, appreciate it best and admire it most. The human mind has been in a state of progress ever since the days of Jesus, and society has long outgrown the religions, the ethics, the tastes, the modes of thinking, which then prevailed. But *his* character, instead of shrinking before the scrutiny of advancing intellect and refinement, has only attracted to itself additional admiration as ages have rolled on. Even infidels have been forced to confess its awful beauty. Like the presence of a holy shrine (to borrow an apposite figure), it has often restrained impious hands from violating the sanctuary of our religion; and many who have scrupled not to sport with everything else in the Gospel, have passed by the character of Jesus in reverent silence.

This is the character which we find portrayed in the writings of the Evangelists—portrayed in all its sweet harmonies, in all its unmatched perfection, and with inimitable vividness and verisimilitude. Can credulity itself believe that the Evangelists could have painted such a portrait, had it not been a portrait from the life?

For a fifth example, let us go to the *constitution of our Lord's person*.

Jesus, as set forth in the Gospels, is God and man *in one person*. Could the conception of a personality, so constituted, have occurred to his biographers, if it had not been before them in actual embodiment? From the Old Testament Scriptures they might have learned to conceive of God as *appearing in a human form*, but not of God and man united in one person. Nor could the Pagan ideas of incarnation have suggested such a conception. When Paul and Barnabas were mistaken a Lystra for Mercurius and Jupiter, the people of Lycaonia lifted up their voices, saying, "The gods are come down to us *in the likeness of men*." * But neither in this case, nor in the case of any of the Divine metamorphoses described by the classic poets, nor yet in the case of any of the Oriental avatars, was it ever supposed that the change in the god amounted to more than a change of outward form or aspect. The idea of a union of the Divine and the human nature never once entered the mind of either Jew or Pagan. Yet, is it not precisely such a union of natures that you find incarnated in the Jesus of the Evangelists? Turn to the pages of the Gospels, and you have everywhere before you a personage who exhibits the distinctive characteristics, not of God alone, nor yet of man alone, but of both God and man. In the miracles of Jesus, the hand which works is manifestly Divine, yet the heart which moves the hand is as manifestly human; for the great Worker's impelling incitement is always pity for the sufferers—*human* pity. And how closely, too, do the human and the Divine meet, and, so to speak, co-operate. Recall, for example, the touching scene at the grave of Lazarus. Beside that grave, "Jesus wept;" and, doubtless, those tears of Jesus were human tears—"true human tears they were, if ever such were shed." But mark in what close proximity they stand to a display of his higher nature, almost unsurpassed in splendour. The sisters weep because they have lost a brother; the Jews

* Acts xiv. 11.

weep from sympathy with them; and Jesus, their friend and their brother's friend, cannot refrain from weeping too. And yet, while those tears of his are scarcely dry, there issues from his lips a fiat—"Lazarus, come forth!"—which rings through the realm of Death, and compels the death-king to surrender his prey! Verily, if this harmonious union in one personality of all that is glorious in Deity with all that is winning in humanity, was only an ideal phantasm, the writers who gave it being and form must have been men who far outsoared all other mortals in that creative genius which

"Gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

Our Lord's *relation to the Old Testament economy* may furnish our sixth illustration.

Jesus, according to the Evangelists, stands in a twofold relation to the elder economy—being at once the Messiah of the Prophets, and the Antitype of the ceremonial law.* And with this twofold relation their actual delineation of him entirely accords. Numerous, complex, and often seemingly discrepant though the Messianic prophecies be, yet his life and fortunes fit and agree to them like the key to the wards of a lock. And so completely, too, is his history the correlative of the Levitical types, that it fulfils and explains them all, giving substance to the most shadowy, and significance to the most obscure; in short, doing for them what a skilful performer does for a piece of written music when he interprets and utters it in song.

* The following, among other passages, prove that the Evangelists meant to represent Jesus as the Messiah of the prophets:—St. Matt. i. 22, 23; ii. 4, 5, 6; iii. 14, 15; iv. 12—17; xxi. 4, 5. St. Mark ix. 11, 12; xv. 28. St. Luke i. 32, 33; iv. 17—22; xxiv. 25, 26, 27. St. John vi. 14; vii. 40, 41, 42; xix. 28, 29. That they regarded him as the fulfiller of the types is manifest from such passages as the following: St. John i. 29; iii. 14, 15; vi. 40—59; xix. 36.

But were the Evangelists equal to the task of contriving a fictitious counterpart to either the Prophecies or the Types?

Consider how many things they had to do in order to produce a simulated Messiah. They had, first of all, to invent a key to the prophecies; they had next to invent a personage who should unite in himself the various Messianic qualities and offices; they had further to invent for that personage a history which would yield an ostensible fulfilment of the predictions; and then, over and above, they had to write that history. Can you suppose them to have been equal to such a hard-conditioned undertaking? Recollect how signally modern interpreters of *unfulfilled* prophecy, even with the Gospel key to the Old Testament in their hands, have failed in their attempts to discover and establish the time and manner of fulfilment; and then judge if the Evangelists, without any such key, were at all likely to be successful. Nor was it in favour of their success, but quite the contrary, that they were Jews; for their expectations as Jews ran directly counter to such a Messiah as Jesus. In common with the rest of their countrymen, they understood the Messianic predictions, not in a religious, but in a political sense; and to the last, and despite all opposing appearances, they clung to the belief that their Master was to assume political power, and restore the kingdom to Israel. Were these the men to excogitate the conception of a spiritual Messiah for the world? A mere political Messiah for the nation was all they contemplated. The august and Godlike *Christ* actually before us they would not and could not have delineated had he not been forced upon them by his historical reality. Left to their own resources for the subject and materials of their picture, "they might have produced a Jewish signboard, but never this divine Rafaele."

And what shall we say of their competence to produce a correlative to the Types? Towards forging a fulfilment of the prophecies there existed a clue, though a fallacious one;

for the Jews expected a Christ, and attached a meaning to the predictions regarding him. But in this case it was otherwise; for no man of those times supposed the Mosaic institutions to be prefigurative, or to contain a hidden meaning. Is it likely that the idea of a typical import and prospective purpose would have occurred to fraudulent inventors? Or, supposing the idea to have occurred, is it at all probable that they would have embarrassed themselves with the gratuitous and self-imposed task of working it out? Or, even supposing them adventurous enough to project such a task, can you imagine them to have possessed the strength and saliency of invention required for its execution? Take the case as put by Henry Melvill, in one of his noble sermons. Imagine that no Antitype to the ritual observances of the law had to this hour been found out, and that the task of discovering or of devising one was prescribed, as a trial of ingenuity, to twelve men of consummate ability and learning, but ignorant of the life and religion of Jesus! Send these accomplished men to the study of the Pentateuch, for the purpose of finding out a key and counterpart to the manifold observances therein described. Say to them: "There is a prospective design in the paschal lamb, the scape-goat, the city of refuge, the mercy-seat, and other sacrifices and services of the ceremonial law; there is a secret prophecy of good things to come in each separate rite, and in every part of each; and your endeavour must be to discover a key, and construct a biographical narrative, which shall furnish a satisfactory, or at least a plausible, explanation of them all." Let such a task be proposed to these men, and accepted by them. Does any one believe that they could succeed? Does any one believe that all their learning and ingenuity would ever enable them to find the cipher to this scroll of hieroglyphics; to discover the clue to this labyrinth; to divine or contrive an antitype explanatory of all that is complex, and illustrative of all that

is obscure in the Jewish ritual? And yet this is precisely what is done in the four Gospels, and done with so unvarying a success, that, on comparing the Type with the Antitype, the difficulty is, not to discover the reciprocity, but to detect the disagreement.

Let the question at issue be tried, in the last place, by a reference to the *form in which the Evangelic portraiture is cast*.

If Jesus be a fiction, and his history a romance, consider what a work the writers of the Gospel had to accomplish. Not only had they to produce discourses, such as had never fallen from mortal lips; not only had they to imagine miracles unparalleled before or since; not only had they to invent a personal character, which stands alone in its perfection; not only had they to excogitate an ideal union of God and man in one personality: but, besides all this, they had to introduce their imaginary personage into real life, and to frame incidents and situations of a colour and quality to bring out and exemplify all his striking peculiarities. They had to contrive occasions for his discourses, and scenes for the display of his miraculous endowments. They had to exhibit now the human side of his character, and now its Divine side; and both *in keeping*. They had to fashion his condition and environments, so as to evince his correlation to the prophecies and types. They had to show him in the desert, tempted of the devil—in the garden, prostrate in agony—on the cross, with the crown of thorns, surmounted by a nimbus of moral glory. And having take him down from the cross, and laid him in the tomb, they had to reproduce him from the sepulchre, and show him alive, with all the fine harmonies of his personal identity unabated. Nay, more, they had to do all this four successive times, or in four independent yet consistent biographies. Were such conditions of success of easy performance? To delineate *such* a personage,—and that not in the way of gene-

ral description, or rhetorical eulogium, but by means alone of incidents and events; to make him rise before the reader, in his complete and singular idiosyncrasy, out of a mere narrative of life and manners, and by means alone of such a narrative,—was this an *easy* undertaking? Let him who thinks it easy try. Infidels seldom hesitate to allege that the four Gospels are mere human compositions; but I venture to affirm, that if any one of them will but make the experiment of writing a *fifth* Gospel,—if any one of them will but sit down and endeavour to embody the Evangelic conception of Jesus in a narrative form, rejecting all epithets, eschewing everything in the shape of comment or eulogy, and restricting himself, like the Evangelists, to incident and action and dialogue, as the sole exponents of the character and endowments of his hero, *he* at least will never again hazard the opinion that the Jesus of the Evangelic narrative is a coinage of the human brain.

I have only to add, that the argument furnished by the preceding induction of particulars is the more conclusive, that it is a *cumulative* argument. We have found that the social position of Jesus, as described in the Gospels, cannot have been a figment of his biographers; that his discourses cannot have been the production of their pen; that his miracles appear to transcend their powers of invention; that the same is true of his personal character, of the constitution of his person, of his completion of the prophecies and the types. But if each of these things, taken separately, seems to disown a Jewish and even human authorship, how much more all of them collectively! If the improbability of any one of them being a mere human fabrication would fail to be expressed by a high power of figures, what power of figures could express the improbability of all of them being so? It is hard to believe that even the bare *conception* of a personage combining so

many strange and apparently incongruous elements, could ever have come within the range of man's self-originated imaginings. But, to embody the conception; to weave all the elements into a homogeneous and verisimilar biography; to present Jesus, without any rent in the delineation, or any confusion of colouring, in the various complicate and commingled aspects of the carpenter's son, the great Teacher, the mighty Wonder-worker, the Messiah of the Prophets, the Antitype of the Law, the sinless Man, the Incarnate God,—who can suppose *this* to have been even a possible achievement of cunning devisers? The biographers of Jesus, if the infidel hypothesis be true, must have been deceivers, liars, impostors. Think of deliberate and habitual liars being possessed of the soaring genius, the fine moral feeling, the pureness of imagination, the breadth of sympathy, necessary to the conception and execution of such a portraiture! The idea is preposterous, monstrous, blasphemous. Jesus *could not* now live in the Evangelic page, if he had not previously lived with men on the earth. His history must be true, for it *could not* have been invented. Like the Phidian statue of Minerva, which had the name of the artist indelibly sculptured throughout, it has its heavenly origin inseparably interwoven with its whole contexture. What the Mahometan boastfully, but falsely, alleges of his Koran is entirely and strictly true of the Gospel biography of Jesus—it is its own sufficient Witness.

But, if Jesus is real and his history true, what follows? Does it merely follow that we ought to give credit to his history, as we give credit to that of Julius Cæsar or of Alexander the Great? Is this all that follows? Oh, no. Jesus, if really what the Evangelists represent him, demands at our hands far more than belief in his history. He differs from all other persons of whom we read, not more in the perfection of his being and qualities, than in the closeness of his relation to

ourselves. The great men of history bear little relation to our personal interests, and are seldom more to us than the imaginary beings of poetry and fiction. But Jesus is our REDEEMER, our LORD, our EXEMPLAR, our ALL; nor can *His* claims, therefore, be met by us, unless, besides believing in his historical reality, and admiring his personal excellence, we give Him the throne of our hearts, the lordship of our consciences, the service of our lives. ONE who, for us and our salvation, bowed the heavens and came down, led so marvellous a life, and tasted so bitter a death, has a clear and indefeasible right to *all* we can possibly render him; and we but mock his stupendous interposition in our behalf, if we do not take his word as our rule of faith, his will as our law, his life as our pattern, and himself as the object of our trust, and hope, and supreme affection. If historical faith and vague admiration be all we render him, woe to us that we ever heard of Jesus.

William Carey.

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. J. P. CHOWN.

WILLIAM CAREY

I HAVE no doubt we shall all feel that—surrounded as we are for the most part by those who neither mentally nor morally are what they ought to be, and prone as we most of us are to sink to that which is below, rather than rise to that which is above us—it is well that we should strive to set before ourselves, as much as possible, the characters of those who have risen to the noblest distinction and eminence among their fellow-men. It would be well, perhaps, at the outset of life, whatever our position in society, that, instead of looking as we are prone to do at those who have failed or are failing in it, we should look to those who have done best, and resolve that they should be our example. Because, however humble what we have to do, we should always strive to do it in the best possible way; if it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well: if we only have to sweep a floor, we should do it as in the sight of high Heaven, and endeavour to do it well. It is in accordance with this that in the Christian course we are exhorted to be “followers of them who through faith and patience are now inheriting the promises,” and that we are to catch the spirit and walk in the footsteps of the Lord of life and glory himself.

And this is well, too, because though it is quite possible we may never attain to the full height of our example—

though *that* must never be despaired of—yet we are sure to attain to a far higher rank than if we had only thought of failing, or had only aimed at mediocrity in the first instance. The man may say, “I can never expect to do the deeds of that being, because he is a giant and I am only an ordinary man.” And we say, “It may be so; but you keep his example before your eyes nevertheless, and seek to have your muscles and nerves well exercised and strung, for it is when they are *strung* that they are *strong*—the word is the same—and if you may not be able to do exactly the deeds of a giant, you shall do more than most ordinary men can do, and what you yourself would never have dreamed of at one time as possible.” True, some may rise far above us; the poet and the prophet may soar far beyond us in their fire-chariot into the very heavens, and none of us may be able to follow them there, but even then we may catch the falling mantle, and wrap it round us, and go forth to prophesy in their stead—we may have caught some spark of the fire that glowed within their bosoms, and may go forth to show its brightness to the world. And it is, as you may suppose, mainly for this purpose that I am about to introduce to your notice the character of the man whose name forms the subject of this lecture. And I do so because it furnishes us with a noble illustration of four things of paramount importance to us all, but to “Christian Young Men” especially—four things, without which I believe there never can be true excellence and power of Christian character at all, to say nothing of usefulness in the world,—and which are—SELF-CULTURE, SELF-CONSECRATION, SELF-DENIAL, and SELF-RENOUNCEMENT. *Self-Culture*, to make ourselves what God would have us to be; *Self-Consecration*, to offer ourselves as living sacrifices to his praise; *Self-Denial*, that we may shrink from nothing we may have to meet with in our course; and *Self-Renouncement*, as we shall feel that when we have

done our utmost we have done nothing, that at best we are but unprofitable servants, and that Christ is all and in all.

And now, then, in taking WILLIAM CAREY as an illustration of these four things, let us glance for a moment at his personal history. So far as it concerns us it is soon told. He was born in the year 1761, in the village of Paulerspury, in Northamptonshire. While in the habit of attending the parish church he became concerned about his soul, this led him to seek after Christian society,—this introduced him to some pious people who were Dissenters, and in their company the work of the Lord was carried on in his soul,—he became a Christian. It so happened one year that the services of the Association of Churches were held at Olney, and he went. He had not a penny in his pocket, and he had nothing to eat or drink all day, but in the evening he was introduced to some Christian people, who behaved kindly to him. The result of this interview was, that they pressed him to preach for them, and he consented,—he became a Preacher. Soon after this he heard a sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Horsey, of Northampton, at the baptism of an infant, and that decided his mind as to his duty in that respect—he became a Baptist. Not long after this he received an invitation to become the pastor of a little Baptist church at Moulton, in Northamptonshire, and he felt it right to accept it—he became a Baptist Minister. While here the Mission-thought sprang up in his mind, and developed itself, till it found such glorious manifestation in his life,—and he became a Missionary. *They* are the principal points in his history. We feel, however, that his character is not to be found in them; but we look for it rather in the impress, broad and deep, which that character, like a living seal, has stamped upon the whole Church of God; or in that missionary spirit which has risen out of us within the last half-century, and in great part in response to his call and in acknowledgment of his example; or in that glorious

exhibition which he has given us of the mingled simplicity and sublimity, gentleness and power, of the spirit of Christianity, to which we may point the scoffer and the sceptic to the end of all time, with holy gratitude, exultant confidence, and ever-increasing joy.

And it is very interesting to watch the steps by which he became what he was. You see him first, for instance, a little boy sitting in his cottage-home, reading "Cook's Voyages Round the World;" that is when the mission-thought first enters his heart. Then you see him standing in his village schoolroom, poring over a map of the world, his heart yearning over the dark places of the earth that are yet full of the habitations of cruelty. Then as a village pastor standing up in a ministers' meeting, and trying to tell out the thought that is in him—but, alas! only to sit down again, rebuked for his spiritual ambition and forwardness. And then you see him sitting down amid his poverty and want, to write the pamphlet that shall go where his voice cannot, and become the exponent of his views to all around him. And then rising in the pulpit, in the crowded assembly of the Association at Nottingham, and pouring out that appeal to the churches, every word of which was like a trumpet-blast, kindling up the souls of his hearers, and summoning God's people to the field. And then you see him standing on the shores of India, almost a solitary man; but, as he plants the banner of the Cross there, his heart beats high, and his spirit glows with holy rapture within him. And is he not a noble man, as he stands there before us, with that Divine thought burning within him, as though it were a live coal, swept from the altar above, by a ministering spirit, that had dropped into his bosom and set his heart on fire with Divine love? A noble man,—yes! nobler far than Cæsar at the head of his bannered hosts as he sets his eagle standard upon the shores of our island home, for he founds a nobler empire than Cæsar ever

knew, and bears a blessing that old Rome in her glory could never rejoice in; nobler far than Alexander sitting down to weep, in his childish, mortified ambition, that there were not other worlds for him to conquer, while there was a little world of lust in his own breast that conquered him, and flung him prostrate in degradation and death; nobler even than Columbus when he discovered his new world, for Carey discovered a nobler world than that—one of spiritual wealth and grandeur, and won a nobler heritage for God. And there he is before you, then, young man. Pray that you may catch his spirit and imitate his example; and even if you may never attain to its bright glory, yet do not disdain to walk in the light it sheds upon your pathway.

And there are many reasons why it could only have been, under God, by the most assiduous and determined SELF-CULTURE he attained to that eminence with which his name will ever be associated. It is true he tells us that his education was what was generally esteemed good in country villages at that time. But when we remember what that would generally be, and think of the difficulties he surmounted, we shall feel that this does not invalidate the statement for a moment.

And just think of one or two facts that render this all the more striking. For instance, *there were not those educational advantages for young men at that time that there are now*. The time we refer to is nearly a hundred years since, and Robert Raikes had not gathered together his first Sunday-school class then; that glorious institution was unknown—the thought had not entered into the heart of man. The press had not poured out those treasures then with which she has enriched our land since. There was no periodical literature then, like that which is now constantly spread before us, in its adaptedness to the tastes and wants of all—from the “Child’s Companion” to the more stately “Review.” There was no “Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge” then;

the "Tract Society" had not sprung into existence; the "Penny Magazine" was unknown. There were no railroads then, to break down local prejudices, and broaden men's sympathies and views. There was no Penny Post to bring us and bind us all together. The habits of the humbler part of society were often low and degraded; and even for those who would rise above the level, there were none of the friendly hands stretched out to help that there are now. There were no Mechanics' Institutes, no Mutual Improvement Societies, no Christian Young Men's Associations, then. But how changed is the aspect of our country in this respect now! Christian young men assembled here to-night—what privileges are yours! What would not some of the noblest of your forefathers have given for one thousandth part of them! For centuries the well-spring of knowledge had been choked up, or locked up, or hidden from their research. But now the rubbish is almost all cleared away, and the crystal torrent has leaped up into the morning sunlight, almost like a thing of life and joy. And now she pours out her streams, of which the poorest may drink, in ten thousand channels, to bless and fertilize the world. Time was, not far back either, when the lights of knowledge were few and far between—one solitary taper here and there, that the wealthy and privileged might take in their hands, or hang up in their dwellings, just enough to make the "darkness visible." But in Carey's time the day-dawn was just breaking over the land. And now, in ours, the sun has risen, and pours his heavenly radiance all around, gilding the mountain minds of the age, and crowning them with glory—flooding the plains and valleys of general intelligence, and society at large, with living beauty and grandeur,—flashing in among our palaces and mansions, beaming in upon our cottages and workshops, shedding its cheering ray even into our prison-cells, and calling up from all the broad earth around us a

glorious harvest of summer beauty and autumnal abundance, that waves before every eye, and whispers its gladness in every breeze. O young men! see that ye profit by it. Great is your privilege, and great is your responsibility too. You have ten talents given, but you will have ten to account for. Rejoice, however, in the blessedness of the times. Be true to yourselves, your generation, and your God; and, by the blessing of Heaven, there is a glorious future before you in this world, and a still more glorious one in the world to come!

And there are one or two other considerations, too, that must not be forgotten, that render his self-culture all the more striking. *All the earlier part of his life, for instance, was spent in a little secluded village*, where he would be withdrawn, for the most part, even from such advantages as the times might offer. Where there would be but little of the mental intercourse and friction that there is in large towns, and that sharpens the intellect and wakens up the slumbering energies. Where there would be but few, if any, of those stimulating powers at work that must ever be felt where large numbers of people are gathered together. It is true, there might be some advantages in this life—in its retirement and comparative freedom from the temptations of our great cities; but still it must lay the student under disadvantages, and must involve the absence of facilities for improvement that large centres of population always furnish, and must render the work of self-improvement all the more difficult and discouraging.

Then, that was not all; but *he seldom enjoyed good health in his youth*. He suffered greatly from some skin affection, that scarcely allowed him to walk out in the sunlight during the day without suffering the most excruciating and sleepless agony during the night—a remarkable fact in the history of one who was to spend the greater portion of his life under

the burning sun of India—which he did, I believe, almost without inconvenience, certainly without injury; and showing us all the more the indomitable perseverance of the man, and how, if we only seek sincerely to do God's work, he will control all outward circumstances, so that our faith shall be justified, and his work shall be done. Ordinary men and ordinary Christians might have looked upon this as putting the matter out of the question, and might have sat, and sighed, and sorrowed that it were so. But this was not Carey's spirit; and let it not be yours, young man. Remember you are devoted to the glory of One before whom all these things shall give way at the right time.

“Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands—
To his sure truth and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands.
Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Fix on his Word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way—
Wait thou his time—thy darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.”

Then, we must not forget *the constant pressure of care and anxiety* to which he was subject, and that must have distracted and burdened his mind. Care, under which ninety-nine souls out of every hundred, perhaps, would have broken down, and sunk into the most hopeless disregard of anything like mental improvement, even if they had ever felt the desire at all. He was apprenticed, in his boyhood, to a shoemaker,—but two of his masters died in succession before he had learned

his trade; while he married, I believe, before the full term of his apprenticeship expired, and this of course added to his embarrassment rather than otherwise. Then, when he had entered upon the work of the ministry, he was often minister, schoolmaster, and shoemaker for the village, all in one; and more than once it was known that, owing to the smallness of his income, even then, he and his family were without flesh meat in their house for weeks together. In such circumstances, it need not be said that the mind must have been full of anxieties, and the onward path piled up with difficulties that none but such a man could know. But, by God's help, he overcame them all. And so it shall ever be with the true-hearted one. He feels that difficulties were made to be overcome. Discouragements may gather around him, but he shall pass through them, like the traveller through the morning mists that hang around his pathway. There may be stumbling-stones in his path, but he changes them into stepping-stones, over which he speeds him on his way, and climbs in his upward course. His path may lie through the desert, but he fixes his eye on the pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night, ever beckoning him on, and leading him forward to the promised land. He may have mountain difficulties to climb over, but they shall be the Delectable Mountains to him, where the fresh breeze of heaven shall fan his brow, from whose summits he may overlook every intervening obstacle, and gaze in upon the glories of the celestial city itself; and when at last he sits down there in his mansion, and looks back upon all the way the Lord his God has led him, his heart will glow and swell with a richer joy, and his song will ring with a sweeter music, as he sees the difficulties he has been enabled to overcome; and eternity will be too short to give utterance to his gratitude, his joy, and praise.

And if I were asked how it was, under God's blessing, that

in spite of all the discouragements he had to meet with, William Carey kept constantly adding to his stores of knowledge, and preparing himself for what he afterwards became, I should say, first, *he was always watchful to improve every moment, and to profit by every privilege.* There are many who allow a life of precious opportunities to pass by them for want of watchfulness; looking upon them, it may be, as trifles not to be noticed, and ever waiting for some great and wonderful chance that never comes. There is meaning, depend upon it, in the poet's words, when he says:—

“Think nought a trifle, though it small appear,
Sands make the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles, life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die before you learn to live.”

And this feature in his character led, as it always will do, to *the most untiring industry.* His sister tells us, that when he was a boy, only six years old, he would often be heard in the night going through the lessons he had learned in the day, while all the rest of the family were fast asleep. Then, in his after-life, if, as he passed along the road, he saw some choice plant in the hedge-rows or ditches by the wayside, he would go home and fetch his spade, and dig it up, and take it to his little garden, where he had one of the choicest botanical collections that was known for many miles round. And then, towards the close of his life in India, when he might comfortably and honourably have rested from his labours, so intense was his application, that it was no uncommon thing for him to weary out three pundits in one day. One would be exhausted before breakfast, another before dinner, a third from dinner to tea,—and there was the man himself then with other rounds of duties to attend to, and seeking rest only in change of employment. And this is one secret of his wonderful success, as it often has been with the greatest of men. Many of us have known some of the best and noblest men

the world has in it, who have been so, not because they were born geniuses; not from mere impulse or inspiration; but because they have ever been watchful to profit by all within their reach. Whatever their hands have found to do, they have done it with all their might; and God has blessed them in the doing it, as God always will.

Then, there is another thing about him—*he always made the best of the means at his disposal*. And so every man bent upon self-culture always will. Just as Michael Angelo made some of his finest models out of lumps of mortar he had to work with. Just as James Ferguson measured the heavens, and mapped out the universe, with a string of beads stretched betwixt his eye and the firmament. Just as rare old Ben Jonson helped to build Lincoln's Inn, with a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket; and when he was not using the one, he was the other. Just as Benjamin West drew some of his pictures on a piece of old board, with a lump of chalk and charcoal. And so was it with Carey; we know it must have been so from his poverty, and his determination combined. And there are one or two instances in which we are strikingly told of it. For instance, wherever he was, he must have a garden for his botanical treasures; one of the cottages he lived in had not one, but he made it out of the floor of an old ruined barn, and so secured a boon for himself while he changed an unsightly disfigurement of the place into a scene of beauty and loveliness at the same time. Then he wanted a map of the world to study by, and he made it out of two or three sheets of brown paper, which he pasted together, sketched with his own hand, and posted up against the cottage-wall. And we may take these things as indications of the man, that he would not be stopped in his course for want of the best possible appliances. Such a man never will. He will make the best out of what he has, and there is nothing but will be turned to account; he will find "sermons in stones,

tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and good in everything."

And this was not all; but there was *the most dauntless courage—he was never to be cowed or overcome*. I have heard—and born very near to the spot where he first laboured in the ministry, and my father having been a member of that church, and the remains of a beloved mother resting close to the threshold of the chapel, and some of my own first stammering attempts at preaching having been made in his pulpit, then most worthily filled by a devoted man since gone to his rest,—this being the case, I have heard some of the traditions that float around his memory there; and there is one, to the effect that, when he was a boy, he was climbing a tree for some purpose or other, and when near the top, his foot slipped, and he fell. He fractured a limb, that confined him to his bed for some weeks; and when he got strength enough, the very first thing he did was to go and climb that tree again. We may take that as an illustration of the dauntless perseverance that sustained him under the difficulties he had to meet with, and enabled him to overcome them all. There are many men fail for want of this; they are not without good desires, but they are like Solomon's sluggard—there is a lion in the way. "A lion!" you say; "take heart, man, and go forth; you do not know that it is a lion; it may be only a dog, magnified by the fears of those who tell you." "But *it is* a lion," he says; "see its monstrous form and shape." "Well," you say, "but it may only be a stone figure so far as you know—an ornament rather than a terror; a seat for you to sit upon, rather than a monster to destroy you." "But it is *alive*," he says; "see, it moves, and hark how it roars!" "Yes," you say; "but it may be chained by the roadside, so that it cannot injure those who walk straight on." "But it is *not chained*," he says; "it is free." "Well," you say, "and if it be so, march boldly up to it;

and, if you have a man's eyes in your head, and a man's brains behind them, look it steadily in the face, and it shall retire from your presence." "Resist the devil, that roaring lion, and he will flee from you," and so with all enemies and evil. Courage, man! courage!

"Breast the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest.
Onward, and onward still,
Be thine endeavour;
The rest that remaineth
Shall be for ever.

"Fight the fight, Christian!
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian!
Heaven is before thee.
He who hath promised
Faltereth never;
The love of eternity
Flows on for ever!

"Raise the eye, Christian,
Just when it closeth;
Lift the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
Mount when thy work is done;
Praise him for ever!"

Have faith, man!—faith in yourself, faith in your work, faith in God, faith that "laughs at impossibilities, and cries, It shall be done." Seek to have your souls nerved by Divine strength; and then, guided by Divine wisdom, and prospered by the Divine blessing, you shall win a glorious victory, and receive at last a glorious reward.

And it was so with Carey. This was the crowning-point of his self-culture. It was not from any motive of human

ambition. It was not that he might attain to any pharisaical self-righteousness, or ecclesiastical distinction and power. It was not from any self-opinionated, overweening sense of his own powers. It was simply that he might serve his generation, and glorify his God. Hence it was upon his knees that he consecrated himself to his work; it was at a throne of grace he sought the inspiration that sustained and helped him onward; it was "waiting upon God" that his spiritual strength was renewed; and so he went from strength to strength; he drank of the fountain of Divine life, and it was in him as a well of water springing up unto eternal life. So may it be with you, Christian young men; seek after self-culture of this kind; seek it at once, seek it constantly; seek it always in the same direction; and so the present seed shall grow into a glorious harvest, and the present dawn shall brighten into a blessed and glorious day.

Then, the second thing we notice in his character is his SELF-CONSECRATION. He saw an object before him worthy of all his soul, and he consecrated all his soul to it. And I would not be at all insensible to the many noble and glorious illustrations of this principle that are to be found in almost every human pursuit. I would be one of the first, I trust, to offer them all the respect they deserve. "Honour to whom honour is due." But by this same rule, I have often felt that, if we want the noblest manifestations of this that the world can furnish, we shall have to look for them in the lives and labours of Christian missionaries. In such men as Eliot and Brainerd, among the squalid miseries of savage life with the North American Indians; and the Moravian Brethren, among the Esquimaux of Greenland, where social existence is perhaps at the lowest possible ebb that it ever can be to be social existence at all; and Williams, closing his martyr-life with a martyr's death in the South Seas; and Knibb, with his seraph-spirit and lion-heart, demanding that the oppressed should go free on

the West Indian Isles; and a Moffat and Livingstone in Africa; and a Morison and Milne in China; and Judson in Burmah; and Henry Martyn in Persia; and William Carey in India, and a hundred others of whom time would fail us to tell. Talk of consecration! there it is, not talked about, but lived out in the daily life and ceaseless devotedness of these men—men of whom this world was never worthy even that they should tread its dust beneath their feet—men whose names, with sweetest music in every syllable of them, shall ever be household words in the “household of faith”—men whom the world, some day, when it gets wiser, will reckon among its noblest heroes—men who have borne our banner far in advance of the main body of the army, and who have gathered around it and fought nobly for it upon the high places of the field, where it waves in glorious assurance of the time when it shall wave over all the world. We do not glory in these men, but we ought to give God thanks that he has raised them up, and given them to us; we ought to adore the power of his grace and the riches of his Spirit, as made manifest in them; and we ought to pray that the same spirit may be in us that was in them, and that we may follow them as far as they followed Christ.

And here stands William Carey, foremost among this noble band. First of all he consecrated himself *to God*. And he did this, as he did everything else, with all his heart. His sister tells of him, that “at this time he was very jealous for the Lord of Hosts; like Gideon, he seemed for throwing down all the altars of Baal in one night.” Then he consecrated himself *to the people of God*. And this is where some are deficient, and deprive themselves of much spiritual good. They feel a desire to serve God and work for his glory, but they fail to unite themselves with his people. Where should the vine be but in the vineyard? Where should the soldier be but in the ranks with his comrades? Where should the child of God be

but with the family of God, under the Father's eye, and in their Father's house? Carey did as they did of old, who first gave themselves to the Lord and then to his people, by the will of God. Then he consecrated himself *to the work of the ministry*. And he laboured in that, in the face of a thousand discouragements, with an earnestness and power that God alone could have bestowed upon him, and that the sincerest consecration alone could have sought after. And then he consecrated himself *to the mission-work*. The one act of consecration, indeed, sprang out of the other all through. First a Christian, then a Church member, then a Minister, then a Missionary. He gave himself to God—that was building the altar. He gave himself to his Church—that was laying the offering and the fuel upon it. He gave himself to the ministry—that was the fire from heaven seizing upon the sacrifice, pouring its brightness around, and offering its incense to heaven at the same time. He gave himself to the mission-work—that was the angel rising up out of the fire and incense, not to go straight to heaven, but, like the angel in the firmament, to fly abroad, “having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people.”

And it was a noble, glorious consecration, that of his to this work; no mere every-day, ordinary commonplace thing. I have sometimes thought of Christ as the first great Missionary, standing alone, unapproachable in the Divine Majesty and Infinite Glory of his Person, his Character, and his Work. And then I have thought of Paul, at the head of all human missionaries, as standing next to his Saviour. And then I have loved to think of Carey as standing next to him. Take the mission of Christ, and that is like the Mount Tabor, with its base upon the earth, his disciples gathered to it from all lands, and ascending up its sides to the summit that is shrouded in glory, and where Christ sits throned in majesty, with glori-

fied spirits and his followers around him, and the smile of God shedding light and blessedness over them all. Take the mission of Paul, and it reminds you of one of those Judæan mountains, just on the borders of the Holy Land, on which he stands and tells out the glad tidings of the Gospel to the gentile nations that lie beneath and beyond; while the wondering multitudes, startled by the sound, look up and cry, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth." And then the mission of Carey reminds you of one of the grandest heights of that glorious Himalayan range that stand like monarchs with all India at their feet;—to catch the glories of the Sun of Righteousness and flash them down upon the yet slumbering and twilight world below; to treasure up the sources of that Gospel blessedness which shall be poured out in rivers of the water of life through all those vast plains till the desert shall be as a fruitful field, and the fruitful field as Lebanon, and "instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

And look at one or two features of his self-consecration. First, then, *it was deliberate and devout*. It was not the mere sighing of a romantic spirit, or the fitful flash of an impulsive spirit, or the result of mere excitement. It was not, as it too often is, like the corn the Saviour speaks of, that shot up from the shallow soil, and then was scorched up by the sun's rays before it had reached its full growth; rather like the slower-growing good seed in the good ground that brought forth its hundredfold reward. It was not, as it sometimes is, like Jonah's gourd, that grows up one day and withers the next; rather like a tree of the Lord's right-hand

planting, that gave out its first blossoms in our own land ; that was ripened into rich fruit under the sun of India ; and that now stands, its branches heavy with divine fruit to the glory of God, in the paradise above. Then, secondly, *it was what could bear to be laughed at*. Profane witlings in the Church, who desecrated the robes they wore, and the altars at which they ministered, pointed to the man, and held him up to scorn as the “consecrated cobbler.” Then his fellow-Christians, some of them, stooped to the same spirit, and others were loud and even censorious and uncharitable in expressing their disapproval. While, of the world, some looked upon him as a fanatic that ought to be pitied, others as a dangerous man not to be tolerated, and the more charitable as a foolish man and not to be noticed. But he could stand in the midst of it all and say, “none of these things move me!” and that is self-consecration. Then, again, *it was what could brave the greatest danger*. There are perils and dangers connected with the mission-work now that raise the faithful and devoted missionary to the chief place in the very highest rank of Christian labourers, but it was incomparably more so then. Governments have learned to honour Christian missionaries now, and give them that protection all good men can claim ; but it was not so then. There is not a vessel now into which they will not be welcomed to go forth on their glorious errand ; there was not one that left our shores then in which they would be permitted to go at all. Carey himself, as you are aware, was turned out of the ship, after she had sailed, as soon as it was known that he was going to preach the Gospel. All the world is open to the missionary now ; then, even our own foreign territories were barred against him, and our first mission settlement in India was founded under the protection of a foreign flag. There are other discouragements and perils Carey had to encounter that need not be mentioned—they are more or less known to you all—but we thank God for the quench-

less faith and zeal that glowed in the breast of the noble man, that nerved his spirit with a power to meet them all; and enabled him to rejoice in anticipation of the results of which the pledge and earnest was graciously granted to him. Then, more than this, *it was a consecration for all his life, and that embraced all he had.* It was consecration of body and soul, of person and estate, for he not only consecrated his life, but his learning, not his learning only, but all the power and emoluments it yielded him; he poured it all in one glad and glorious thank-offering into the treasury of the Lord. And this is as it always will be, indeed, where Christian consecration is what it should be. Selfishness says to the man, "Here, give this to the Lord, it will not be missed." But the man says, "No, I will not offer burnt-offerings to the Lord of that which doth cost me nothing." "Well, here," is the reply, "take *that*, but it is too much." "Too much!" says the man, "how can that be? Why,—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

"Yes," says the same spirit; "but you are not *forced* to give in that way. Others do not, and the world does not expect it of *you*." "No," says the man again, "perhaps not; but I do not give because I am forced at all, nor because the world expects it of me. I give it because 'the love of Christ constraineth me.'"

"And if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my Lord with zeal so great,
That I would give him all."

"But," is the reply, "there is no need for it; your sincerity and your feelings upon the matter are well known. Those

tears you shed, the 'rivers of water' that run down your eyes whenever you think of it, are a sufficient proof." And he says, "Yes; it may be, and I hope it is:"—

"But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do."

And it shall be so, Christian young men of this metropolis—shall it not? Yes, gather in from the rich stores around you all you can, all that can bless your bodily existence, can enrich your mind, can elevate your soul, can prosper you in your circumstances, can win for you the honour of the good and wise around. Reap the golden harvest of commerce; search for the gems of enterprise and skill; gather the fair flowers of literature; lay heaven and earth, mind and matter, society and solitude, under contribution, so far as you legitimately may, for your enrichment; live like the tree that draws nourishment from every clod of earth at its root, and every particle of air around its trunk, every dewdrop that glistens on its leaves, and every sunbeam that plays amongst its foliage, and every raindrop that nestles amongst its branches, and that gathers stability even from every rude blast that attempts to uproot it from the soil; and then, when you are all that you thus may be, you may go and offer it all to the Saviour, consecrate it all to his praise, saying, "Of thine own have we given to thee, O Lord;" and you shall hear at last the "Well done, good and faithful servants; ye have been faithful over a few things, ye shall be rulers over many things: enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

And then the third thing we notice in his character is SELF-DENIAL. It has been already noticed how the faithful missionary is one of the noblest instances of self-consecration we can think of, and it must be so because of the self-denial his work calls for. If there is any man who has to show that

he can give up father, and mother, and relations, and friends, for Christ, it is he. He has to tear his soul from that home around which all the warmest affections of his heart are entwined; to give up all the joys of Christian fellowship, ~~and~~ it may be even of civilized society; to bid an everlasting farewell to much that has been most dear and precious in his regard; to go to a land where he will be looked upon as an intruder, it may be as an enemy; where barbarism or superstition sits enthroned, and wields her dreadful power of degradation and ruin; where the pestilence walks in darkness and the destruction wasteth at noonday; where he must part with his dear ones as they are given to him, sending them home, that they may be delivered from the physical and moral evils to which they would be exposed there, or consigning them to a premature grave;—these things, and others that might be mentioned, and still more that could *not* be mentioned, because none but the missionary can know them, may serve to show us that self-denial must ever be an element in the missionary's character. And, as we have said, if so now, how much more must it have been so then, because there was no society then as there is now to back the men up in their work and give them confidence; there were no missionary prayer-meetings then as there are now all over the land; there were no local auxiliaries, no young men's missionary associations then; there was but little to encourage, and everything to discourage both at home and abroad, and the work needed self-denial indeed.

And Carey had this spirit, and was ready for all it called for. He could leave England—yes, and if it had been heaven instead of England, he would have left it just as his Saviour did for the salvation of souls and the glory of God. And then, as he pressed on through the work, his spirit was the same; and when he might have lived in affluence, as the result, not of Christian liberality, but his own hard labour

and wonderful attainments, he laboured as earnestly as ever, and lived in comparative lowliness, that he might give the whole of his fortune to that glorious work to which he had already given his heart and soul. We have spoken of his character as in some measure resembling one of those glorious mountains that look down upon that fair land, and it was so in this respect—he received a little heaven of spiritual glory into his soul, but only to flash every beam of it back again upon others, all the brighter for the reflector from which it shone. He treasured up immense stores of material, intellectual, and spiritual wealth, but only to pour them out again, not in rivulets, but in rivers, that are still flowing through that wondrous region, and ever shall till the whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of God as the waters cover the mighty deep.

And in this respect again would I urge his character and example upon the Christian young men of this Association. It has been said by some one, that perhaps there never was a man known, who attained to anything worth attaining to without self-denial. And, depend upon it, that witness is true. If you would succeed in life as young men—leaving out the nobler appellation for a moment—seek after self-denial. Self-indulgence ruins men; self-denial makes them. Self-indulgence is the Delilah on whose lap many a noble head has been shorn of its power and manhood for ever; self-denial is the angel that leads us ever onward—over a thorny and stony path it may be—but puts, at last, a crown of everlasting glory on our brows. Self-indulgence sells her glorious everlasting birthright for a mess of pottage; self-denial forgoes the present gratification, and has her reward in feasting upon eternal joys. There is self-indulgence in that terror-stricken, palsied, and ruined Belshazzar. There is self-denial in that prophet who stands erect in his presence, and tells of the doom he has brought upon his guilty

soul. Study self-denial then, young men. Say "No" to yourselves. There are thousands in the world who cannot say "No" at all; it is the only word in the language they cannot pronounce, and they are lost, body and soul, for time and eternity, for the want of it. There are others again, who can say "No" to others—to parents and friends, to the counsels of wisdom, and the entreaties of charity—but they cannot, or will not, say "No" to themselves. Young men, learn to say "No" to yourselves; "No" to the lusts that war against the soul, that would hold you in bondage, and drag you to ruin; "No" to the tempter, when he has crept into your bosom, and would whisper his cursed allurements through your heart; "No" to your own heart itself, that is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" "No," as quick as lightning, and as loud as thunder, if need be, to every mean, and lustful, and wicked thought that may have crept, serpent-like, into your presence, to tempt you to sin; "No" to the devil always, even if he may be robed like an angel of light, and may quote God's truth to support his own lies. Never tamper or try to reason with him—better, like Luther, throw your inkstand at him in a moment, than try to reason with him for a single word. May God help you, then, to say "No," and to say it to yourselves, and to say it not in your own strength, but in dependance upon that power that shall never fail you; and you will have to be thankful for it, in time and through all eternity.

And if it is essential for the man, it is, perhaps, still more so for the Christian. It is the very first principle laid down by the Saviour for those who would be his disciples: "If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." I need not remind you what a glorious example we have of this in the Saviour himself: "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who,

though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich." And this must extend not only to what is sinful and unworthy—there ought to be no self-denial really in giving up that; but to whatever it may be that God and duty call upon us to surrender, however fondly cherished, to the cutting off the right arm, and plucking out the right eye. This is the spirit the Gospel enjoins, and the world demands, and by which, if we are Christians, we must be distinguished.

And if so for Christians generally, it must be still more so for those who would stand in the forefront of the ranks, and be as standard-bearers amongst us, as we would fain hope and pray that our Christian young men here may be!

O brethren, would you be in any measure worthy of the glorious name you bear, and the cause with which you are connected? Would you be in any sense worthy of the noble spirits who, uncrowned upon earth, are gloriously crowned in heaven, and who are sweeping their harps, and casting their crowns before the throne of glory, and in whose stead you are in the world? Would you be in any degree worthy sons of those who have borne on the glorious cause before you—the primitive Christians, the Martyrs, the Reformers, the Pilgrim Fathers, the grand, stern old Puritans, and others we might name? Would you be fitted for the glorious work God has assigned you in this world of ours? Then let this be the first lesson you learn, "learn to endure hardships, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," and by God's blessing you shall go on "from strength to strength," from victory to victory, till at last you drop the armour for the robes, the helmet for the crown, the sword for the palm-branch, and an eternity of glory shall be your portion and your joy.

Then there is the last feature in his character that we have only time to name: SELF-RENOUNCEMENT,—the utter absence of all pride and vainglory. Some would have looked over the

work thus wrought, and said, "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?" Others would have turned to the whole Church of Christ, and said in spirit, if not in words, "Come and see my zeal for the Lord of Hosts;" and others would have stood up in the temple, and said, "We thank thee, O God, that we are not as other men." But there was nothing of this in him. This is the wick that ever obtrudes itself through the candle-flame of mere human excellency, especially if it has been burning long; but his was like a torch kindled in heaven, the very brightness of whose fire would burn up every particle of such feelings in a moment, and shine with a glorious, because a divine, radiance. All through his life, indeed, there seemed the most thorough forgetfulness and renouncement of self; and when at last the end came, and some of his friends reminded him of the satisfaction with which he might safely look back upon his course, "Ah, no!" he said, looking upwards instead of backwards,—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all."

There was the crowning point of his character, and it was in that spirit he showed he was ripe for heaven, and went to cast his crown before the throne, and receive his everlasting reward.

And now, young men, take this character of William Carey home with you to-night. Take it to your closets, your pillows, and your churches. Would to God that some faint feeble outlines of it may have been traced upon your souls, and that you may be enabled to fill them up in your life, and show the embodiment of them to the world. These are the men the Church wants, and the world too,—men of self-culture, self-consecration, self-denial, and self-renouncement. Give us such men as these, and they should go forth like

living Bibles to the world, before whom infidelity and sin of every kind should fly like the evil spirits from the presence of the Saviour of old. And why should there not be such men,—because our trust is in that same grace which made Carey and others what they were; they were men of like passions with ourselves, and we have the same God to trust in that they had; we may drink of the same fountain as that which poured the freshness and fulness of its divine life into their souls; the same manna to eat of as that which ministered to their strength; the same Holy Spirit to dwell within us that wrought such miracles by them: seek after it then, brethren, in private, that you may go forth in public all you should be, to the help of the Lord—to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and so shall you aid in bringing near that glorious day for which Carey prayed and laboured, and for which the Saviour himself is waiting, when the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Send out the glorious message then.

“Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,
And you, ye waters, roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o’er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.”

De Propaganda Fide.

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

DE PROPAGANDA FIDE.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I do not feel in my place here to-night. This is the very first occasion in my life upon which I have ever presented myself before the public as a lecturer—at least before any audience worthy of being called a multitude. I have somehow or other acquired a strong habit of preaching, and one cannot break through a habit that has been acquired by years of constant practice, and I feel positively certain that, do whatever I may, I shall have to preach a sermon to-night. I cannot lecture anyhow; I told your Secretary so; and I tell *you* so also, so that when you shall retire you will say, “Well, I am disappointed, but it is just as he said it would be.”

With regard to the title of my lecture, it is a very strange one, and some people have said, “How could Mr. Spurgeon have selected a Latin title for his lecture? What does *he* know about Latin? He knows a little about Saxon, but Latin certainly he does not understand.” I will just tell you the secret of it: I think there is wisdom in that title. Mr. Shipton asked me a long time ago what should be my subject. I said, “I am sure I don’t know.” I very seldom know the subject of any one sermon that I have ever preached twelve hours before-hand. I have never been able to acquire the habit of elaborate preparation. I usually begin my sermonizing for the

Sabbath-day on Saturday evening. I cannot anyhow think long upon any one subject, and if I do not see through it quickly, I shall not see through it for a long time, and so I must give it up. Well, what was to be my theme I did not know. I thought I would have a Latin title; and then, supposing I did not keep to the title, people would say I did not understand the Latin, and had made a mistake; I felt sure that I should have a wide field, because I could either translate the title very literally, and so keep close to the exact words, or else I might use a very free translation, and select any topic I pleased.

Well now, what mean we by this title "concerning the propagation of the faith"? What have I to say to-night upon this important subject?

I have first to declare what it is I mean by the propagation of the faith, and I must answer that question, first, in the negative; and then, afterwards, positively.

By the propagation of the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, I do not for a moment mean the nominal Christianization of nations. There were times when it was believed, that if the monarch of a nation could be converted, if he passed a law compelling his subject to profess Christianity, the faith of Jesus Christ would most certainly have gotten to itself a great victory. That fiction, however, has been disproved. What was the effect of the conversion of Constantine, and of the enforced conversion of the nations under his control? It was but a change of idolatries, and not a triumph of the truth. Venus was taken down from her throne, and the Virgin exalted to the same impious dignity. Jupiter was cast down from his high place to make room for a crucifix. All the gods and goddesses were supplanted by saints and sinners, many of whom were not a whit more reputable than the idols they displaced. What mattered it in what shape the image was sculptured, if men bowed down and worshipped things that

were not God? What signified it how the commandment was broken?—the command which saith, “Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them”? The bringing of the people nominally into the bond of the covenant was nothing. It was in vain that they were all baptized; and equally in vain that Christian names were given to them in lieu of their heathen titles. Caius made room for John, and Lucia was displaced by Mary, but what mattered the name while the heart remained untouched? While the Spirit of the living God was absent, such conversion was useless. The Romanists have tried this kind of conversion on a large scale. Of old their missionaries went abroad; and we read of one, a great man, after all, though greatly mistaken, who took with him his brush, and scattered the holy drops as he walked along, and then announced that he had baptized so many thousands; for the sacrament, in his view, was efficacious, because it came from his priestly hands, and not because it was received by willing brows of penitents and believers. These were all Christians, forsooth, and much grace the sacred drops must have bespattered upon their heads. The marvellous effects of such an aspersion it were impossible to exaggerate. Surely *he* deserved all the canonization which the Pope has given him, and as for his converts, Satan himself could hardly quarrel about them. Their religion was doubtless almost as pure as that of the old Indian woman who had been converted by the Jesuits. She was dying in the faith, most devoutly kissing the crucifix and meekly receiving extreme unction. She gave a fine proof of the truth of her conversion, when, being asked at last by the priest whether there was any little dainty in the world that she would like—any special thing with which she might cheer her dying moments, she replied, “Well, I don’t know that there is

anything I like, except it should be a slice or two of a nice little boy." A godly, amiable, and most admirable woman, no doubt, according to that fashion of making persons nominally Christians! But what availed her baptism? Her heart was untouched, and the old cannibal spirit still dwelt within her. My dear friends, if it were possible for us to-morrow to compel all Mahometan and heathen nations to espouse the name of Christ; if we could dash down the Crescent and exalt the Cross; if all the gods of the heathens should be displaced by the idolatries of Rome, the world would not have advanced a solitary inch in real progress. I know not but that it might have gone backward, like the sun on the dial of Ahaz. The propagation of the faith means no such thing as that. Far be it from us to care by what name a nation may be called, unless the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ be in the religion which it professes.

Nor, again, do I mean by the propagation of the faith, the bringing of large numbers to make a profession of their love to Jesus Christ. How pleasant a thing it is to the pastors of Christ's Church to see tens, and hundreds, and thousands coming forward, declaring themselves to be on the Lord's side! But there must always be associated with that delight a fear—a jealous fear lest any of those who are about to make a profession should lack the possession of vital godliness. There are some Churches, I fear, that in the paroxysms of revival have relaxed their discipline, and have not been cautious enough as to the character of the persons whom they have admitted into church-fellowship. They have simply rejoiced in the multitudes, but they have not sat down carefully to examine the quality of those who have presented themselves. Now, my friends, it is but of small account in any way that we should multiply our churches, unless they are increased with the increase of God. If our converts be not genuine Christians, and have not the

grace of God in their hearts, in spirit and in truth, they are better out of the professing Church than they would be in it. For what is the effect of enlarged profession, unless there be true faith in the heart? It has a twofold effect for evil. Such a profession is a sedative to the minds of those who make it. It is a coat of mail, a diabolic armour, with which they clothe themselves against the attacks of the Gospel minister. When we address the sinner, forsooth, *they* are not sinners; they have made a profession of religion, they are Christians; and all the warning, and all the rebukes, and all the exhortations we may offer them are rejected, because they imagine themselves to be the children of God, from merely having made a profession of faith. Nor does the evil stop here; it has an evil effect also upon the Church. There is a vast difference between an addition and a real increase. You may add much, but if it be of the wrong material, you have adulterated the Church, you have not increased her; you have brought her down from her standing, you have not ennobled her; you have made her no stronger, but you have defiled her. The wider we can keep the distinction between the Church and the world the better. I would have it always said, "Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed. You can pass to us, God helping you, across the bridge of the redemption of Christ; but we cannot shake hands across that bridge." The friendship of this world is enmity with God. We are not conformed unto the world, but are transformed by the renewing of our minds. The Church is Christ's bride, and she can have no wanton dalliance with another. She is as a chaste virgin kept inviolate for the embraces of her Lord; but with the world she can have no alliance; she puts away from her its professions of friendship and its proffers of love. The fashions of the world, the tastes, the spirit of the world, all these she abhors with perfect hatred; and she wills in her own soul that, her husband helping her, the Lord Jesus being

in her, she will come out from among them, and touch not the unclean thing, but be separate for evermore.

But if I do not mean either of these two, far less do I mean a third. I do not mean by the propagation of the faith the conversion of persons from one sect to another. When some persons speak of propagating the faith, they mean increasing their peculiar denomination; enticing Christians from one body and inaugurating them into another set of ceremonies and another class of doctrines. When the Church is increased, she must be increased from the world, not from herself. This seems to me to be as self-evident as an axiom. I have heard of an American who was so 'cute that he is said to have made ten per cent. of his money by putting it out of one pocket into the other—that, however, I do not believe; but I am quite clear upon it, that until a man can do that, we shall never really increase Christ's Church by merely taking members from one church and putting them into another. If an army needs recruits, that sergeant would be worse than a fool who should go to recruit from the army itself: who should say, "There are a certain number wanted for the horse; I will recruit among the infantry." It is but robbing another branch of the service of her Majesty. The army is not increased,—perhaps it might be a little improved. A soldier might be taken from a worse into a better corps; he might be supplied with better weapons, and might become a more serviceable warrior, but this is small gain if for its sake we forget the more profitable duty of recruiting abroad. First, must we go out and compel *them* to come in who are in the highways and hedges, and afterwards it shall be for us to say, in the King's own language, "Friend, come up higher" to another seat at the feast. But first get them in, first bring them to the table, and after that let us settle the other matters. To bring up our sectarianism at this time, in this hour of peril, in this age of blasphemy and

rebuke, would be indeed the height of folly. It were like the mistake of the old crusaders who invested the city of Damascus. They had nearly battered down one side of the town wall; and instead of keeping the battering-rams going, and fighting unitedly with all their strength, they asked the premature question, "Who shall be king of Damascus when it is taken?" And forthwith one champion arose, and declared that he would be the monarch; and another knight said he was of as good a blood, and why should not *he* be king? while the different common soldiers espoused the cause of these combatants with all the enthusiasm with which they had fought the infidels. Divided in their plans, they were repulsed, they left the city, and were routed, to their disgrace. And even so must it be with us if, in great movements for the cause of Christ, we shall any of us say, "Whose shall these be?" Shall they belong to the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, or the Independent? No, my dear brethren, they shall belong to Christ first, and when we have brought them into the fold of Christ, afterwards, it may be, we will take some little trouble to put them into what we believe to be the best and richest pasture.

What, then, is the propagation of the faith? I suggest another question. *What is the faith?* Here a hundred *isms* rise up, and I put them all aside. You are phases of the faith, but not the faith. What is the faith? Strange to say, the faith of Christians is a *person*. You may ask all other religions wherein their faith lieth, and they cannot answer on this wise. Our faith is a person; the Gospel that we have to preach *is* a person; and go wherever we may, we have something solid and tangible to preach, for our gospel is a person. If you had asked the twelve Apostles in their day, "What do you believe in?" they would not have stopped to go round about with a long sermon, but they would have pointed to their Master, and

they would have said, "We believe Him." "But what are your doctrines?"—"There they stand incarnate." "But what is your practice?"—"There stands our practice. *He* is our example." "What, then, do you believe?" Hear ye the glorious answer of the Apostle Paul, "We preach Christ crucified." Our creed, our body of divinity, our whole theology is summed up in the person of Christ Jesus. The Apostle preached doctrine; but the doctrine was Christ: he preached practice; but the practice was all in Christ. There is no summary of the faith of a Christian that can compass all he believes, except that word *Christ*; and that is the alpha and the omega of our creed, that is the first and the last rule of our practice—Christ, even Christ crucified.

To spread the faith, then, is to spread the knowledge of Christ crucified. It is, in fact, to bring men, through the agency of God's Spirit, to feel their need of Christ, to seek Christ, to believe in Christ, to love Christ, and then to live for Christ. We cannot propagate the faith, unless it be in the heart. Our faith does not grow in men's heads; it is here it grows, in the inmost soul. A faith which merely concerns the brain, and deals with dull, cold logic, may be the faith of the many, but it is not the faith of God's elect. That faith is a living thing—nay, it is life; it is Christ, and "Christ is the way, the truth, and *the life*." The faith is never spread unless Christ is begotten in our hearts, the hope of glory; unless he reigns there supreme, Lord paramount of all. If this be true, that the faith is *Christ*, and that to propagate the faith is to bring men's hearts into union with Christ; then, if we would do good, we must do it with individuals, and not with masses. I was telling my congregation, the other evening, the story of an American, who declared he could fight the whole British army; and when he was asked how he could draw so long a bow as that, he said, "Why, this is what I would do, I know I am the best swordsman

in the world, so I will go and challenge one Britisher, and kill him. Then take another, and kill him. Thus," said he, "I only want time enough and I would kill the whole British army." It was a ridiculous boast, but there is something in it which I could not bring out so well in any other way. If we want to conquer the world for the Lord Jesus Christ, rest assured we must do it in the Yankee's fashion; we must take men one by one, and these ones must be brought to Christ, or otherwise the great mass must remain untouched. Do not imagine for a moment that you are going to convert a nation at once; you are to convert the men of that nation, one by one, through the help of God's Holy Spirit. It is not for you to suit your machinery and arrange your plans for the moving of a mass. You must look to the unit first. You cannot level the mountain by lifting it bodily into the air, you must use the spade and the pick, and remove it by degrees. The snow upon the mountain may descend in masses, but it is but to destroy the villages; it must melt gradually into the mountain rivulet if it will make glad the valleys. You must never expect manhood to move in the mass for any good purpose; it must come by slow degrees, in solitary particles, if it shall come aright. Do you not, therefore, see that every one of you, every man here, whose heart is akin to Christ, has in him capabilities for assisting in the propagation of the faith? You cannot preach to tens of thousands at once; probably you would find yourself in a difficult position if you had to address ten persons together. But you do not require even a congregation of ten to do good; it is with *one* that you must deal. If you had to convert as the Mahometan did by the sword, then you would want many with you, and many against you, to give you even a hope of an honourable victory. But Christ's plan is the bringing of men to the knowledge of salvation, one by one, hence it is that every man who has the grace of God within him is capable of accomplishing this work, for the narrowness of his sphere is no impediment.

And you will note, too, that in the propagation of the faith, by the turning of men's hearts to the love of Christ, there is no reason why men of every sect and every name should not be engaged. The fact is, that God in heaven regards not the distinctions which our bigotry would desire him to observe. There was William Huntingdon, who was in his day exceedingly popular in this city; he preached doctrines as high as the most ultra-Calvinist could desire, and in the judgment of some he did not give sufficient prominence to the precepts of the Word, and strained doctrine beyond its proper sphere; certainly he never went to excess in practical preaching. But if any one should tell me he was not useful in the conversion of souls, I could bring persons just tottering on the borders of the grave who could declare that they owed their conversion to him. There was also John Wesley, a man who went to the other extreme, and in the opinion of others was not sufficiently accurate in his sentiments, but who shall deny his usefulness? If any did so, the stars of heaven would speak against them, for the Lord has given Wesley spiritual children, as many as the stars of heaven. And looking at the intermediate classes of preachers, between the doctrinal extremes of Huntingdon and Wesley, every one of them has been useful—every one has had his sheaves which he has carried into the garner of the Lord Jesus Christ. It was not the doctrinal system which these men preached which was blessed to the salvation of men—it was their preaching of the Cross of Christ; and they did both preach the Lord Jesus Christ as the sinner's only refuge. It was not their dealing with men's heads, else I might think either of them defective, or both; it was their dealing with men's hearts. When they preached, you saw before you men that were in earnest; and you could not help saying, "these men may make mistakes in their judgment, but they are in earnest, and I feel there is an unction with the word when they speak of Jesus." It is the uplifting of Christ

on the cross which will make men useful to the souls of their fellows; and it is preaching Christ crucified every day that will render us, in the hands of God's Holy Spirit, the honoured instruments of bringing many sons unto glory.

I think I have thus enlarged quite sufficiently upon this point—What is the propagation of the faith? And now I am about to enter upon a more delicate subject; and I hope I shall not be thought obtrusive in uttering my own mind upon it. *What is the aspect of this work at the present moment?* Is the work progressing, or is it declining? Are the kingdoms of this world becoming the kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ? Or is the great machinery of the Gospel standing still? Now, I am inclined to take the most joyful and cheerful view of all affairs. I do not believe that the times which are departed were the good old times. I recollect that bold saying of Mr. Binney, "Talk about the good old times, why these are the good old times: time never was older than it is now." I think he was quite right there; certainly he was right about the oldness of the times, and I believe he was not wrong about the goodness of them. There are many favourable signs of these times, and there are some unfavourable ones. I will begin with the bright side of the question.

These times are glorious times for many things: the faith is being propagated, and, I believe, Christ's cause is progressing. One of the finest signs of the times I must mention, is the enormous congregations that are assembling every Sabbath day to hear the Word of God. If we had been told seven years ago that St. Paul's Cathedral would be thronged, and Ludgate Hill blocked up, and that bishops would there preach the Word of God, we should have said, "Well, we do not believe it. When Gog and Magog set the Thames on fire, then it will happen, but not till then." But, my friends, we have not only dreamed about it, but we have seen it, and God

be blessed for it. As they say in the Church of England, "We have heard with our ears, and our fathers have told us the wondrous things which thou didst in their days, and in the old times before them." But we have never heard with our ears, neither have our fathers told us anything so great and glorious as that which we may see every Sabbath day. It is not that one place alone is open for the Word of God, and that one enormous building is filled; the fact is, if you opened twenty such places, they would be all filled. For there is scarce one of these great gatherings that sufficeth. The streets are crowded, and there are multitudes still desirous of admission. The people are hungering and thirsting for the Word. The salt of the earth has done one thing: it has made men thirst after the Word. It will do another thing for the earth yet—it will preserve and purify it. Men are rushing to hear, and we have seen them treading upon one another; we have heard of violence in rushing into the kingdom of heaven which is not to be equalled since the days of John the Baptist. And I rejoice that it has not been one denomination alone: the Church of England, the Independents, the Baptists, all have tried to do their share, and, God helping each one of us, we have contributed our portion, and we give to Him the glory. Our desire is to persevere in a work so good and great as this which has so happily commenced. If some of our forefathers could rise from their graves, and see the people pressing into the house of God, they would not ask to see anything else upon earth; but they would say, "Lord, lettest thou thy servants go back again to heaven, for, except heaven, we do not expect to see anything more glorious than these great assemblies."

But this is not the only good sign. I believe the churches are more awake than they have been for a long time. I sometimes think, "Well now, I will try if I cannot steal a march on the brethren, and do something to go ahead again." But

before my idea is moulded, somebody else steals it, and it is all done. I want, if I can, to do something fresh ; but before ever I can get my plans out, somebody else does it. There is to be a Baptist chapel erected in the suburbs ; well, there will be a new district church put there as soon as possible ; and when that is up, the Methodists will say, " This will not do ; we must have a place here too." We intend to open a ragged-school in a certain place, and we say to some of our members, " You must undertake this." " Oh," says one of them, " I know of three very godly people who will help me." " Who are they ?" " Why, they are Methodists or Church-people." Well, what does it matter by whom the work is done? The zealous competition of the churches only shows that they are all aroused, and are all wanting to do their utmost. We have a city missionary and a Scripture-reader often in the same district. They do not fight each other ; they only spur each other on by holy emulation. In these days we cannot get ahead of one another ; it is a neck-and-neck race. All denominations are wide awake, and they do not intend any of us should win the day. But there is one thing I can say for myself, and I think I can say it for the brethren of all denominations—we do not want to win the day against our brethren, but only against sin and Satan ; for I feel as the ancient Spartan did when he was rejected upon application for office. He applied for an election ; and when he was rejected, he said he was not sorry, he was glad that Sparta had more honourable men than he. And so will every brother in Christ say, " If I am outdone in this great work, I rejoice that God has better men to do it than myself—only let the work be done."

Another propitious omen is the increased unity of the churches. There is hope for the Evangelical Alliance. These good brethren have been hammering away at us, but they have not brought us into union, and for a very sufficient reason.

There was a blacksmith once who had two pieces of iron which he wished to weld into one, and he took them, just as they were, all cold and hard, and put them on the anvil, and began to hammer with all his might; but they were two pieces still, and would not unite. At last he remembered what he ought never to have forgotten, he thrust both of them into the fire, took them out red-hot, laid them one upon another, and by one or two blows of the hammer they very soon became one. Now is the time for the Evangelical Alliance to strike, for the churches are hot with zeal. Now that they are earnest, and desirous to serve their God, now it is that they will join one another and become one. I am sure there is a spirit of unity in many hearts just now. The Dissenter does not give up his dissent; but he does think sometimes that the Church of England might have prevented the dissent if it had been a little more gentle with him in years gone by. The Christian who is compelled by conscience to maintain the ordinances of Christ in a manner which he believes to be primitive and Scriptural, is grieved that there should be any necessity for separation upon this account. We cannot give up truth—we feel we are content to remain just where we are; but still we want the churches not to say of us, “You are out of our pale.” We do not want them to have any pales at all; let us all be in a good healthy state, and no pale cheeks anywhere, let us all embrace each other heartily and cheerfully. Why, I find when I am cold-hearted that a doctrine is of such tremendous importance that I can hardly speak to a brother who does not believe it; but when my heart is full of the love of Christ, then, although I think doctrine is very important, I think communion is a great deal more so; and out goes my hand, and I love my brother, and feel I do. When the Church is hot it will become a united Church. And this is a good sign of the times, that the churches are becoming more truly one *now* than they have

been for many a past day. There are many other favourable signs, but I must not stay. We must now glance at the evil omens, for it would be unwise to forget our dangers and to overlook our mistakes.

I do not like one thing which has crept out a little in our special services; the brethren know best what they are about, but I do not like the look of it—the taking of things for texts that are not in Holy Scripture. I would not limit any man's free action; let every brother do as he pleases, but my Bible is a book quite big enough for me. I do not want anything else but Bible truth to attract an audience; and I do not believe that all these odds and ends and slang sentences put at the beginning of the Gospel at all improve it. It looks to me a degradation rather than anything else. I know this, that if in past years some lecturers had attempted the thing, they would have been scouted from amongst us as infidels; and I am sorry that any Christian brother should think so little of his countrymen as to imagine the people of England will not come to hear him preach when he takes a text out of the good old English Bible. Why, there is nothing like it; for if a man wants to be popular, let him stick to the Gospel. There is no subject in the world that will so readily ensure him an audience as plain simple preaching of the Gospel as it is in Jesus; and if the people will not come to hear that, it is better for them to stop away than to hear anything else; because then we know what the extent of the evil is, and we shall buckle on our armour to deal with it. But if we begin to come down to depraved appetites, and preach anything short of the Gospel, we shall delude ourselves into a wrong notion of where the world is, and what the Gospel is.

Again, friends, there are worse signs of the times than this for I do not attach any very great importance to this matter, hoping that we can trust the brethren that they will not carry this any further. If I distrust the principle, I can trust

the men : I hope it is in safe hands at present. There is a third sign, namely this, I am afraid there is not the prayerfulness there should be in our churches. Prayer-meetings have been tried in many parts of the City, special prayer-meetings, but I am afraid to say it, in the opinion of many brethren, they have been a failure, not so far as the Lord that heareth prayer is concerned, but in so far as the largeness of the numbers assembled, they have not come up to our sanguine expectations. Match us side by side with the United States for prayer-meetings, and where are we? Just nowhere at all. I am pained to give my own view of the prayer-meetings that are held in all our churches; I am afraid they are but a poor thing,—the fact is, we have not yet learned how to cry out mightily unto the Lord. The revival in America was begun by earnest prayer; the revival in England, I think, is to begin by earnest preaching. The preaching in America came after the praying; I hope that in England the praying will come very soon after the preaching. But this is our lack just now—the want of earnest prayer in secret, and of great meetings for prayer in public.

Again, we must confess that just now we have not the outpouring of the Holy Spirit that we could wish. Many are being converted. I hope that few of us are labouring unsuccessfully; but we are none of us labouring as our hearts could desire. Oh, that I could feel the Spirit of God in me, till I was filled with it to the brim, that I might always preach as Baxter did, who preached

“As though he ne’er might preach again—
A dying man to dying men.”

I pant for that inward agony of spirit which has made men preach the Gospel as though they knew they would be wrapped in their winding-sheets when they descended from the pulpit, and that they should stand at the bar of God as soon as they had finished their sermons. And I feel, again, that as

we want an agonizing spirit in the pulpit, our hearers want it too. Oh, if the Spirit of God should come upon those assembled to-night, and upon all the assemblies of the saints, what an effect would be produced! We seek not for extraordinary excitements, those spurious attendants of genuine revivals, but we do seek for the pouring-out of the Spirit of God. There is a secret operation which we do not understand; it is like the wind, we know not whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth: yet, though we understand it not, we can and do perceive its divine effect. It is this breath of Heaven which we want. The Spirit is blowing upon our churches now with his genial breath, but it is as a soft evening gale. Oh, that there would come a rushing mighty wind, that should carry everything before it, so that even the dry bones of the Valley of Vision might be filled with life, and be made to stand up before the Lord, an exceeding great army. This is the lack of the times, the grand want of our country. May this come as a blessing from the Most High.

But there are some things that are hindering us very much from the propagation of the faith, and shall I tell you? In the Church we have much to contend with. The fact is, dear friends, that the Church never need be ashamed of herself, but full often she must blush for hosts of her followers. At this day we are like the children of Israel when they came out of Egypt; there was a glorious army of 600,000 footmen that marched out of Egypt, but with them there was a cumbersome mass, a mixed multitude of Egyptians. And these did them far more damage than good. It might seem as though they swelled the host; but, alas! the murmuring began with them; and among them idolatry was fostered. At this hour we have many in our midst of the same class as this mixed multitude. We must speak it, for if we do not deal honestly with ourselves, we shall have the world dealing harshly with us. There is much of the spirit of trade in our churches. There

are Christian men who do things in companies that they would not do separately; there are men who would not keep their shops open on a Sunday, and would dread damnation if they did, who will nevertheless be shareholders and directors in railroads that will break the Sabbath upon system by their temptations of cheap excursions. There are men who are so honest, that you might trust them individually with untold gold; but when nine or ten of them get together, you must look sharp after them. There are professing men whose trade practices have tended to make the world sick of all religion, and there have been things every now and then coming out concerning our *Christian* brethren, that have made us blush for the name of Christ, that it ever should have been associated with such unhallowed deeds. I have heard of the "Newgate Calendar," and its annals, I believe, are a favourite pastime with some young men, although it bespeaks a vicious taste; but the records of the Bankruptcy Court, during the past year or two, might indeed be a study for you, which, however mournful, might yet be instructive. But I am always told, when I touch upon that topic, "There now, you ministers do not understand business." Well, I don't know about that; perhaps lookers-on know more than players; we may be lookers-on, but we see some of the tricks which you players think to be honest moves. "No," says one; "but business is business." I know that, and, I do think that sometimes business has no business to be such business as it is. That trade spirit, the getting spirit, the covetous spirit, must impede the Church; for if the world sees professors so grasping after its wealth, it will say, "These men are seeking after the pelf as well as ourselves; they have no higher motives than we have, and wherefore should we bow down before the standard which they have set up?"

There is another thing in our churches—there is too much conformity to this world. There used to be in the Christian

Church a distinction so apparent that you might know a Christian by his dress, and by his very brogue. I do not go in for the broad brim, and all that, but I had a great deal sooner wear the broad brim than I would dress myself as some do; I would sooner by half that all my sisters in Christ should dress themselves in the Quaker's garb than that they should magnify, enlarge, and increase themselves as is their custom in these extravagant days.

But we will let this pass. Our lady friends have had enough of it, I dare say. It is not that only—it is not mere dress; but Christian men ought to be more distinct from the world than they are now; I only speak of apparel because it is the outward of the inward, it is the manifestation of a great reeking lie that is in the Church. The Church is getting worldly; if it were not so it would not become showy. I am not finding fault with the fine colours, and the enlarged dress, and all that, but it is the introduction of something else of which these things are the type. The Church is coming nearer and nearer the world, and we shall not expect to have the blessing of God, nor success in the propagation of the faith, till we come out more thoroughly from the world in its fashions, its spirit, its manners, its motives, and its pursuits.

But again, dear friends, I must say one other thing, as a discouraging sign of the times, and I have done. I do sometimes fear that we are more ready to congratulate ourselves upon what we have done, than to recollect what we have to do. I have often to charge myself to forget the steps already trod, and urge my onward way. What matters it that you have fought and conquered yesterday; there is another battle to be fought to-morrow. Napoleon, when he was asked the reason for his constant wars, declared, "conquest has made me what I am, and conquest must maintain me;" and so must it be with us. If we sit down to-day and say,

“A fine thing that St. Paul’s Cathedral service; a great thing to have that Exeter Hall filled on Sunday evenings; there, how good we are! how much we are doing!” it will be all over with us. We have no reason, my dear friends, to congratulate ourselves on what we are doing, if we only think of the great work that is to be done. Why, it is like digging out some of those noble monuments of the past, that are buried far away in Assyria. In excavating this huge bull you have cleared but a little way down, till you have uncovered its head, and you can see some of its curling locks. Are you going to congratulate yourselves that you have gone thus far? Why, there are the colossal feet, and the mighty wings, and all the rest of the body, all these are to be digged out. But, because you have done a little, and brought a thousand, three thousand, ten thousand, to hear the word of God, you are to sit down and say, “It is done.” What is to be done with the rest of the two millions? Where are the other tens of thousands that are not hearing the Word? Where is the great outlying mass of our own city? Where the innumerable hosts of the world, dead in sin, still subject to Satan, and still the children of the curse? Gird up your loins, Christians; you have slain one enemy, but a legion awaits you; you have fought but one battle, you have to cut your way through a myriad of battles ere final victory is gained.

Do we therefore despair? Oh, no! we are quite sure that the faith shall be propagated, and that Christ shall have the day. The idea of doubt about the final result of our labours must be put far from us. Recollect the promise, and go onward, “The kings of the isles shall bring presents, the kings of Seba and of Sheba also shall offer gifts. All kings shall bow down before him, all generations shall call him blessed.” There are innumerable promises which I cannot now quote, but fulfilled they must be; not one of them shall lose its mate, and, as they are fulfilled, so shall our triumph be accomplished.

How look we, brethren, how look we for our last great triumph? My own view of the final triumph of the Church is this: we must go on fighting, fighting, fighting, every day; we must keep our soldiers always at it; we must hold our swords always in our hands, though they be glued to our flesh with blood. We must be at it, all at it, always at it, in conflict with the enemy. And then we are to receive the succour which some are not expecting, but for which others of us are looking, as for that glorious hope, the bright appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I was reading but last night, in John Bunyan's "Holy War," and I met with a picture there which struck me as being a miniature of the world's history. Bunyan represents Captain Credence, or Faith, as leading out his hosts against the Diabolians. They fought for hours in the burning sun till they were weary. Sometimes they were repulsed, and at others they rushed to the charge and drove the enemy before them. "At last," says John Bunyan, "Captain Credence lifted up his eyes and saw, and behold, Emanuel came, with colours flying, trumpets sounding, and the feet of his men scarce touched the ground, they hasted with that celerity towards the captains that were engaged. And then," says he, "did he wind with his men to the town ward, and gave to Diabolus the field. So Emanuel came upon him on the one side, and the enemy's place was betwixt them both, then again they fell to it afresh, and now it was but a little while before Emanuel and Captain Credence met, still trampling down the slain as they came." So shall it be in the end of this world; we shall fight on, perhaps we shall not fully drive out the enemy; but Emanuel cometh, the second advent draweth near, and, trampling over his enemies, we shall embrace our Lord, and the shout shall rise:—

"Hallelujah, Christ the Lord God omnipotent doth reign:
Hallelujah, let the word echo round the earth and main!"

We have been taking a survey of the Church's present condition, and a glance at her future triumph. Now for something practical. Christ is to overcome; the faith must be victorious. How is this to be done? Upon what do we rely? There are three to whom I look for the propagation of the faith—God over all; under him, the Church; and each man in the Church must look to himself under God.

First, then, I look to God for the final victory and the propagation of the faith. If it were proposed to us to-morrow to divide the Red Sea, how should we do it? We should propose certain skilful pieces of machinery whereby the waters might be dammed up, and so a channel might be forced. What did God do when he would divide the Red Sea? He simply raised up Moses, put a rod in his hand, and said, "Divide the sea," and it was done. Now, we are trying to evangelize the world, and our concentrated efforts are directed to the formation and sustenance of several truly excellent and effective associations. This is all right; for it is all that *we* can do. But when God is about to accomplish any great thing for his Church, he has nothing to do with societies; he performs it by single men. If the world had been left to be reformed by a society, it would never have been done. But Martin Luther did it. If the Church had to be revived, one hundred years ago, by a society, it would still have slept upon its bed of lethargy; but Whitfield and Wesley aroused it. God simply raised up men fitted for the occasion; men whom he himself formed in the mould of nature, and trained in the school of experience, and gave these men peculiar gifts for peculiar times; and they did the work which no one else could accomplish.

But are we to sit still, and idly wait until God sends men to achieve wonders? No; we must leave that to God. If God should be pleased to raise up in his Church in future years, or in our own time, men who are to do wonders, let us

bless him; but we must not rely alone upon the coming giants, for the whole Church is to be the instrument, and every man must be at his post. I hope that the Lord is preparing in secret places the future heroes of the Cross. I am not looking to universities and colleges for them. I do not know but the Lord may be rearing men in St. Giles's. Did he not educate the fishermen on the lake?—why should he not be providing and training up great men in the very lowest neighbourhood of this city. We know not whence they shall come, but at the word of God the heaven-born prophets shall issue from their hiding-places, bidden by him to do the work which others could not do: and it shall be done, and God shall have the glory. We must look to the Lord of Hosts for the men who shall deliver Israel; and we must look to him also for the Holy Spirit to maintain them in their office. Again and again would I remind you of that, for it is the one thing needful.

In propagating the faith, we must also look to God to make a way for it. We are told by our missionaries that when they went to the South Seas they found an evident preparation in the mind of the people for the reception of the word. It was even as it was with Israel, when they invaded the land of Canaan—the Lord sent the hornet before them, that their conquest might be the more easily achieved. So God puts a fear and trembling and trepidation in the minds of men, before his faith is preached among them, so that it may have an easier path. For all this we must look to God, who sits at the helm of providence and steers it as he wills.

There is one thing I would say here, and must say—I am always hearing Christian men blessing God for that which I cannot but reckon as a curse. They will say, if there is war with China, the bars of iron will be cut in sunder, and the gates of brass shall be opened to the Gospel. Whenever England goes to war, we stand behind the warrior and shout,

"It will open a way for the Gospel." I cannot understand that. I cannot make out how the devil is to make a way for Christ. And what is war but an incarnate fiend, the impersonation of all the hell in fallen humanity? How, then, shall we rouse the devilry of human nature, cry "Havoc! and let slip the dogs of war," and then declare it is to make straight in the wilderness a highway for our God? A HIGHWAY KNEE-DEEP IN GORE. Do you believe it? You cannot. God does overrule evil for good; but I have never seen yet, though I look with the cautious eye of one who has no party to serve: I say, I have never seen the rare fruit which is said to grow upon this vine of Gomorrah. Let any other nation go to war, and it is all well and good for the English to send missionaries to the poor inhabitants of the ravaged countries. In such a case our nation did not make the war, they did not create the devastation, and they may preach; but for an English cannon to make way in Canton for an English missionary, is a lie too glaring for me to receive it for a moment. I cannot comprehend the Christianity which talks thus of murder and robbery. If other nations chose to fight, and if God uses them to open the door, I will bless *him*; but I must still weep for the slain, and exclaim against the murderers. I blush for my country when I see it committing crimes in China. For what is the opium traffic but an enormous crime? Then war arises out of it, and then the Gospel is furthered by it. Can you see that? Then yours must be a singularly fashioned eye. For my part, I am in the habit of looking straight at a thing—I endeavour to judge it by the Word of God—and in this case it requires but little deliberation in order to arrive at a verdict.

It seems to me that if I saw an Englishman preaching in the streets and I were a Chinaman, I should say to him, "What have you got there, eh?" "I am sent to preach the Gospel to you." "The Gospel! what, is it anything like opium? Does it intoxicate, and blast, and curse, and kill?"

“Oh, no!” He would say—but I do not know how he would continue his discourse: he would be staggered and confounded, he could say nothing. There is a very good story told of the Chinese that is to the point. Some missionary lately went with a lot of tracts containing the Ten Commandments; a Mandarin read them and he sent back a very polite message, to the effect that those tracts were very good indeed; he had never read any laws so good as those; very fine indeed they were, but they had not so much need of them in China as they had among the English and French; would the missionary have the goodness to distribute them where they were most wanted. No; we want not a licentious soldiery to be our heralds in a cause divine and holy; and, above all things, we desire not war for a pioneer. It is another preparation that we want. We want to make people believe that the English nation loves peace; that the English nation will not hurt anybody; that its only desire is to maintain and spread the liberty which God has given it; and that if the lion ever is roused it never shows its teeth for mere purposes of blood. It is sometimes aroused because its glorious mission of emancipation must be accomplished, but not a growl for anything else. If the world believed *that*, then we might go and preach, and they would hail us everywhere as the emancipators and benefactors of the race; and then would the Gospel spread indeed! But let us put an end to all our blood-thirsty spirit; we are a pugnacious nation always—we cannot help it. If I see two boys fighting in the street, I confess myself I have a desire to look at them. There are two dogs fighting, and one dog gets the other dog by the ear, and cannot be pulled off. I always feel a wicked sympathy with the dog which bites the most bravely. I know I am wrong; I know I ought to sympathize with the little dog that is bitten. But so it is; the Englishman is a pugnacious animal, and grace alone will prevent his loving wars. War we must put away, or else it will stand in the path of doing good. N

Well, all these things we must leave to God, for he alone can put the sword into the scabbard, and "Hang the useless helmet high, and bid us study war no more."

But now, *the Church*. I have spoken of what the Lord will do—now, what will the Church do? The Church has wonders to accomplish. I have a peculiar notion about the work of the Church. I believe the Church has scarcely ever increased except through the blood of her martyrs. Her own blood has been the seed of the faith. I am very glad I did not go to Ireland with my hundred brethren, when they went over there and came back again; it was such a great triumph that I would have been very sorry to have shared any of the glory with them. But if one or two of them had been killed, I would have been very sorry to lose them—but it would have been a very fine thing. It would have been a most awful crime to the Irish, but a great advance to the gospel of Christ. If some of us were ready to die for Christ, as the old confessors were, the gospel would spread much more rapidly.

I look upon one part of the map with great delight, although with sorrow, and that is Madagascar. Blood has flowed there, and, as sure as the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, so sure must Madagascar be converted to Christ. I am sorely afraid that no nation ever will be converted without the shedding of blood. Many missionaries must be prepared to die in defence of Christ's cause. And is this an impossibility—is this service too severe—this sacrifice too costly? Why, the Church has found men to rush upon the spears of the enemy before now,—men that have courted death, though it were in the lion's jaws, and have kissed the stake with ecstasy. When that old spirit is restored to us—the noble martyr spirit—then must the Church arise; and who shall stop her course? But I am afraid the trenches of the world must be filled with our dead bodies ere we can scale the walls and win the victory. "This

is a hard saying; who can bear it?" Flesh and blood start back from it; but it is true, most solemnly true. And the Church must expect her missionaries to die of fever, and of the evil climate, too; and she must not be abashed and say "I will send out no more." Do you think that the many who have died by diseases engendered by the climate to which they have gone to preach, have been a loss to us? Ah, no; as *we* read the history, they have been lost to us; but, as *God* sees the future, the dying of these men has stood in the place of miracles, for the world will become compelled one day to say, "If these men love the Gospel so much that they can give up their lives for it, the Gospel which they profess must be a marvellous matter," and this shall be a witness to them of the truth as it is in Jesus. We shall not lose by suffering; it is by suffering Christ saved the Church; it must be by suffering that the Church shall save the world.

There is a plan for doing good which the Church has not carried out as one might have expected it would; it is that of colonization. To the everlasting disgrace of manhood, colonization has founded a hell in the west of America, where sin and iniquity still reign supreme, as in Sodom of old. But, to the dishonour of our Christianity, we have not founded a terrestrial heaven, a colony of saints, as we might have done. If there be any here who are about to emigrate to our colonies, let me ask, Could it not be possible for you to go out to the colony as a Christian, to found a colony for Christ? If some fifty or sixty had been banded together, and had emigrated to our colonies as Christians, to form settlements, they might have been the nucleus of Christian empires. I do not say but that there is Christianity in our colonies—there is much of it; but still there is a sad lack for ministers of the Gospel and for churches. There would not have been that lack if we had always considered, in the sending forth of our men, that we were sending forth detachments of the Church with the

same object for which the main body remains at home—namely, the preaching of Christ and him crucified. This must be looked into by the Church as soon as possible.

I cannot say much more; but there is another thing the Church must do. She must learn the meaning of that expression in the Word of God, “travailing in birth for souls.” I cannot explain that figure, though I know what it means in my own heart, in some feeble degree. Travailing in birth for souls is not prayer: it includes that. It is not mere anxiety: it includes that also. It is an inward labouring of the whole man about poor sinners. Just as Christ beheld the city, and wept over it, and was straitened until he had wrought out our redemption, so must the Church behold the world and weep over it; and she must feel straitened until the world is converted to Christ. The Church wants to feel more a deep intensity of purpose about the world; it wants to feel that it has agony, and pain, and travail; and cannot be happy unless sinners are saved. Why, sometimes when I preach in the country, and ask, “Brother, how are you getting on here?” I am told, “Pretty well.” “How much have you increased lately?” “Well, there has been no increase, but we are very comfortable.” There now! “very comfortable”! Suppose there should be a house on fire, and there are firemen over there, sitting in the public-house drinking, and I say, “Well, how are you getting on with that fire? It is a dreadful affair!” “Well, we are not putting it out: but we are very *comfortable*.” Why, what would not I say to wake them up? What business have you to be comfortable? That is the worst part of it. The Church must never be able to say she is comfortable while there is a sinner unsaved. Our declaration must be, “I am in pain, and agony, and travail, until these men are brought to know the Lord, and are enclosed in the folds of Jesus visibly before our eyes. This is the Church’s duty—to travail in birth for the souls of men. She

shall never see great works done until she begins thus to cry and groan for sinners.

And, then, what is the Church to do, when travailing in birth for souls? Her next duty is, to cast away her fears, her suspicions, and her doubts, and lift herself up in all her glory. The Church of Christ is a king's daughter; but she seems to have forgotten her royalty. She is as omnipotent as God, for God is in her; but she is evermore talking of her weakness. The fact is, she can do all things through Christ; but she is sitting down in the fear that she cannot do anything. We have been for a long time trying to defend our royal origin; we have disputed with this infidel and with the profane. What need had we to do it? We know that we have received our commission from on High; it is ours to preach it, and to tell them that the solemn sanction is, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." We need not stop to prove, but affirm as Heaven-sent witnesses, that this is our mission from on High. Shall the Church prove her pedigree? Why need she? Let her make bare her brow, and let the world behold her countenance, and men will say of her, "Thou art fairest among women; thou art indeed a king's daughter." Let her, instead of girding her ministers with the coat of mail of human logic, arm them with the resplendent golden armour of faith, and instead of thrusting into their hands the wooden sword of reason, let her give to them a two-edged sword, like that which erst the Cherubim did wield—the two-edged sword of the Spirit—and they shall go forth, and she in them, conquering and to conquer, until the Lord come.

Most practical of all, and in conclusion, we must not be talking about what the Church is to do, but say, "What are we to do ourselves? We often complain of the idleness of the Church, and all that: what is the Church but ourselves, if we be true Christians? We tie the Church up like a colossal

culprit, and we flagellate her with our whips of harsh judgment; we tear off thongful after thongful of her quivering flesh, as if she were a leviathan criminal, whereas we ourselves are the sinners, and not the Church. Remember the sin of a body is but the sin of the members. Individual exertion is the foundation of corporate activity. I must, therefore, urge each of you to action. But I hear you say, "You are going to tell us what we can do; now, stop, stop, sir, we cannot do much; we are engaged in business; we have long hours. There are some here present who have made them shorter for us, and we bid you thank them. We say, Mr. Spurgeon, we desire you now publicly to thank those generous employers who have shortened the hours of our toil;" *and I do thank them.* "But still you cannot expect to do much," you say, "because you have so little time." Let me try, then, and select spheres of usefulness in which you may engage, that require no time, or very little. I do not talk about the Sabbath-school, tract-distribution, the ragged-school, and a hundred other excellent institutions: those you know of. Let me deal with some other efforts which you may make singly and alone.

There is a plan of serving God which ought to be more considered among us. It is by the art of conversation. Have you noticed in these times, that if you have a dozen people together they either talk about nothing, or else about something they had better have let alone; and if they happen to spend a pleasant evening at all, it is owing to some one body who has all the talk to himself. Very useful and pleasant to him, I dare say; as Mr. Smith said to his friends, after he had eaten all the dinner on the Christmas day, "I hope, dear friends, you have enjoyed yourselves." The good Mr. Smith talks all the evening himself, and no one can thrust a word in edgeways, and then he imagines that it has been a very delightful party. My brother young men, some of us cannot

speak—or think we cannot—would not like to—unless we had fifty or a hundred for an audience—we should like a thousand perhaps all the better. I dare say some of you have been to the debating club and to the discussion room. There is a very important question coming on, some intricate hypothesis, perhaps. It may be, “Was Judas Iscariot first or third cousin to Julius Cæsar.” Well, up gets some well-prepared orator, and he dilates upon it with intense eagerness, until all his locks are wet with perspiration through the fury of his discourse, and there is great clapping and applauding on behalf of the Judas Iscariotites, and a little hissing on the part of the others, who do not believe the theory at all. However, he carries the day; and his coat is brought, and he puts it on, and he retires, and is a great man. He has undoubtedly settled the Judas Iscariot question. It is all right. He goes home. There are five or six young men up in the common room sitting together; he has nothing to say there. Get him on his legs; put a chairman before him; let him say, “Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen,” and he would fire away. But he has nothing to say now. Now, what we want to breed in our churches is a set of men that know how to shoot at an *individual*, and who know how to scatter Gospel shot among a small knot of persons. The art of conversation: will you try and study it? It will take you a long time to get at it. You will have to say to yourself, “Now, I am likely to see five or six to-night; what shall I make them talk about?” The conversation may run upon something you do not like—light, frivolous, perhaps licentious; now your business is to turn it, just as the pointsman turns the train on the railway. You are not to place yourself in front of the train, and say, “Now, heave back there; you shall not come this way.” You are to act more dexterously than that. You are just to turn the points the right way, and keep the train going in the right direc-

tion, and then, taking your companions, as it were, by guile, you are to bring in Christ Jesus; without their hardly knowing what you are at, you are to begin talking of the things of Christ to them; and you cannot tell what miracles and wonders will be accomplished by the simple art of conversation. There! You shall have time, by-and-by, to settle those questions, and discuss those important points; I do not know whether it will be on the green and flowery mount that Dr. Watts sings about; however, there will be plenty of time for discussion, if you need it, when the time for discussion comes; but now is the time for sober fighting with the great enemy, for earnest conflict with the dread foes of men's souls.

Another thing you may do. If you love the Lord Jesus Christ, can you not take out persons, one by one, and, after prayer, talk to them personally about their souls? You will not do much good by speaking to one in the presence of others; but if you say to your fellow-shopmate, "Mr. Jones, I should like to speak to you a moment, if you please," and you sit down, and you say, "Now, my dear Mr. Jones, I am far enough from wishing for a moment to intrude myself upon you, but I am sure, if you knew I were in pain, you would allow me to rid myself of the cause of it, if I could do so. Well, I am in pain about your soul; I am afraid that you do not think about eternity. I do not condemn you; I do not say you are too light, or vicious, or anything censurable; but I am afraid you are not decided for the Lord Jesus Christ; and do you know, I have such a concern about that, that I cannot sleep of a night. *You* do not think of it, but I lay it very much to heart; I do entreat you, my dear friend, to think about these things. Remember, the Gospel is very plain; it is, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'" Suppose he should laugh at you: you can bear that. Suppose your advice should be wasted on him: at least you have done your duty, and you can go back to

your chamber with this confidence, "If he perish, his blood shall not be required at *my* hands." Nay, more than that, you may go back to your room, and you may say, "I seem to have cast my bread upon the waters; but though the wild waves have scattered it, and the winds have swept it far away from the vision of my hope, yet my faith believes the promise, 'I shall see it again after many days.'" I remember reading of a good lady who kept a house for young men; she generally had seven or eight lodging with her, and the first thing when they came, she would take them separately aside, and talk to them about their souls. She never told any of the others she had done it: if they found it out, it came out amongst themselves; and not wonderful is it to tell, that as sure as ever a young man entered her house he was converted before long. She dealt faithfully with his soul, she felt the necessity of his salvation. She told him so; and God blessed it.

You must add, however, to this, *most fervent prayer*; and again I must reiterate the same truth—with this prayer must go an inward travailing of soul, on account of that person for whom you are interested. If you shall select any one person, and he shall be made the subject of your intense anxiety and earnest prayer, you shall not miss your reward in that instance. I invite you to try it. If you are believers in Christ, try it. You may seem to fail, but fail you cannot; good *must* be done, and the answer from Heaven must be sent. Only try it. I dare say you have heard the story of the American deacon. There was in his neighbourhood a great blasphemer, a terrible infidel. Many persons had visited him to talk to him about religion; he caught them directly, and utterly confounded them. At last he met with an argument he could not refute. A deacon, after spending two hours in prayer about that man's soul, and feeling for weeks great exercise about him, got on his horse and rode down to the smithy where he lived. "I want to speak with you," he said.

"Friend So-and-so, do you know I am in great agony of spirit about your soul? I cannot bear the thought that you should perish." He rode away. The man laid down his hammer, and did not know what he was at. He went in to his wife, whom he had tried to make an unbeliever as well as himself. She asked him what was the matter with him. "O, wife," said he, "I have met with a new argument. Here is Deacon So-and-so been down here, and he says he is concerned about my soul. I never knew such a thing before. To think that *I* should not be concerned about it!" Down went all his doubts. If it had been logic, he could have beaten it; but he could not resist earnest love: that overcame him. He went into his chamber, and cast himself on his face before God; and the deacon, by divine grace, was the conqueror of that man's soul. Now, you must do the same. Lay men's cases to heart; speak to them individually, having first agonized in prayer at the throne of the heavenly grace.

I must suggest another plan which I dare say you have tried, and you are smiling that I should tell you what you have done already. Should the person live at a great distance and you cannot reach him yourself, try the effect of a letter. Do it wisely. Do not write as Sir-saint writing to Sir-sinner. That will not do. Write as a young man to a young man, and let him see that you are not a cant, but that you sincerely long after his soul; and then pray over it, groan over it, weep over it:—

"And though the seed lie buried long in dust,
 'Twill not deceive your hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
 For grace ensures the crop."

But, in conclusion, What have I been saying? Have I been addressing Christians to-night? I hope I have. This is the Christian Young Men's Society. But I must put in practice my own sermon, and sermon it is, though it was to be called a lecture. I must put it in practice ere I have done. There

are in this audience some who know not God, and who fear not the Lord Jesus Christ. An excellent brother, a few evenings ago, met you here, and he proved to you by most conclusive arguments that Jesus was the Christ. I have no skill in argument, no power of logic. You *know* that Jesus is the Christ. You think you have doubt sometimes; but you have none really. That training under your mother's care will not let you doubt. You know the Bible is true. Your unbelief is not a matter of head, but of heart; and the reason for it is the lamentable fact that you love sin better than Christ, and the ways of pleasure better than the ways of godliness.

Oh! let me pause a moment and address you. I can say from my inmost soul that I love you, though ye be unknown to me; there is nothing that I would not do for your salvation. And there are many others who love you too, fervently and prayerfully, who, if another crucifixion would avail for your salvation, would submit to be crucified for you. But, oh! what shall we say to you about this? Remember that *you* cannot spread Christ's cause. "What hast thou to do," says God to the wicked, "to declare my statutes?" The Lord will not have his enemies to preach his Gospel, nor will he have those who are unreconciled to him to teach his truth. First think of thine own state; first feel thine own need; for be thou never so moral thou art this night a condemned criminal if thou hast no faith in Christ. The sentence may be postponed, but it is passed. Ye are condemned because ye believe not on the Lord Jesus Christ. But remember, Jesus Christ is still freely preached to you. "Whosoever believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ hath everlasting life." Belief is simply trusting in Christ. Trust, then, in him. Cast your naked soul upon the rock of Jesus' righteousness. Repose yourself alone in him: he is willing to receive you—he is able to deliver you. This night he is

preached to you. Lay hold on him, and may he keep you, even to your last end, in his faith, and bring you to his kingdom in glory!

I have now only to solicit that your prayers may accompany what I have said, and that you will not go away to say, "I have heard how the faith is to be propagated, but I do not intend to do it." But go ye out, men and brethren, to labour, watch, and pray. I wanted to make this lecture practical: if there is but a little practical result from it I shall rejoice far more in that than in all this great assembly and in your many plaudits. If ye will remember the world's great necessities,—if ye will remember the tremendous value of a soul,—if ye will think about the dread, immeasurable eternity, to which men are hastening,—if ye will remember that the name of Christ is every day blasphemed,—if ye will bethink you that false gods usurp the place of the God of the whole earth, and if, with these thoughts about you, you will go forth into daily life to propagate the faith as it is in Jesus Christ—if with prayer, with holy living, with godly example, and with earnest walking, ye shall be each of you missionaries for Christ, then I am well content, and unto God be honour for ever. Amen.

THE
Characteristics and Tendencies of
Modern Literature.

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. HENRY ALLON.

CHARACTERISTICS AND TENDENCIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

You will easily perceive that the nature of my subject takes it out of the range of direct religious instruction and appeal. Mine must be a lecture, not a sermon. I am not sorry that this is so. It may, for its own proper ends, be all the more valuable. "I never," says Dr. Arnold, "wanted articles on religious subjects, half so much as articles on common subjects, written with a decidedly Christian tone." It is in the spirit of this remark that I shall try to address you.

Next to the religion of a country, its literature is its life—the mightiest and most virile force in it. "Literature," says Mr. Carlyle, "is but a branch of religion, and always participates in its character;" by which he means, I presume, that the religious life of a people will always find its most adequate expression in its literature. And when religion amongst a people is what all religion should be—a pervading and penetrating life—the literature will be as the religion.

Hence, if our present English literature is in any degree antagonistic to religion, or indifferent to religion, or incongruous with religion, this is simply a proof that the religion itself has not yet attained to its ideal position—the law and the power of a universal life.

Here, then, is the problem of a national literature—what

is to be its ideal standard, its practical test, its moral ministry? Only a portion of our literature has proffered its allegiance to Christianity, and confessed the law of Christ to be its rule, and the spiritual good of men its proper function. The rest may be unconsciously imbued with the notions and temper of Christianity; but, formally and avowedly, it stands either openly adverse, or furtively depreciating, or coldly aloof. Is this position to be conceded to it? Is literature to be justified, or excused, in any degree of antagonism or indifference to Christianity?

We will at once assume our position, by our reply—a position not of the sect, the conventicle, or the fanatic, but of intelligent and catholic Christian men, to be justified, if needs be, by every true conception of what religion is, and by every claim which Christianity puts forth—that, like every other department and agency of our human life, literature, in its entirety, and according to its diversities of species and mode—as history, philosophy, or fiction—should reverently confess the law of Christ as its rule, and the moral and spiritual good of men as its final cause. We may no more concede the necessariness or rightfulness of an anti-Christian, or an un-Christian literature, than of an anti-Christian infidelity, or an un-Christian commerce.

Let no one, however, start at the assumption of this position, as if in our application of it we had any sympathy with the superb fanaticism of Caliph Omar, and wished to consign the precious contents of the British Museum to the fate of the Alexandrian library. We concede as large a licence for the uses of literature as the most liberal and literary Christian would wish to claim. We have large conceptions of the vast and noble province of literature in the world's life. We have not the slightest wish that all history shall be converted into ecclesiastical records, or that all biography shall be a narrative of daily devotions and dying experiences—that all essays

shall be sermons, and that poetry shall never transgress the pious propriety of a psalm. We recognize the common-life sphere of literature, just as we do that of commerce or of politics, and its legitimate consecration to all the varied instruction, adornment, and amusement of life. We simply demand of it, as we demand of everything else—that it be limited by the licence, and imbued with the temper of Christianity—that the literary man, like the commercial man, do all things to the glory of God; in other words, that he himself be a godly man, and express in his writing the spiritual life that is in him—that in some respects he formally and directly serve the Church, and that in others he write in congruity with the character and demands of its spiritual life.

This, then, being our conception of what, according to the character and claims of Christianity, a literature should be, we assume, I think, no antagonistic or unreasonable attitude when we propose to bring the literature of our day to the test of Christian principles. Our conception of what a literature should be is a fitting test of what it is. The actual is attained by ever keeping before us the ideal.

Of course, our literature being what it is, I no more say that a Christian man should read no books that are not Christian in principle and temper, than that he should do no business or mingle in no social intercourse with unspiritual men—then “must he needs go out of the world.” But I do say, that the principles and safeguards which regulate his intercourse with ungodly men, should regulate his intercourse with ungodly literature.

1. This, then, being premised, let us first recognize the *regal power* of our English literature. Far more than even the interests of commerce, or the instincts and sympathies of social converse, books, and the thoughts that come from books, are the determining forces of modern society.

Even since some of us saw the light, books and their

readers have multiplied a thousand-fold. The railway book-stall is as invariable as the refreshment room—Mr. Mudie's book-cart as indispensable a visitor as Mr. Hardcrust's bread-cart. A man who does not read is, amongst us, as great an anomaly as the man who did was amongst our grandsires. The last new book is as legitimate a topic of English conversation as the last change of English weather. It were late, therefore, in the history of the world to speak the eulogy of books. It has been often and eloquently spoken from the magnificent organ-notes of Milton,¹ to the calm and mellifluous sentences of Channing,² or the fiery eloquence of Aurora Leigh.³*

It is marvellous, indeed, how literature has culminated to its glory. A few centuries ago, and a few manuscripts in a monastery constituted the literary wealth of a district. Physical force and a rough natural conscience were the only social arbiters. Books had but little value because they had but little presence. The clerk and the necromancer were synonymous ideas. But now, physical force has been put down from its high seat of supremacy, and the wise head has overmastered the strong arm. Even physical force itself is organized and directed by intelligence. The child controls the elephant; the quiet engineer directs the power of ten thousand labourers. How wonderfully knowledge has thus equalized the powers of men, and has become the arbiter of their weal and happiness. Knowledge is the world's new regal power—the world's new standard of value. The ideas of a single master-mind have more power than the armies of a despot. A few leaders in "the *Times* newspaper," if they but furnish an utterance for a true principle, a deep conviction, and a fervent popular feeling, will subdue the unscrupulous Oligarch with 400,000 men at his beck; and thrice in a year he shall confess his sins in the sight of all Europe.

Both for defence and assault books are mightier far than

* See Appendix.

arms. The public opinion which they form may for a while be repressed—just as all other processes of national growth, civilization, science, education, and social habit may be retarded; but, as surely as the sun emerges from an eclipse, so surely will opinions and principles that are born of intelligence and morality mould the life of a nation, and carry it on to its resistless destiny.

2. Very marvellous, again, is the *history* of books, and the transmutations of their power. The dishonoured way in which their material substance may perish, go wholly to the trunkmaker or the butterseller, be elevated to the topmost shelf, or, most oblivious fate of all, consigned to the mummy-pits of a national library—a burial from which there is no resurrection.

Some few go utterly dead, body and soul, for ever; nay, utterly dead, because they have body only; for whatever particle of soul a book may have, however its body die, *that* will live for ever. It may pass through subtle transmutations—embody itself in strange, incongruous forms—appear in unexpected places. It may live in other books—in “books made out of books”—and live a new and glorified life. Its few common-place elements may come into contact with some creating mind—its little life with some great life of genius—a few scraps of old Italian romance, for instance, with the germinant mind of Shakspeare—a few fragments of antiquarian lore with that of Scott, and they are transmuted into immortal forms of poetry or fiction. An Augustine or a Calvin, a Cudworth or a Howe, may inform and interpenetrate an entire theology.

And often a book is glorified, morally as well as intellectually, by its resurrection. Its good reappears with its evil perished off it; its truth purified from error; its fine gold of goodness separated from the clay of its matrix. How many a germ of noble thought or thing has been deposited at first in imperfect form,

and with evil circumstance and qualification; and by successive regenerations has come to be a glorified spirit of purity and benevolence! Germs of freedom in wild theories of democracy! Jewels of virtue in some "ugly and venomous toad's form" of character! Or the spirit of a book will embody itself in some strange and remote deed; the dream of the philosopher reappear in a steam-engine or electric telegraph; or the thought of the patriot embody itself in some great enterprize, or as the inspiration of some great battle. Demosthenes fought at Missolonghi—the Apostle Paul sailed in the missionary ship "Duff."

The books that wholly die are probably very few.

A book must be a carcase indeed that has in it no single spark of living soul which trunkmaker cannot kill—which the Bodleian cannot bury. So that books, like men, have a value independent of their material durability. The individual perishes, but the race continues and inherits the influences which he transmits. The intellectual world is prepared like the physical—cosmos and chaos alternating. The preadamite flora perishes, but it reappears in our mighty and priceless coal formation; so it may be, that not one only, but many strata of literature must be deposited before the cosmic glory culminates in an age of wide-spread and radical intelligence.

Most writers of books, therefore, like the doers of other things, must be contented to live for posterity in spiritual and not in material forms; to mix themselves, unseen and impalpable, with the spiritual essence that is ever enriching and refining the atmosphere of living humanity; to labour in building the great temple of truth, neither as architects nor as master-builders, but as common workmen, simply contributing their force, leaving neither the inscription of their name, nor the impress of their hand. Books fall as leaves fall—they rot, and are forgotten; but they fertilize the soil upon which they perish. And yet men continue to write books—rejoicing,

it would seem, in the simple sense of production. And just as every spring, unhcedful of the past autumn's decay, covers the trees with new and verdant foliage; so every season produces its multitudinous books, undeterred by the speedy oblivion that is so certain, or by the thought that already our affluent literature possesses more canonized classics than the most diligent student can hope to become acquainted with.

3. And which exerts the greater influence in the formation of contemporary character—the ephemeral books of living men, or the abiding books of dead men?—the many that are confessedly read but once, and for passing opinion or amusement, or the few that we fondly return to again and again; just as after the discursive wanderings of every day we return to the friends and the home of our heart,—the honoured, the canonized of mankind—Homer, and Shakspeare, and Milton, and Bacon—whose works are treasuries of exhaustless wealth for all who come to them? “How few they are,” says the elder D’Israeli, “who shine as stars in the firmament for ever and ever, who see from their calm, immoveable height, age after age pass away. Modern literature now occupies a space, which looks to be immensity, compared with the narrow and imperfect limits of the ancient. A complete collection of classical works, all the bees of antiquity, may be hived in a glass case; but there we should only find the milk and honey of our youth; to obtain the substantial nourishment of European knowledge, a library of ten thousand volumes will not satisfy our inquiries, nor supply our wants, even on a single topic.”*

The question is difficult and curious. Perhaps, the reply would be, that we are differently affected, at different ages—that old books are like old wine, which men affect most after they are forty. Or it might be that different readers have

* *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. i. p. 4.

different preferences; some being prematurely wise, have almost intuitively the taste which others slowly acquire by culture, they have instinctive affinities with the true, the beautiful, the good; they can stand, therefore, on the lofty desert edge, and permit the annual inundation of the intellectual Nile to swell and subside, without any inclination to dip their foot. Hardly can Mr. Dickens or Mr. Kingsley win a passing regard from them. Such men have their own literary pantheon, which they jealously guard, condemning every new claimant for its honours, to more than the probation of a Romish saint. And thus it is, that, for them, the ten thousand annual volumes of Germany, and the almost equal multitude of England and America, live amongst us their hybernate life, and die their vernal death, unheeded.

Others dearly love a new book; they watch the lists of literary announcements with eager and omnivorous desire; meet them where you will, they put you to the blush by their knowledge of the last new book. A new Quarterly they fondle like a new child, lingering lovingly over it, hesitating ere they invade its virgin buff and blue, sniffing with a gusto its moist aroma, and then opening it with the enjoyment of an epicure. Perhaps, on the whole, the balance of regal and formative power is yet with the classic dead—

“The great of old,
The dead, and sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.”

Directly or indirectly, through classical education, through conceded authority, through traditional familiarity, through eclectic preference, through transmuted forms, the dead are greater in their present power than the living. Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, Bunyan, still rule our English world, conserve our English speech, supply our English quotation, and shape our English thought; where other writers touch but the out-

side of our intellectual life, these have a place in its heart, they are about us and with us everywhere.

4. Many causes conduce to the temporary and adventitious popularity of books; the simple Athenian love of novelty for its own sake, the craving for passing amusement, the representation by an author of contemporary characters and events—

“Catching the manners living as they rise,”

the consentaneous attention that his book receives—we must read what everybody talks about—with, perhaps, the coincidence of his theme with some thought, or feeling, or necessity, that just then moves the heart of society. To the latter cause, indeed, the greatest writers have largely owed their immediate popularity. The public delight to see their own thoughts reflected back upon them in forms of genius—they feel as if they had had a part in the creation. A great writer will commonly be the prophet of his age, giving embodiment and utterance to its struggling and inarticulate thought and feeling. He will evince his greatness by incarnating in its conventional forms his catholic and immortal genius, by exhibiting through its accidental phases the universal life of humanity. The greatest writers of the world have always largely been the poets, the dramatists, the historians of their own time, holding up the mirror to their generation. Pre-eminently such are our own great moderns—Thackeray and Dickens, Kingsley and Carlyle. How thoroughly they embody the philosophy, the morals, the manners, and the follies of their age. So conventional are some of them, that their books would have been unintelligible two centuries ago. You cannot conceive of them as born of a different age or as having different belongings; the conventional in form is more vivid than the catholic in spirit. And yet their genius will stereotype these conventionalities in forms that will be the archaic delights of all after ages. The hour is as essential an element of popularity as the man. Perhaps we

are not in a condition to determine the true literary rank of a man until the generation that produced him, and the conventionalisms that surrounded him, have passed away.

5. Our modern English literature is chiefly the birth of the present century. A long and dreary interval separates the great writers of Queen Anne's time and those of our own,—an interval of melancholy barrenness, in which Hayley passed for a poet and Henry for a historian,—a hybernation of the national intellect, in which, however, silent processes were going on, betokening the outburst of a coming and glorious spring. Johnson and Burke, and Goldsmith and Sheridan did something to redeem it; but they were as oases in the desert—the two or three “swallows that do *not* make a summer.” Our own literary era—the second Augustan age of English literature, was inaugurated by Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and Scott, and has been enriched by historians and philosophers of unrivalled genius and imperishable renown. Out of the ashes of the past, the glorious resurrection of the present has sprung, in which a return to simplicity, and earnestness, and nature, gives promise of a lustre that will stream down the ages to come.

6. I will venture upon only one or two general characteristics of our modern literature, before looking at some of its specific forms.

(1.) The first is the alarming prevalence of the *cacoethes scribendi*. Authorship has suddenly become epidemic. It is true that Sidney Smith apologized for the quarterly appearance of the *Edinburgh* on the ground that it must wait for books to review; but then, on the other hand, readers even in Horace's time complained that there were too many writers; what must, therefore, be the power either of patience or of protest of the readers of our own? Perhaps more persons exercise themselves every day in syntax than in medicine or in law. How rare it is to meet with a sensible man, who has

not committed himself in print, from the man who tremblingly solicits a Quarterly to the man who, with a flutter, essays a paragraph in the *Little Piddlington News of the World*! How vast the multitudes who utter themselves in type! Instead of readers having to go in quest of writers, writers solicit readers, and almost vie with them in number. If a truly national literature be the expression of a nation's entire thought and life, then may we fairly boast it. We now get, what no nation perhaps ever got before—an index in our literature of our entire being, a representation of all that we think and are. And, if we understand the true life of his age better from the colloquial gossip of Mr. Pepys' diary than from the philosophical dignity of Clarendon's history, then does a special value to the future historian attach to our penny newspapers and to our special correspondents. "A century back," says a writer in the current number of *Blackwood*, "the title of literature was limited, if not to classical productions, yet to productions that paid some regard to classical rules. An Act of Parliament would not have been considered literature; a cookery-book would not have been considered literature; the 'Pilgrim's Progress' would not have been considered literature; and a poet apologized for even mentioning it in one of his poems."

In estimating a literature, however, we must make a vast difference between the mere perpetrators of print and the true representatives of its greatness—the men whom our unerring instinct sets apart as the representatives of our age to all the future—who stand like stately oaks amid the forest brushwood—the few who think profoundly and broadly, amongst the many who think only sensibly and tritely, or who think platitudes rather than thoughts. We do not say that no man should write who has not something new to say, some problem to solve, some philosophy to teach; but we do say that if a man have only common-place truth to utter, he must

be contented with the contemporary fame of its utterance. He who merely passes the circulating medium of his day, can never attain the fame of him who coins it and stamps his own image and superscription upon it. Much less do we demand that every writer shall be original, in the sense of absolute creation. The creators in a literature are necessarily few—one or two, perhaps, in an age; nay, that is a proud age that supplies one; and even he often becomes original in virtue of what he finds ready prepared to his hand, and in the very act of engaging himself with the ideas of others. The most original minds require rude matter out of which to form their creations—dross which they may turn into gold. Shakspeare requires some weak and watery romance to suggest to him plots and incidents; and, by contact with it, he becomes the most *original* writer of any age, while the majority of writers do service to the community by giving circulation to what the creator has conceived. It is not so much new truth that the world wants, as the inculcation and impression of old truth.

(2.) A second general characteristic of modern literature, closely allied to this, is *its thoroughly popular character*. "Since childhood," says Macaulay, "I have been seeing nothing but progress, and hearing of nothing but decay." And this is pre-eminently true of literature.

It is the many whom our modern writers address, not the few. Whatever an author's genius, or even theme, he now seeks his audience amongst the great mass of the community. It is an age of books, because it is an age of readers. Neither writers nor readers constitute now a Brahminical caste. Cheap literature is as necessary as cheap bread, because the same classes demand it: the appetite for printed paper is universal. Our man of genius needs fear no lack of audience; no longer the hanger-on of the great, kicking his heels, as our grand old English Socrates did, in the anteroom of his patron, he has become a tribune of the people, and lives

amid a generation of readers and thinkers a priest and a power. "Books," says Guizot, "are the tribunes from which the world is addressed." Not more directly does the rubbish of the penny novelist or miscellany address itself to the people, than does the wise wit of Sidney Smith, or the sagacious rhetoric of Macaulay. The best literature of our day finds its way downwards amongst the people as rapidly as the worst. People's editions follow closely upon library octavos, and follow only in order that the latter may sell first. If you look over a railway stall, Tennyson stands side by side with the last edition of the "British Warbler," and Thackeray with the last marvellous loquacity of Mr. G. P. R. James. Nothing in general literature is ever thought of now as too good for the people. Dr. Livingstone sells thirty thousand of even his guinea book. It is anything but true, that the lower classes prefer garbage to wholesome food. It is the assumption that they do that too often leaves them but little alternative. It is odd if a Shakspeare, a Milton, or a Goldsmith, be not found upon the cottage shelf. The opposite assumption, wherever acted upon, is always justified by the result. Even thirty years ago, 220,000 of the *Penny Magazine* were needed to satisfy the craving for which it was almost the first popular provision of wholesome food. 180,000 weekly of the *Leisure Hour* and the *Sunday at Home* are circulated now. Mrs. Beecher Stowe counts her readers by millions. Let our authors and booksellers have faith in the people, and provide for them books, morally and intellectually of the highest class—fiction, history, poetry, political economy—and they need fear no competition of Holywell Street. The moral feeling which has consigned the ribald publications of twenty years ago to an ignominious extinction, will, if thus nurtured, very soon bid their successors follow them. It is true that there will always be a class of prurient readers, whose dirty, dunghill minds will claim their natural affinity with filth; but when these are

reduced to a conceivable and possible minimum, commercial reasons will soon diminish their sustenance. No doubt, too, the demand of the railway traveller, however sensible and serious he may be, will largely be for something light, and piquant, and cheap. He who would be loth to trifle at home feels that he has a right to read idly on a journey. He will therefore enjoy his quiet laugh over *Punch* or his lounge over the *Illustrated News*; and books for his peculiar half-somnolent mood will no doubt be largely manufactured. But the number of books of a high order of excellence—the growing demand for people's editions of our best writers, classical and contemporary—prove that a mighty impulse has been given to the popular appetite for good literature. If the *Times* puts forth, as almost every third day it does, a leader worthy of a place in the *Spectator*, or sends out a special correspondent whose sagacious recognitions and vivid delineations give him almost a rank with De Foe, it is instantly and universally appreciated. All men eagerly read and intelligently praise it.

Even twenty years ago Sir James Stephen marked this change and tendency. "A chain of splendid biographies constitutes the history of past centuries. Whoever shall weave the chronicles of our own, must take for his staple statistics illuminated by a skilful generalization. Once every eye was directed to the leaders of the world; now all are turned to the masses of which it is composed. Instead of Newtons presiding over Royal Societies, we have Dr. Birkbecks lecturing at Mechanics' Institutions. If no Wolseys arise to found colleges like that of Christchurch, Joseph Lancaster and William Bell have emulated each other in works not less momentous at the Borough-road and Baldwin's Gardens. We people continents, though we have ceased to discover them; we abridge folios for the many, though we no longer write them for the few. Our fathers compiled systems of

divinity,—we compose pocket theological libraries. They invented sciences, we apply them. Literature was once an oligarchy, it is now a republic. Our very monitors are affected with the degeneracy they deplore. For the majestic cadence of Milton, and the voluptuous flow of Jeremy Taylor's periods, they substitute the rhetorical philosophy, invented some fifty years since, to countervail the philosophical rhetoric of the French Revolution; and put forth, in a collection of essays for the drawing-room, reproofs which the hands of Prynne would have moulded into learned, fierce, and ponderous folios.

It is impossible to prevent,—is it wise to bewail this change in our social and intellectual habits? During the inundations of the Nile, the worship of the mysterious river ceased, and no hymns were heard to celebrate its glories. Idolatry lost its stay, and imagination her excitement; but the land was fertilized. Learning, once banked up in universities and cathedrals, is now diffused through shops and factories. The stream, then so profound and limpid, may now perhaps be both shallow and muddy. But is it better that the thirst of a whole nation should be thus slaked, or that the immortals should be quaffing their nectar apart, in sublime abstraction from the multitude? There is no immediate and practicable reconciliation of these advantages. Genius, and wit, and science, and whatever else raises man above his fellows, must bend to the universal motives of human conduct. When honour, wealth, public gratitude, and the sense of good desert, reward those who level elementary truth to the people at large, the wisest and the best will devote to that office powers which, in a different age, would have been consecrated to more splendid though not perhaps to more 'worthy' undertakings. Had Spenser flourished in the nineteenth century, would he have aspired to produce the 'Faerie Queen'? Had Walter Scott lived in the sixteenth, would he have condescended to write the 'Lady of the Lake'?

"We know not how to regret that genius has for the moment abdicated her austere supremacy, and stooped to be popular and plain. Mackintosh surrendered his philosophy to the compilation of a familiar history of England. Faithless to his Peris and Glendoveers, Mr. Moore is teaching the commonalty of the realm the sad tale of woes inflicted on the land of his birth. No longer emulous of Porson, the Bishop of London* devotes his learned leisure to preparing cheap and easy lessons for the householders of his diocese. Lord Brougham arrests the current of his eloquence to instruct mechanics in the principles of the sciences which they are reducing to daily practice. 'Tracts for the Times' are extorted from the depositaries of ecclesiastical tradition, obedient to the general impulse which they condemn, and constrained to render the church argumentative, that they may render her oracular. . . . Let who will repine at what has passed, and at what is passing, if they will allow us to rejoice in what is to come. If we witness the growth of no immortal reputations, we see the expansion of universal intelligence. The disparities of human understanding are much the same in all times; but it is when the general level is the highest that the mighty of the earth rise to the most commanding eminences."†

And we, of this year 1859, may add, that Archbishop Whately writes "Easy Lessons" for the people; the Cambridge Professor of Modern, and the Oxford Professor of Ecclesiastical History stand side by side with our greatest constitutional statesman in lecturing in Exeter Hall; while addresses from our nobles on popular literature and popular education come with shooting stars in October and November, and fill the empty columns of the newspapers.

(3.) Another general characteristic of our popular literature

* The late Dr. Blomfield.

† *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxxi. p. 260.

is its *comparative religiousness*—in which, indeed, it only follows the general tendency of modern society; for, notwithstanding all our qualifying wickedness, our disgraceful commercial frauds, our wide-spread intemperance and profligacy—yet happily, in the general tendency of every development of our social life and habit, religious ideas and feelings are rapidly and palpably gaining a higher place and power. No cynical dean would now venture to write like Swift; no satirical novelist like Fielding; no grotesque divine like Sterne; no licentious poet like Burns or Byron. Even were the filthy disposition in the writer, he would hardly dare the indignant and universal reprobation of its utterance. The moral sense of the community has grown strong enough to ban even unclean genius. As in social habit and humane legislation, so in the temper and tone of modern literature, we have gained much more than we may imagine. We do not always recognize at once a changing temper and tendency. In the positive and avowed piety of our literature, we have gained very much—a solicitous moral tone, a conscientious moral aim, a religious consecration of even the highest genius. Whatever, for instance, may be said, artistically, about religious and philanthropic novels, they certainly constitute a remarkable peculiarity of our age—an indication of our temper of life and of our requirements of literature. They indicate a province of literature won, in part at least, from the godlessness and licentiousness which once claimed it as their own. Miss Yonge, Miss Muloch, Miss Manning, Miss Sewell, and Mrs. Oliphant—a gifted sisterhood of contemporary writers of fiction—deserve our warmest thanks for the territory which they have so nobly and so worthily occupied. Others, again, professing no religious character, show an unwonted respect for religion. Even in a Dickens, a religious caricature is barely tolerated by the few, while it is frowned at by the many; while licentiousness has been fairly driven within its own filthy

sewers, and a ban upon Holywell Street is hailed with unanimous acclamation.

In History, the historian is now required to recognize the moral and the spiritual in man, and the providential and supernatural in man's history—their place and their power in man's development. Nay, even infidelity has become respectful in its bearing towards Christianity, and guarded in its language. The coarse imputations of a Tom Paine are exchanged for the subtle implications of Mr. Holyoake. Infidelity shrinks from ruder shocks to the moral sense of the community. It insinuates its contradiction; it suggests its moral laxity. It is respectful to our Lord Jesus Christ, even while it denies his claims. It does a dubious homage to his high morality, even while it insinuates that he palmed upon the world its hugest and most daring imposture. It does not deny him with an oath; it betrays him with a kiss. The Sadducee dons the phylactery of the Pharisee. Satan is transformed into an angel of light.

It is true that this ascendancy of religious feeling gives birth to an opposite peril. Mawworms flourish in such a soil. Cantwells are at home in such an atmosphere. Hard-hearted sentimentalism attempts to pass for healthy philanthropy; canting unbelief for genuine piety. And it is true, too, that your religious devil is the most diabolical of all devils. But, then, hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue. And we may rejoice in the necessity for paying it, even while we scorn and hate the tribute.

(4.) One other general characteristic of a large class of modern literature, but of a kind that we cannot rejoice in, is too marked to escape notice—viz., *its exaggeration and caricature*, both in substance and in style.

In poetry we have what has been happily styled "The Spasmodic School," of which Mr. Bailey may be regarded as the representative, and his poem, "The Mystic," as the consummation; in which ideas, like Homer's heroes, wrap themselves

in clouds, and in which the clouds are very often to be found without the heroes. We approach to pluck the fruit of the Hesperides, and lo! the glittering baubles on a Christmas tree: all is tawdry that is not bombast—hysterical that is not inscrutable. “A palace,” says Coleridge, “should at least be a house.” A sentence, we say, should at least have a meaning in it. A great poet never says “fine things.” Shakespere gives you one figure for a dozen ideas. These gentlemen give one idea for a dozen figures, and often figures without ideas at all. To quote one of Mr. Bailey’s own lines, they go

“Blindly blundering on through clouds of speech.”

If I may venture on a word of advice to young men, I would say, never read what you cannot understand; and, above all things, avoid the inebriated cant of the day, which goes into transcendental raptures at everything mystical, and calls everything sublime which is simply obscure. If a man has anything to say worth saying, be sure that he will say it intelligibly.

In general literature and fiction, heavy sins of exaggeration have to be laid to the charge of Professor Wilson and Mr. Dickens. Too often when they profess to be portrait painters, they are simply caricaturists. Their skies are bluer than the heavens, their grass is greener than the earth, their personages are monsters, either of deformity or of beauty, of vice or of virtue. There is surely a great difference between an ideal of life that we all feel to be possible, and a distortion of life, even of goodness, that one would not realize if one could. Where a writer professes not to caricature life, but to represent it, we have a right to demand of him a truth of colouring as well as of form. He may not dress his men and women in motley and tell us that they are the world. He may not, as *Punch* so marvellously does, preserve an unmis-takeable identity in his exaggeration of feature, and tell us that

it is a sober portrait. He may not make his geese all swans; his gaol-birds all devils. This is not to hold up the mirror to nature. This is not to represent truth as she is. Truth needs but scant drapery, and it is to evince a secret mistrust of her attractiveness to clothe her in gay apparel, or to delineate her in grotesque attitudes. To attract attention to the picture they paint, these writers fill it with caricature, draw monsters like Quilp, and officials like Tite Barnacle. We pardon this in the desperate clap-trap of a penny-a-liner, but it is surely unworthy of writers who have abundantly vindicated their claim to a legitimate place in the highest walks of literature. You open Shakspeare, you find him true to nature as if nature had sat to him for a portrait. Even Sir John Falstaff is a man whom you have met over and over again, or might have done. He does no violence to your conception of the possible. There is a truth of rhetoric as well as of logic—a truth of colouring as well as of form, the departure from which produces false, and, therefore, unjust impressions. And the exaggeration or the falsehood is no less that it is on the side of virtue. Where a moral is intended, it is difficult to say which is the more injurious, an impossible excellence, or a mendacious vice.

In another department of literature, Mr. Carlyle stands out with a peculiar prominence as guilty of this vice. Endowed with "a giant's strength" of heaving about fragments of thought and speech, he "uses it like a giant." His books are like Martin's pictures, full of grotesque genius. Not contented with the originality that nature gave him, he has manufactured one by art, he has wrapt about his great thoughts a Babylonish garment of speech which it is difficult sometimes to distinguish from a jabber. He starts and strains in an epileptic way that often transcends the bounds of intelligibleness; he gives you spasms for ideas, exclamations for sentences, and dashes for pauses; he rarely shows you more than the rough corner of a thought,

but he shows you that very often ; he writes in big, unfinished speech, his metaphors often dancing round you in a frenzy, his ideas seething like a kind of witch broth ; he cannot tell you the simplest thing in clear unconscious English ; he must needs coin vehicle as well as thought, often an uncouth phrase, oftener an uncouth word, and, oftener still, his ideas seem wholly incommunicable, and are altogether strangled in their birth ; so much vaster are they than those of Milton or Bacon. If he have anything to say, why does he not say it ? The moral consequence is, that his books are full of false suggestions, and probably produce more false impressions than true ones ; for a man who is always trying to say fine things must necessarily often say false ones. And this is all the more mournful in Mr. Carlyle : first, because he is, in many respects, one of our greatest living thinkers ; and, secondly, because in him it is a degeneracy, and a rapidly growing one, a melancholy lapse from the noble style of his earlier essays. He has broken his windows and filled them with knotted glass. It is a long and melancholy interval from the calm and measured utterance of Lord Bacon and the "Spectator," to "Sartor Resartus" and "Frederick the Great," and from the truth of the one to the untruth of the other. For style grows into the substance of thought, and you may take it as a rule that as a man departs from simplicity of style he departs from exactitude of statement—an inverted style implies an inverted vision. Hence, the Duke of Argyll's dictum concerning Mr. Carlyle I hold to be just : "His genius is almost as remarkable as many of his principles are fallacious." Hardly, in my judgment, has modern literature seen a more untrue book than the first two volumes of "Frederick the Great." Mr. Carlyle's hero worship, and his unwillingness to think and speak like other men, have so perverted his vision and warped his judgment, that he not only fails to see Frederick William's vices—he applauds them as virtues.

Even in writers of greater religious pretensions there is too often exaggeration in representing passion or fact, a fervid striving after dramatic effect, an intemperate urgency in pressing an argument, an unscrupulous zeal for even a righteous cause, which is utterly inconsistent with truth. Truth demands not only that we pursue a truthful end, but that we adopt a truthful means; that we calculate our impression as well as our assertion.

One of the consequences of this spasmodic writing is seen, I think, in popular oratory, in sermons and lectures. Granting that the oration is inherently different from the book, that the one should be lyrical and the other didactic; and allowing for the popular exaggeration necessary in public speech in order to due impression, yet in both, words ought to be the just expression of thought, and thought ought to be the just representation of fact. Can we then say of many of our modern sermons and lectures, that they are just what the man who loves truth, and yearns for its spiritual and moral results, could desire? Instead, for instance, of the calm, unconscious majesty of the Sermon on the Mount, the simple transparent imagery of the parable of the prodigal son, or the eager passionate argumentation of the Apostle Paul, in which the form is altogether forgotten in the beauty and importance of the truth; we have sermons bedecked with simile, and bestuck with metaphor, in which truth is not only garlanded but smothered with flowers; or sermons that at the end of every paragraph go off with a whiz and an explosion like a cracker. What chance, again, has truth to make its native beauty and power seen and felt when exhibited in fopperies and turbulencies like these? Some men, of course, will assert their natural privilege to be dull, and the last thing that one would think of would be to address such a remonstrance to them. But is there no medium between the solemn dreariness of a funeral drapery and the fantastic decorations

of a ball-room? You cannot, as Sidney Smith said, cast the demon of sin out of a man's heart by throwing him into a deep sleep, but neither can you, I should imagine, by convulsing him with laughter. If there be no virtue in somnolent platitudes, neither is there in fantastic fripperies. When are we to learn the difference between amusing the fancy and moving the heart, that it is not every noise that makes an impression, that it is not all popular preaching that is profitable hearing? Perhaps, as a rule, popular excitement is precisely that which hinders moral impression.

I will not characterize the melancholy exhibitions which have latterly passed under the name of Sunday afternoon popular preachings. I would rather weep in silence, when I think that, in the estimate of the preachers, the Gospel which Christ preached, and which Paul preached, has fallen so low as to need decking out and designating with scraps of nigger songs or slang phrases from the pothouse.

Perhaps our dispensation of popular lecturing has had something to do with this. The lecture is too often truth galvanized, or truth under the influence of laughing gas (protoxide of nitrogen). On the platform the temptation to produce immediate effect, not, as in the pulpit, restrained by more sacred considerations, is peculiarly strong. The demand of an audience is for a pungent epigrammatic style of oratory. Whatever a lecturer is or is not, he must not be dull; if he can but arrest, excite, and startle, his audience is not very nice as to the means employed; whether it be sunlight or phosphorus, he must be brilliant. Hence the effort to make points and balance antitheses, to say striking things, and present strong contrasts of colour. Hence he baits his lecture with fogle words and sentences; he expects you to "cry here," to applaud there—efforts not only inimical to naturalness and truth, but which still further vitiate and vulgarize the appetite to which they minister; so that at length

no food is palatable to it unless it be pungently spiced. It will not do to be very fastidious in a statement, to measure thought, to qualify assertion, when a broad, unhesitating utterance will bring down thunders of applause. The business of the orator is to shine, not to weigh. "The popular lecturer, therefore, explodes like a battalion volley; it is a succession of climaxes and points. Often this is natural to the speaker, but gradually it shapes the performances of any man; so that in preparing his lecture he will be swayed by the consciousness of what the audience expects, and what will surely amuse them. In reaching this brilliancy, he will naturally often lose, sometimes sacrifice, what is better than brilliancy. His lecture thus fades into a phantasmagoria, or blazes into rhetoric. It tastes sweetly—it looks brightly but when the auditor gets home he is not fed, and has no vision."*

I know of few things more perilous to truth than this feverish and spasmodic style of oratory; it bids fair to produce in truth-loving men a conscientious objection to a trope, a shudder at an epigram, and a moral spasm at the first sentence of a rhetorical declamation. We are in this, I fear, greatly degenerating from the conscientious assertion and thoughtful power of our fathers. Our orators soar on windbags of speech; prick them, and they collapse. Surely it is bad enough to follow fashion in dress; but, in the name of human intelligence and virtue, let us not dress truth in crinoline, nor trick out simple fact in the drapery of the circus.

7. And now, turning from these general characterizations to specific forms of literature, I must content myself with singling out two or three for special remark, the rest I must pass over.

Of *modern poetry* for example, I will say nothing further

* *Putnam's Magazine*, March 1857.

than to warn all who would cultivate a pure taste, and regulate a healthy imagination, against the new school of poetry which I have alluded to as "the spasmodic school," and which would seem to be a turbulent reaction from the prosaic puerilities which the Lake poets affected. While poetry should be something more than prose measured out by the foot—while it is thought in forms of beauty—yet should the thought be intelligible, and the beauty palpable. And if, therefore, in confessedly great poets—in Tennyson, a poet as true and as beautiful as ever struck his lyre on our British Parnassus, or in Mrs. Browning, the noblest female poet that the world has yet seen, or in her equally gifted husband—you encounter passages that are mystical or spasmodic, pray do not deem them part or proof of the greatness, but comings short of the perfection which they nearly reach—defects to be put up with—alloy in the fine gold of genius—spots in the sun of our idolatry.

Neither can I afford space for any characterization of *modern philosophy*. Great philosophical names adorn our generation:—Sir William Hamilton, John Stuart Mill, Dr. Whewell, and others, to whom future ages will look, as we now look to Locke and Cudworth. But together with these we have a more characteristic class of pseudo, or semi-philosophers, which the authors of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of the Creation," and of the more recent "History of Civilization in England" may represent to us—of which I think you will do well to beware. And I do not urge such avoidance, let me say, merely or even mainly, because they propound theories which we hold to be untrue;—for next to receiving the false there are few things more undesirable in a world like this, than knowing only the true; no man indeed can properly understand the true who does not also understand the false that is opposed to it—we may receive it and act upon it, but we receive it only vicariously and provisionally. "If a man read only his

Bible," said John Wesley, of one of his preachers who made that his boast, "he will soon cease to read that." And if a man be kept all his life in a nursery or a conservatory, where no cold blast of error can touch him, why, he will be only a conservatory plant, green and beautiful only while thus artificially sheltered. It is better on the whole to form a healthy and vigorous life in the common atmosphere, even though we have to wrap up ourselves against pestiferous east winds, and sometimes catch a catarrh. All good, indeed, has to be attained in this world through the knowledge and partial experience of evil. "The first time a man ever uses a flail, it is to the injury of his own head and of those who stand around him. The first time a child has a sharp-edged tool in his hand, he cuts his finger; but this is no reason why he should not be ever taught to use a knife. The first use that a man makes of his affections is to sensualize his spirit; yet he cannot be ennobled, except' through those very affections. The first time a kingdom is put in possession of liberty, the result is anarchy. The first time a man is put in possession of intellectual knowledge, he is conscious of the approaches of sceptical feeling. But that is no proof that liberty is bad, or that instruction should not be given. There is a moment in the ripening of the fruit when it is more austere and acid than at any other. It is not the moment of greenness, [but] the moment when it is becoming red, the transition state, when it is passing from sourness into sweetness. It is a law of our humanity, that man must know both good and evil; he must know good *through* evil. There never was a principle but what triumphed through much evil; no man ever progressed to greatness and goodness but through great mistakes."*

I am no advocate for exclusive reading. My demur to these gentlemen is that, with a large amount of reading, an imposing

* Rev. F. W. Robertson's Lectures and Addresses, p. 88.

array of authorities, a skilful marshalling of facts, and considerable ingenuity of reasoning, their books are full of half-truths, their positions supported by fallacious inferences. Either from an incompetence, that disqualifies them as observers, or a disingenuousness, that disqualifies them as witnesses, they have shut their eyes to fully half the phenomena that they adduce, and have rashly drawn their conclusions from the other half, and that always the half that harmonizes with their foregone conclusions; so that a well-informed reader feels disposed to cross-question at every sentence, to contradict at every statement. I know of nothing more perilous to a half-instructed mind than a half-true book; half-truths are practically worse than whole errors, for the moiety of truth gives its plausibility and virus to the moiety of error. In the writers that I have mentioned, their very audacity of assertion, having the facts of the world's structure and of the world's history before them, is something astounding.

It is only fair, however, to add that this mode of writing is not restricted to the apostles of error, many apologists of truth are guilty of precisely the same disingenuousness; wholly ignoring, or half-concealing, or ingeniously misrepresenting, whatever facts and arguments may tell against their position—adepts at the holy ingenuity which makes “the worse appear the better reason.” I for one join in equal, nay in even severer denunciation of these—the advocate of truth is less excusable in his dishonesty than the advocate of error. Truth needs no lie for its advocacy, either in the form of a “*suppressio veri*,” or of a “*suggestio falsi*.” And I would sternly say to the man who cannot support truth with true statements, and fair arguments: “Let her alone. What vocation have you to support her at all?” It may be said in reply to this, that an unfair advocacy of Christianity does no harm to a believer in it, while an unfair argument against it may, and that therefore the one

may be excused as against the other; but to this I reply, that this is true only in part—an unclean weapon always soils the hand that wields it—dogma is a poor exchange for conscience; nay if it were an alternative, which it is not, I would rather in dogma be conscientiously wrong, than disingenuously right. Morality is greater than opinion, although in my belief they are never dissevered with impunity; while the influence upon those who are thus dishonestly dealt with in the name of the truth, must be disastrous indeed. I am not sure which has done the greater injury to Christianity—dishonest attack or dishonest defence; at any rate it is better to sustain the one than to employ the other—to do what is right, and leave consequences with God.

Neither will I say much about *modern history*. You must all be aware what a vast difference there is between the old chronicler and the modern historian—between Dr. Dryasdust and Lord Macaulay. The difference is twofold. The one simply registers events, the other expounds them; the one narrates facts, the other paints pictures. There is as great a difference between history, and the philosophy of history, as there is between geography—a mere description of the earth, and physical geography—an exposition of its laws of life and motion. Hume and Gibbon were historians—both, indeed, were philosophers as well—but they kept their philosophy for their philosophical writings, they did not philosophize on the facts of their histories, they simply narrated. Hallam, and Grote, and Guizot, and Macaulay, and Froude are philosophical historians; they undertake not only to narrate the facts of history, but to unfold their political, and social, and moral causes. No doubt we have greatly gained in this. It is a great thing to understand the principles of a nation's life, as well as to know its facts; without the facts, indeed, the principles are but of little value. And, no doubt, history is a much pleasanter study in the panoramic pages

of a Macaulay, who not only narrates but paints. "Mr. Macaulay," says one of his reviewers, "has given us a book as irresistible as the most absorbing novel, as picturesque as the finest poetry, as easy reading as the lightest page that ever whiled away an idle hour. We are grateful to him for having enabled us to learn so much with so little effort and so much enjoyment. And in this age of crude thought, and wearisome and cloudy verbosity, we cannot sufficiently admire an author who really respects himself, his subject, and his audience—an author, every sentence of whose writing is worth reading, and yet no sentence of whose writing needs to be read twice."* His history needs nothing to make it perfectly delightful, as Sidney Smith said of his conversation, but "a few splendid flashes of silence;" you are dazzled and wearied as you pass over his coruscating page; from antithesis to metaphor, from passionate eulogy to vehement vituperation.

But is there not a perilous qualification of the benefit? Is the advantage all on the side of the philosophical history? The soul of a historian must always impregnate his history. How much more momentous must this be when he avowedly interprets events as well as records them. Is there not danger lest he exchange the judicial bench for the advocate's bar, lest he examine witnesses, and address the jury with a brief in his hand? Is not the artist in danger of distributing his colours, and even his facts, with a view to pictorial effect? Does Cromwell in the hands of Clarendon, do the Puritans in the hands of Hume, do the early Christians in the hands of Gibbon, fare worse than Dryden, and Penn, and Marlborough, in the hands of Macaulay; or, conversely, Henry VIII. in the hands of Mr. Froude? Are the philosophers, with their principles and prejudices both, safer guides than the chroniclers,

* *North British Review*, vol. xxv. p. 109.

with their prejudices only? If the principle be right, yes; but if wrong, no; and who is to decide? No single principle, again, or class of principles, can interpret any nation's entire history. Athens does not interpret Greece, as Mr. Grote's radicalism conceives. James was not quite such a poltroon,—perhaps,—nor William quite such a hero as Lord Macaulay's Whig spectacles represented him. Neither is Dryden, nor Penn, nor Marlborough, truly represented in his unrelieved shades. And assuredly Henry VIII. was not quite so amiable a victim of circumstances as Mr. Froude labours to show.

It is not all gain, therefore, that our historians are now philosophers and artists. The ordinary reader is more at their mercy. He has no practical means of testing their representations of fact, or their tone of colouring. For my own part, I confess to some weak sympathy with Sir Walter Scott, who says, of his *Life of Napoleon*, “Superficial it must be, but I do not care for the charge. Better a superficial book, which brings well and strikingly together the known and acknowledged facts, than a dull boring narrative, pausing to see farther into a millstone every moment, than the nature of the millstone admits. Nothing is so tiresome as to walk through some beautiful scene with a minute philosopher, a botanist, or pebble-gatherer, who is eternally calling your attention from the grand features of the natural picture, to look at grasses and chunky stones.”

One thing, however, we must remark—that History must ever sustain the most vital relations to Religion. History is God's revelation of himself in providence—a precious and a priceless volume of ever-enlarging instance and wisdom; Even in the Bible, history is God's chosen form of gospel revelation. And the recognition of this, in various forms, is one hopeful thing in modern history. In virtue of its philosophy, it can no longer be a mere chronicle of wars and dynasties, it must be one of peoples also, and of those only as they affect

peoples. From which it follows, that history regards more than ever it did the moral and spiritual as well as the material life of nations. The moral elements of Penn's and of Marlborough's characters are predominant in Macaulay's pages over even the political and military—his stand-point and test, that is, are, above all things, moral. It is a question of character, as well as ability. While the historian must speak of the world's actions as they transpire before the world's eye, yet his more philosophic conception of man in his entire being, together with the conscious and unconscious influence of the higher religious sense of the community, lead him to examine the principles of the actor, as well as his deed, his piety towards God, and his morality towards man. Read, therefore, I would say, the histories of our age with a hearty thankfulness for both their higher morality and their higher philosophy—their honesty, their earnestness, their moral tests, their artistic beauty; but, bear in mind as you read, that the tone of the historian needs to be qualified by a remembrance of his character, his principles, and his aims. Who says it, in modern history, is almost as important as what is said.

Passing by *Voyages and Travels*, which are contemporary history, and which are ordinarily characterized by the same vivid delineations, and the same feverish endeavours to say startling or smart things—we next notice

Biography—a form of modern literature that has grown into peculiar prominence, and is exercising, I believe, a powerful influence upon contemporary thought and character. Biography is a form of history. History is the biography of nations; biography is the history of the individual. "Biography," says Dr. Winter Hamilton, "is a feeble struggle with death. It attempts to retain something of that spirit which cannot itself be retained. It would recover a little of the spoil which has been borne away. It would lead captivity captive." In words which I have used elsewhere—

“Biography not only embalms a life, it idealizes and glorifies it; the harsh features of it are softened, and its beauties are enhanced by the composing hand of affection.” But this is often an endeavour more affectionate than wise; for,

(1.) There are biographies that never ought to have been written—dead records of dead men, little better than tomb-stones, and less serviceable as a public memorial. If a life have nothing distinctive in it, why defraud oblivion of its due? Only kings and nobles should be embalmed. Why seek to perpetuate an undistinguished life, save in the affectionate memories of home? Why not let common men exercise their natural right to die? Why should one’s goodnature or piety be tasked in perusing dull records of a life that has nothing but an ordinary piety to recommend it? Religious memoirs of ministers and of others are produced every year, almost every month, that surpass, in their uneventful commonplace and ingenious dullness, any possible inventions of romance. Mr. Albert Smith’s engineer’s story is but a faint representation of their inconclusive vacuity. The invention of a single chapter of such a life would stamp a man a genius. If a numerous and affectionate home-circle desire such a record, why not print it for private circulation? The eye of affection brings much more than it finds. The evil is that biographies are looked for as naturally as wills. The question is not—is there anything that may demand a biography, but is there anything that may supply a biography? The biographer is waiting, and materials for him must be found somewhere. “As for that extraordinary fashion of professional affection and bereavement, which proves itself by the process of making dead husbands and wives, or dead sons and daughters, into books, one cannot help regarding it as a standing offence against natural feeling, as well as—a much smaller matter—against good taste. There are people living who have survived to

execute whole families after this fashion. Heaven deliver all remaining friends from the cold undertaker-touch of those biographizing fingers! To have to die with the consciousness of an attendant of this description taking notes must be hard indeed.”* Such great writers of little lives are little better than a nuisance, and such biographies ought neither to be written nor read. One’s only comfort in their solicitous importunity is, that if you can but avoid them for two or three months, all danger from them will be gone.

(2.) Next, the biographies of good lives, badly written.

The true picture of a real, distinctive, noble life is one of the most valuable boons that can be conferred upon society; “each man’s life is all men’s lesson,” and the life of a Christian man—realizing as it does the very highest moral conditions of being—the love of holiness as his principle, the love of God as his motive, the love of man as his law—seeking the glory of God, the well-being of mankind, and the highest possible attainments in purity for his ends—is the grandest of all such pictures; but such biographies, either through incompetence of the life, or incompetence of the historian, are rare as comets. Our language contains some precious specimens of such—such, pre-eminently are the biographies of the Bible.

Some biographies are utterly colourless; the life that they seek to reproduce was noble and devout; but all its distinctiveness of form and hue is lost. It is reduced to little more than a catalogue of dates and occurrences. Its individualities are generalized. You cannot distinguish the man from his neighbours; the distinctive, religious life of him is toned down to conventional commonplace, so that it would, with change of name, do just as well for any one else. He is the conventional lay figure of piety; you see no one sparkle of his eye, feel no one beat of his heart. You are told that he

* *Blackwood’s Magazine*, June, 1858.

is a good man ; he is described as such, and attested as such ; but you do not see him before you living a good man's life. Such lives put together by the common bricklayer-hand of an indiscriminating biographer, can do no one any good : never read them, if you can help it.

Some biographies are partial, and indiscriminating, and are in this way deprived of all value. How rarely do we meet with one that is not. Every failing is sedulously softened down ; every virtue solicitously projected ; the better element of character is made to suffuse and attemper the whole ; it is eulogy rather than record, panegyric rather than history ; all shading is left out in the picture, it is aching, dismaying brilliancy, and no example therefore to ordinary men, conscious of infirmity. The entire life is interpreted by some one uniform principle of the biographer. If the man were a good man, every action is interpreted by his admitted goodness ; if a bad man, the reverse. For such biographers, Lord Bacon need never have lived.

Very different are the biographies of Scripture—in which, as in real life, men are good and bad both. In them you see a stern fidelity in recording sin ; a keen discrimination in marking off virtue. You see men as they were, better than their actions, worse than their principles.

Some biographers have the knack of suffusing their pages with a magic colouring—a glamour of piety—a roseate hue that is very unreal and delusive—a film is spread between the life and the reader ; every event is tinged with romance in the telling ; every feature idealized into beauty in the portraying : the artist uses only a vermilion pencil. The result is men and women such as you have never known—living in a kind of mystic pietism, acting under an ecstatic inspiration. You, yourself, therefore, are utterly disheartened and dismayed. Full of trembling solitudes, perhaps, about your own spiritual life, you draw the hasty inference

that if this unvarying temper of devoutness, sentiment, and fervour be essential to piety, you have never known it. You never feel greater discouragement than when you turn away from the perusal of lives like these. Try now as an antidote the biographies of Scripture—of Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, David, Peter, and Paul—there you will see how godly men have lived and struggled, sometimes overcoming evil, and sometimes overcome by it. And as face answereth to face in a glass, such experience will answer to yours. A life that is represented as all good disheartens you in the light of your own consciousness. A life of good and evil, in which, nevertheless, the good finally conquers, is your greatest encouragement.

Some biographers preach to you—their books are sermons, with a life for a text; and after the approved manner of the pulpit, you have at the end of each chapter of incident a *firstly*, *secondly*, and *thirdly*, with an application to two sorts of persons. A good life is its own best lesson, and the best biographer is he who simply exhibits it. The Bible gives you no formal application of the life of Joseph, the sin of David, the fall of Peter, or the parable of the Prodigal Son. No lives are so dull as those that are disguised sermons. Of course, most sensible people skip the preaching. A true life, truly exhibited, is the grandest of all sermons.

(3.) One more exception we must take—viz., to biographies that are purely professional—by which I do not mean medical or legal biographies, but biographies of the church or of the sect. These are founded upon the old mischievous distinction between the religious life of a man and his common life—between things secular and things sacred. Hence the favourite type of religious biography is that which records chiefly pious entries in a diary, pious habits of devotion, or of church-going, or of Sunday-school teaching, or of sick-visiting, or of specific religious agency, or of triumphant deathbeds. Now do not misunderstand me here, as intending to speak lightly, or as

wishing you to feel lightly, about a man's pious feelings towards God, or his habits of religious culture and worship; all that I mean is that these are not the whole of a man's religious life, and, therefore, not the exclusive materials for his biography; nor do they the best exhibit a truly religious man. The piety of the church and of the closet is one thing, and the piety of the market and of the social circle is another; and the two neither ought to be separated, nor can. Without the piety of the closet, that of the market is hypocrisy; without the piety of the market that of the closet is delusion: in the one case the man deceives the world, in the other himself. And the one is but the means of the other; a man goes to church, or enters his closet, for spiritual instruction, refreshment, and strength; but this is in order to the practical life of the world. Just, therefore, as I should not believe the biography that exhibited to me a man religious in the world and never in his closet, so I should deem worthless the biography that exhibited the man religious only in his closet, where it is so very easy to be religious, and never in the world. The true life of a man is that which he lives every day; and the truly religious man is he who is religious in all things—who makes not a work of worship, but a worship of work. If I am to judge of a man's religion I must see him buying and selling, and getting gain, and pursuing his pleasure—where his religious principles are submitted to severe tests—where he has to stand for Christ, one against a thousand; steadfast in his commercial integrity in times of pressure and panic; pure in his conversation in convivial company; spiritual in temper, and godly in habit amid prevailing worldliness. I want the biographer of Arnold to tell me what kind of a schoolmaster he was; the biographer of Fowell Buxton to tell me what kind of a brewer and member of Parliament; and the biographer of Perthes to tell me what sort of a bookseller. Let me thus see the real life of a man, not when he is worshipping

in God's house, but when he is fighting his world battles; and if he prove a spiritual and a faithful and a conquering man in these, the true record of his life will be a lesson of goodness and piety to me, full of teaching, and power, and blessing.

(4.) On the whole, perhaps no form of biography is so valuable and true as autobiography, and no editor is so skilful as he who stands behind his hero, and without comment or contradiction lets him exhibit himself. It is this rare gift of reticence that has placed Arthur Penrhyn Stanley in the very foremost rank of modern biographers, and that makes his life of Arnold one of the truest and healthiest lives in the English language. Nay, we can almost pardon the tedious twaddle of Moore's eight volumes of *Diary*, and the somniferous chaos of James Montgomery's seven, for the sake of the indubitable conception which slowly and laboriously evolves out of them. If a man be a true and unconscious man, he will always be the best limner of his own character; his letters and diaries will be the truest utterances of his own life. Therefore it is that we place upon our most honoured shelf of biographies the lives of Arnold and Buxton, of Chalmers and Foster, of Perthes and Niebuhr, of Mackintosh and Romilly, of Horner and Stephenson. However various in religious character and habit the men may have been, we see them truly as they were; all that they were to warn, all that they were to encourage; we see in them how men are made.

(5.) Let all, however, who read biographies, and especially the biographies of good men, avoid the common mistake of simply imitating them, of thinking that they must be good after precisely the same pattern. The evils of social conformity are not wholly on the side of the evil members of society; good men prepare shapes for us, and we think it a pious duty to squeeze ourselves into them; they would be our conscience within, our pattern without. We may be moulded too much from without, instead of growing vigorously from within; our

goodness may be that of conformity rather than that of principle. It is not all seeming goodness that is really such; nor does all real goodness assume the best form, or grow by the best process. There can be no greater source of perplexity and distress in the culture of character than the endeavour to be holy after another man's modes of holiness. Biographies, therefore, are not for our imitation, but for our stimulus. Principles are common to all good lives, but their developments must infinitely vary. To test our piety, therefore, by the habits of any other good man, and to endeavour to conform ourselves to the manner of any life, must ever be as disastrous as it is preposterous.

I will trespass upon your patience further only to say a few words upon what is perhaps the most popular and fascinating literature of our day, viz.:—*Works of Fiction*.—These are peculiarly a modern development, owing its rise to causes which it would be interesting to trace.

And, first, our concessions. We concede at once, unhesitatingly and thankfully, the high claims of fiction as a vehicle of teaching and impression. As a matter of fact, it has been universally recognized as such; no class of productions finds so many readers, or is the vehicle of so many notions and impressions. Who of us must not confess that our most vivid conceptions of history are derived from Shakspeare's dramas, from Scott's "Waverley" and "Kenilworth," or from Bulwer's "Harold" and "Last of the Barons?"

Who has not felt his deepest emotions excited by fictitious characters and catastrophes—ay, and, notwithstanding the perils of mere sentimental, unpractical feeling so ably pointed out by Professor Rogers,* made better by the excitement; by deeply-wrought sympathies with natural sorrow or suffering virtue? Who has not derived his most practical and influential

* See four admirable letters on novel-reading in Greyson's Letters, vol. i. p. 203.

impressions of certain social evils—from Mrs. Beecher Stowe or Mr. Dickens? As a simple matter of fact, therefore, society, as a whole, and its younger members in particular, are being increasingly educated and moulded by fictitious compositions. It is calculated that upwards of a million shilling volumes are annually sold at railway stalls. Mr. Reade sells some ten or twelve thousand of his economical novel; Mr. Dickens has a monthly sale of 40,000 of his shilling numbers; Mrs. Stowe publishes her new work—"The Minister's Wooing"—in two-penny numbers. And, with proper limitations, we see no cause for regretting this. If truth and good impression can be conveyed in the pleasant form of fiction, we have no invincible prejudice in favour of didactic dulness. I have never been able to see the virtue of the peculiarly bitter condiment with which chemists prepare their pills; I should give a decided preference to something saccharine. We are not pious because we are dull; nor is the piety of a lesson enhanced by the penance of its form. If, therefore, the imagination can be interested while the mind is instructed and the heart improved, why, we should hail it with as much delight as we do "Pleasant Pages" for children, and the multiplication-table set to music. There is in our nature an inherent delight in fiction. The romantic tales and the popular ballads of half-civilized people, and the nursery-rhymes and fairy-tales of the highest civilized children, alike attest it. Novels are fictitious biographies, or rather, perhaps, dramas, professing to represent life as it is, or as it should be. And if life be truly represented, its vices and follies denounced, and its virtues and nobilities inculcated, why should we not in this interesting way be stimulated to its culture. Sometimes actual scenes of history are reproduced in that specific form of fiction, which Sir Walter Scott may be said to have invented, and which is known as historical fiction. In this case, the novelist first tries justly to conceive the society that he would depict, and then, by

description and dialogue, fairly to reproduce it; so that we see it, as it were, a word-picture before us.

Hardly any person, I presume, therefore, would now be found indiscriminately to condemn all fiction. Who would like to throw into the fire dear old "Robinson Crusoe?"—a book concerning which Johnson asks, "Was there ever any book written by mere man, but this, that was wished longer?" Where is the boy who has not been fascinated by its interest, moved to sincerest belief by its naturalness, bettered by its moral tone, and influenced for life by its wise principles and precepts? Or, even dearer still, the unfailing companion of our otherwise dull, boyish Sunday hours, the glorious dreamer's "Pilgrim's Progress,"—next to the Bible, the most popular book in Christendom—in every sense a novel; and in which, as Macaulay has pointed out, the genius of the novelist so far overpowers the consistency of the allegorist, that Faithful dies in Vanity Fair before the pilgrim's way to heaven is all traversed. The "Holy War," too, comes under the same category; nay, the highest example of all has consecrated fiction as a vehicle for conveying truth—the Parables of our Lord standing first and peerless in this class of literature. This, then, is our first concession—that fiction may and must be read.

Our second is, the legitimacy of a literature for mere amusement. Sir Walter Scott frankly confessed that he wrote for the mere amusement of his readers. And while we should hardly like to be the apologists of a life so consecrated, yet there are many other lives consecrated to artistic and fashionable productions that would admit of no better defence. In a word, I am a great advocate for frequent intervals of rest and amusement both for boys and men—a little wholesome idleness—not entirely vacuity—is good and necessary for the mind as well as for the body. If a man may refresh his body by lolling on a sofa for an hour or two,

or sleeping in his easy chair, or strolling into the country, or playing a game at chess, or chatting with a friend—if he may gratify his taste by an hour or two of music, by visiting picture and sculpture galleries—adorning his house, perhaps, with their products—why may he not recreate his mind with poetry and fiction? I have no faith in useful amusements—in recreations wrapped round some solemn lesson of duty—in medicine at the core of a sugar-plum. When you work, work with all your heart; and when you play, play with all your heart. If you try to mix work and play, you spoil both. Play mixed with work is as worthless as work mixed with play. And I think that I may safely say here, in the heart of this whirling London, that we should all of us—ministers of religion, as well as shop-boys—be the better for a little more relaxation than we get; a little more cricket, a few more visits to the Crystal Palace, a little more leisure for painting and sculpture, for music, poetry, and fiction; whatever the work we are engaged in—however holy, and however urgent, we should do it the better. Even the Master could enjoin upon his disciples, in the midst of his great mission and theirs, “Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile.”

Such are our concessions to the claims of fiction. We now urge the demands which are to limit and qualify these claims. Our concessions have placed fiction, not under a fanatical and impracticable ban of universal reprobation, but under the law of moral and intellectual discrimination. We do not herd works of fiction together as a class, and pronounce a common sentence of banishment against them; this were an easy religiousness, as easy and as wise as the banishment of the world by shutting ourselves up in a monastery.

(1.) Our first requirement of fiction is, that it be *true*. Of course, I do not mean true to fact, but true to life. Its cha-

racters, dialogue, and incidents, are necessarily fictitious, or it would be history. But if these are to do us any good at all—nay, if they are not to do us positive harm—they must be true representations of human nature. Here, then, arises the peculiar difficulty and peril of the novelist. If, as we have said, the historian who finds his facts, almost inevitably gives them the form of his own principles and the colour of his own feelings—how great must be the temptation of the novelist, who makes his facts! Unless, therefore, he be a very conscientious man indeed, he will construct and colour them under the influence of artistic rather than of moral feelings. Here, then, it is that our Christian canon comes in. We are quite willing to concede to Sir Walter Scott what he demands, that he write works of fiction for our mere amusement; but we imperatively demand of him, that while he minister to our amusement, he do not take advantage of the entireness and confidence with which, on such a profession, we surrender ourselves to him—to produce false impressions upon our minds, or insinuate wrong feelings into our hearts. Why, Satan himself does precisely this—corrupts and ruins us, under the pretence of amusing us. We demand of the artist, therefore, that he be morally conscientious in the impressions which he makes upon us; and we unhesitatingly denounce the man who, whatever may be the artistic inducement, will permit himself to insinuate error, or to poison moral feeling.

One large class of modern novelists are avowedly moral teachers; they simply choose the novel as their preferential mode of inculcating their moral lesson or their theory. Thus you have the religious novel, and the novel of fashionable life, the high-church novel, and the hard-church novel, the evangelical novel, and the popish novel, the novel of business life, and the novel of prison discipline, the novel of Downing Street, and the novel of the Cathedral close. Even Cardinal

Wiseman, and Dr. Newman, and Mr. Kingsley, and the late Mr. Conybeare, and, if report speak truly, Lord Brougham, choose the novel as the medium for uttering their deepest and most earnest convictions. Now, when such is the avowed purpose of the novel, it is doubly imperative that the writer be vigilantly conscientious. Even when it is his solicitous purpose to be so, the artistic requirements of his fiction seriously hamper him, and render it a thing of the utmost difficulty to avoid overstating his facts, or overcolouring his characters. If he aim to remedy evils, he is bound to state them with the utmost fairness, and to propose his remedy with the utmost consideration. And especially since, like the preacher, the novelist has it all his own way; and if, like Mr. Dickens or Mr. Kingsley, he be a man of genius, no ephemeral review or counter-statement will live side by side with his work to counteract its injustice. Hence, I think, some of our modern novelists are obnoxious to some most serious charges of misrepresentation; their works are practically libels against the society or class that they profess to represent. Under the guise and excuse of fiction they deem no exaggeration unjust; they excite the imagination where they ought to appeal to the judgment; they delineate an exceptional, and sometimes an impossible villain, and they present him as the type of a class. If all that is meant be that we join in execrating such solemn hypocrites as Dombey, or such sanctimonious sneaks as Chadband, why, we are willing, heart and soul; but if it be meant that we take our estimate of the merchants of London from the one, or of its high-hearted, self-denying ministers of religion from the other, why then we say, with all the emphasis of conscious truth and indignant repudiation—No! Does Scott, in "Old Mortality," give us a righteous representation of the Scotch Covenanters? Is it true, in any sense that is fair and honourable, that our government offices are typified by the "circumlocution office;" that our prison discipline is

represented in "It is Never too Late to Mend;" that the virtues of women are fairly delineated in Colonel Esmond; that evangelical religion is what "Two Years Ago" represents it to be; or that the "Muscular Christianity" of all Mr. Kingsley's novels is the gospel of the New Testament? If not, it is no plea of defence that the characters are fictitious, and that the representation is on the side of virtue; we may not favour virtue by libelling even vice. A stern morality demands that when a writer professes to represent moral principles and social manners, he be as conscientious as if on a judicial bench; the laws of his art forbid counsel for the defendant to be heard, or witness for the plaintiff to be cross-examined; therefore is there all the more need that the judge be severely impartial. I may know that it is a caricature that is before me, and I may try to read it as a mere amusement, but I cannot shield my mind from the insinuated suspicion, nor my heart from the unconscious impression.

Unhesitatingly, therefore, we say, that the severest reprobation must rest upon the man, whatever his genius or artistic skill, who wilfully or carelessly caricatures what he professes to portray. Nay, the greater the genius the greater the injury, and the less the excuse.

On the other hand, it would be unjust not to recognize, with admiration and thankfulness, the great moral and social service which, in spite of these drawbacks, these writers have rendered; the wholesome rebuke of cant, and scorn of selfishness, and abhorrence of cruelty, and contempt of sentimentalism, which they have inspired. I have known a fraudulent tradesman called liar and rogue, and remain unmoved—he was called a Dombey, and he trembled with dismay.

I do not envy a man who could, the week before Christmas, read a book like Dickens's "Christmas Carol," without sending a turkey to his hard-working and underpaid clerk; yea more, without resolving that an underpaid clerk, should never

again sit at his desk. I should deem badly of the young man who could read "John Halifax" without being filled with high and noble purpose to be a self-helping, an upright, and a godly man.

2. Another thing that our Christian canon requires of the novelist is, that he be always *pure*.

And here Henry Ward Beecher, a distant and impartial witness, shall speak for us :—

"The most dangerous writers in the English language are those whose artful insinuations, and mischievous polish, reflect upon the mind the image of impurity without presenting the impurity itself. A plain vulgarity in a writer is its own antidote. It is like a foe who attacks us openly, and gives us opportunity of defence. But impurity, secreted under beauty, is like a treacherous friend, who strolls with us in a garden of sweets, and destroys us by the odour of poisonous flowers proffered to our senses. Let the reprehensible grossness of Chaucer be compared with the perfumed, elaborate brilliancy of Moore's licence. I would not willingly answer at the bar of God for the writings of either; but of the two, I would rather bear the sin of Chaucer's plain-spoken words, which never suggest more than they say, than the sin of Moore's language, over which plays a witching hue and shade of licentiousness. I would rather put the downright, and often abominable, vulgarity of Swift into my child's hands, than the scoundrel indirectness of Sterne. They are both impure writers, but not both equally harmful. The one says what he means; the other means what he dare not say. Swift is, in this respect, Belial in his own form; Sterne is Satan in the form of an angel of light. And many will receive the temptation of the angel who would scorn the proffer of the demon. What an incredible state of morals in the English Church that permitted two of her eminent clergy to be the most licentious writers of the age,

and as impure as almost any of the English literature. Even our most classic authors have chosen to elaborate, with exquisite art, scenes which cannot but have more effect upon the passions than upon the taste. Embosomed in the midst of Thomson's glowing "Seasons," one finds descriptions unsurpassed by any part of "Don Juan;" and as much more dangerous than it is, as a courtesan, countenanced by virtuous society, is more dangerous than when among her own associates. Indeed, an author who surprises you with refined indelicacies in moral and reputable writings is worse than one who, without disguise, and on purpose, serves up a whole banquet of indelicacies. Many will admit poison-morsels well sugared, who would revolt from an infernal feast of impurity.

"In this contrast are to be placed Shakspeare and Bulwer. Shakspeare is sometimes gross, but not often covertly impure. Bulwer is slyly impure, but not often gross. I am speaking, however, only of Shakspeare's plays, and not of his youthful fugitive pieces; which, I am afraid, cannot have part in this exception. He began wrong, but grew better. At first, he wrote by the taste of his age; but, when a man, he wrote to his own taste; and, though he is not without sin, yet, compared with his contemporaries, he is not more illustrious for his genius than for his purity.

"Bulwer has made the English novel literature more vile than he found it. The one was a reformer, the other an implacable corrupter. We respect and admire the one, while we mark his faults, because he withstood his age; and we despise, with utter loathing, the other, whose specific gravity of wickedness sunk him below the level of his own age. With a moderate caution, Shakspeare may be safely put into the hands of the young. I regard the admission of Bulwer as a crime against the first principles of virtue."*

* Lectures to Young Men. Boston, 1852.

This terrible indictment against Bulwer, written now some years ago—terrible because so true—is, happily, applicable only to his earlier novels. The excuse which is urged for Shakspeare may avail for Bulwer. In his later productions, he has furnished some works which, both in genius and morality, may claim rank with the highest in our literature.

All that we can say of works of this character is—avoid them utterly. Whatever their genius or popularity, simply and decisively resolve that you will never look into them. There are things that it is an unspeakable curse ever to know. If they do not defile the heart, they defile the thought.

3. The last thing that our Christian canon demands is, that the recreation of novel reading, like all other recreation, be *restricted within the limits proper to recreation*—that it be not permitted to become the business of your reading life. Nay, further, it will be injurious to you always to seek your useful knowledge even adorned and sugared. Novels, after all, are the alcohol of the mind—"Literature's gin palaces," as they have been happily designated.

Unconsciously to yourself you come to think far more of the condiment than you do of the food. Imagination and feeling are unduly excited, while the judgment and memory are disqualified. It is no excuse for the excessive reading of novels, therefore, that they impart much knowledge, and produce good impressions; even admitting this, it is only the child's expedient for making knowledge palatable, and if you be not careful you will find your power of sober and earnest application to study seriously damaged by it. You may feed the craving for exciting condiment until you can eat nothing without it. And this is your peril as young men from modern fiction, and it is a peril that can hardly be exaggerated; first, lest as amusement it encroach unduly upon your reading leisure; and next, lest under the guise of moral teaching it disqualify you for sober study and for sober life. Life is, after all, a very

different thing from the delineations of the novelist; and you stand upon the threshold of life—you have to do its work and fight its battles, and woe be unto you if, by excessive ministry either to the imagination or the sensibilities, you disqualify the reason and the will.*

Unhesitatingly, therefore, I say again, spurn altogether, as worse than a waste both of money and of time, as pandering to a weak and unhealthy craving for mere excitement, and as enervating every pure and noble faculty within you, the weak and sentimental and melodramatic trash that is manufactured to order for the circulating library and the railway bookstall. And for the rest, take the wise advice of your own noble president, given to the Christian young men of Bradford:—

“The question had been a good deal discussed of late with respect to the reading of the works of fiction. This was not by any means an unimportant matter, more particularly in an institution such as this, where young men were brought together for moral culture, but also for the very highest pursuits. He did not think there was any one subject upon which it was more difficult to argue, upon which it was more difficult to give advice or to lay down a rule, than that of the extent to which they were to resort to works of fiction. To say that all works of fiction were to be banished, and that they were never to deal with anything but plain, hard, and naked realities, was at once to endeavour to put an extinguisher over one of the highest faculties of the human mind, the imagination, one of the faculties that would lead them to the greatest sublimities, that would enable them to fathom the greatest depths, and that would even raise them by anticipation in this world to communion with God, and to the highest thoughts. On the other hand, to put no restraint upon it, to

* See Greyson's Letters, vol. i. p. 203.

allow the mind to run wild and the taste to become vitiated by laying hold of everything like fiction, he could conceive nothing more corrupting, nothing more pernicious. It was detrimental to the intellectual, but still more to the moral faculties. Persons who gave themselves up to the constant reading—he would not go so far as to say that novels might not be read—but persons who gave themselves up to the perpetual habit of reading novels, brought themselves into a state wherein their moral faculties were benumbed, and for all real action and for all great purposes positively useless. They went through all the virtues, and they fancied they had them; they read of all the great passions, and they fancied that they had fulfilled them; they read of all the duties and of all the chivalrous sentiments, and they fancied that they had tasted and discharged them; and having done that, they rested satisfied with the feelings they had entertained. He remembered a very hard-hearted man, a most profligate and wicked man, but he once made a very true remark. ‘I never go to hear a tragedy,’ he said, ‘because it wears out my heart.’ That was just what it did; and that was the case with all reading of this description—he meant if indulged in to excess. It did wear out the feelings; it did not satisfy them; it did leave you in the position of a person who thought he had discharged all the duties and all the responsibilities of the moral feelings; but then, when you came to the reality, and the action was required, you had neither the capacity nor the desire. He did not know himself what was a corrective to that, except to elevate their taste by all the means in their power, by the variety and dignity of their studies, or by running over a series of pursuits, whether in literature or in science, which might attract their fancy and suit their taste.”

In conclusion, beyond what has been implied in these remarks, I have no formal advices to give you, save one, which, indeed, includes all others.

We have been speaking of a department of our common life, with which we all of us have to do, and which directly or indirectly influences every one of us, every day that we live; more potent, too, in its influences than any other department of life, and in which the good and the evil are more subtle in their forms and more inextricable in their admixture, and in which, too, you can be guided by no specific precepts. No outward rules can be put before you, telling you, in the constant and varying productions of literary genius, what books you are to read and how you are to read them. More almost than in any other department of life you are necessarily left to the guidance of your own inward intelligence and principles.

It cannot but be that intellectually you will read many worthless books and receive many foolish errors; for it is only the cultured man who can intuitively discern what book is worth his perusal, what he is to reject altogether, what he is to skim, and what he is to study. There is no help for you in this—except the general recommendation to read, first and chiefest, the books which all men agree to call the best; for the rest you must be left to yourselves to gather knowledge and to correct errors by experience. Morally, however, it is different. Here you may be guided safely and infallibly; you may possess yourselves of an inward principle that will intuitively direct you to the good and preserve you from the evil. The most ignorant and uncultured youth may be guided morally in his reading as surely as the most advanced. You know what I mean: the principles of a true piety—the fear of God, the indwelling of God's Holy Spirit, and the love of holiness. The heart will always have instinctive affinities with whatever partakes of its own moral qualities. This, then, the principle of all life, and therefore so precious, is almost your only possible guide in the wide world of literature—the only infallible light of your under-

standing—the only infallible prompting of your heart. With the love of God in your heart, and under the guidance of His Spirit, you will walk through the realms of literature unharmed; you will know how to “choose the precious and to refuse the vile.” And thus we are brought round again, in this, as in all things else, to the sage maxims of the Book, which experience proves to be the profoundest philosophy, as well as the truest piety—that “the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom”—“A good understanding have all they that do His commandments.”

APPENDIX.

I.

"As good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself; kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men—how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books—since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends, not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence—the breath of reason itself—slays an immortality rather than a life."—*Areopagitica*.

II.

"In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am—no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling; if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise—and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart—and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for

want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called 'the best society,' in the place where I live."—*Channing's Essay on Self-Culture.*

III.

"We get no good

By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits: so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.

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Sublimest danger, over which none weeps,
When any young, wayfaring soul goes forth
Alone, unconscious of the perilous road,
The day sun dazzling in his limpid eyes,
To thrust his own way, he an alien, through
The world of books. Ah you! you think it fine,
You clap hands—'A fair day!'—You cheer him on,
As if the worst could happen, were to rest
Too long beside a fountain. Yet behold,
Behold! the world of books is still the world;
And worldlings in it are less merciful
And more puissant. For the wicked there
Are winged like angels. Every knife that strikes
Is edged from elemental fire to assail
A spiritual life. The beautiful seems right
By force of beauty, and the feeble wrong
Because of weakness. Power is justified
Though armed against St. Michael. Many a crown
Covers bald foreheads. In the book world, true,
There's no lack, neither, of God's saints and kings,
That shake the ashes of the grave aside
From their calm locks, and undiscomfited
Look steadfast truths against Time's changing mask.
True many a prophet teaches in the roads;
True many a seer pulls down the flaming heavens
Upon his own head in strong martyrdom,
In order to light men a moment's space.

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. . . Good aims not always make good books ;
 Well-tempered spades turn up ill-smelling soils
 In digging vineyards, even ; books, that prove
 God's being so definitely, that man's doubt
 Grows self-defined the other side the line,
 Made atheist by suggestion ; moral books,
 Exasperating to license ; genial books,
 Discounting from the human dignity ;
 And merry books, which set you weeping when
 The sun shines ; ay, and melancholy books,
 Which make you laugh that any one should weep
 In this disjointed life, for one wrong more."

Aurora Leigh, Book I.

Better than they all, perhaps, is a eulogy older than all—that of Richard de Bury.

"In books we find the dead as if alive ; in books we foresee things to come ; in books warlike affairs are methodized ; in books the laws of peace are manifested. All things are corrupted, and decay with time. Saturn ceaseth not to devour his own offspring, and oblivion covereth the glory of the world. But God hath provided for us a remedy in books, without which all that were ever great would have been forgotten. In books how easily, how secretly, how safely, may we expose the nakedness of human ignorance without putting it to shame. These are the masters who instruct us without rods, without anger, and without reward. If you approach them, they are not asleep ; if you interrogate them, they do not hide themselves ; if you mistake them they never murmur ; if you are ignorant they do not laugh at you. O, books ! alone liberal, and making liberal ; who give to all who ask, and emancipate all who serve you."—*Philobiblion*, 1344.

THE
Bible and Modern Progress.

A LECTURE,

BY THE

REV. JAMES H. RIGG.

THE BIBLE AND MODERN PROGRESS.

How vast, how inconceivably great, is the difference between this modern world in which we live, and that ancient world in which Socrates conversed and Plato wrote, in which Demosthenes contended with such keen and cleaving force of fiery argument and personal invective against those whom he regarded as the enslavers of democratic Greece, and Cicero, in rolling periods of vehement but majestic eloquence, hurled his hot thunders against the betrayers of aristocratic Rome—the world which Alexander so swiftly and speedily overran with his Macedonians, and which the legions of Rome held prostrate at the feet of the empurpled Cæsars! There was in that old world eloquence of speech and wisdom in counsel. There were liberties for which patriots bravely bled; and splendid empires which were consolidated and governed by deep statecraft, and defended and enlarged by unsurpassed generalship. Poets of undying fame poured forth the glorious tide of epic song; or embodied in dramatic forms, with wonderful faculty of conception and mastery of expression, old tragic histories of sin and sorrow; or composed sweet sunny pastorals, full of pleasant pictures and of home-coming sentiments and fancies; or struck the lyre to the soft melodies of love, or swept its chords under the inspiration of war's fierce passions and the battle storm. There were writers of history, who have left

behind them performances, some of which, in certain points of graphic excellence, are not easily to be surpassed. There were philosophers, who, if puerile in some of their passages of wordy and quibbling dialectics, nevertheless showed, in other respects, a wonderful subtilty and profundity of thought, and a not less wonderful grandeur and elevation of imagination; lonely and noble souls, whom we cannot but revere as well as admire, wrestling so strongly and patiently with the inscrutable problems of being and life,

“ Grey spirits, yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.”

There were, too, the glories of art and architecture, such as, within their proper limits, have never, even in modern times, been excelled, and are likely to remain models for all ages to come. Yet, with all this, again I say, how vast the difference between that old world and this happier modern world of ours!

Patriots bled for liberty. But what was the liberty for which they bled? What was Athens, at its best, but a fickle and turbulent democracy, ungrateful to its noblest sons, and swayed to and fro by able and artful demagogues, who knew how to flatter the vanity and pander to the passions of the multitude, who were prepared to appease them with victims, and to humour their tastes by gorgeous shows, by adorning and enriching their city, and by maintaining at whatever cost the efficiency and splendour of their theatre? What, again, at their best, were the liberties of Rome? Long did the grand Roman aristocracy lord it over an oppressed commonalty; then during a brief and tumultuous period, following a desperate and protracted contest, the Roman commons held a precarious mastership over the fortunes of the republic, and controlled the power of the proud senate; then, in the midst of a raging sea of uproar and dissension, the demagogues rode in upon the crest of the popular tide, and Rome's liberties,

such as they had been, were to be found no more. Dictator, Triumvir, Imperator, successively assume the purple; the throne of the Cæsars is set on high, though still, as if in mockery, the names and forms of ancient dignity and liberty remain; and the very spirit of freedom dies out of the carcase of the bloated and overgrown empire. True, balanced, progressive liberty, was a thing unknown to the ancient world. The great mass of the population, indeed—everywhere alike—were wretched slaves who had no rights whatever, over whom their lords had absolute power, even to life or death.

There were poets in the classic world—poets whose fame will not die. But, however musical may be their “numerous verse,” however choice their words and phrases, however bright the colours, and however distinct and beautiful the forms, inwoven in the tissue of their song; nay, however just and charming may often be their sentiments, yet these are merely earthly poets. They soar not heavenward; they float not on starry wing in heavenly places; they serve the god of this world. It were well, indeed, if much of the later classic poetry, especially the Roman, were no worse than merely earthly; it is horribly indecent. And yet, worst of all, to that world there was no indecency. In another than the Scripture sense of the words, the men of that world were “naked and not ashamed.” Not poets alone, but also philosophers—even the greatest of them—grossly offended in this respect. Sensual sins of the most odious and unnatural character are referred to in Plato’s dialogues with a bland indifference and pleasantry which seems sadly strange to us. To the abominable character of such crimes even Socrates would appear to have been insensible. No deeds of heroism, no wonders of oratory, no splendour of genius, far less any magnificence of architecture or lustre of arts, can relieve the heavy darkness, as of the shadow of death, which rests on such a moral scene as this.

But, in truth, the outward splendour of Athens and of Rome, splendid as those cities undoubtedly were, is, like the worth of Greek and Roman liberty, and the merits of classic poetry, in some danger of being overrated. Temples and palaces were magnificent; but, within sight of them, sometimes within their shadow, might be seen in every direction the hut of the wretched pauper who was fed by the state-dole. Tens of thousands of the inhabitants of imperial Rome, there is reason to suppose, had no other habitation than the streets, no nightly shelter but that which might be furnished by arch or aqueduct. There were in Rome no "refuges for the homeless poor;" as, in fact, there were no charitable institutions whatever. There are sad, I think shameful, contrasts of wealth and poverty, luxury and destitution, in London; but whatever London may be, Rome was incomparably worse. In the words of Mr. Howson, the learned and eloquent historian of St. Paul, it was "like London with all its miseries, vices, and follies exaggerated, and without Christianity."

In one word, the classic lands, with all their splendid trophies and triumphs, were but heathen lands. As Coleridge has truly said, pantheism was the religion of the philosophers, if they were not utter sceptics, and polytheism of the common people. The god of the former was a passionless and impersonal abstraction—a sort of personified order of nature, or a mere common unity and life, supposed to pervade and work through all things, or a remote metaphysical First Cause (so-called), a law and principle without a heart; such was the god of the philosophers, of the pantheists. The common people worshipped "gods many and lords many;" but these gods were only the exaggerated shadows and projections of their own fears, fancies, and passions, and their worship could only demoralize and debase. These were the gods whose temples arose in beauty and splendour—whose beastly legends were commemorated in life-like sculp-

tures on frieze and pediment—whose statues were the ornament and glory of the far-famed centres of classic culture and ancient dominion. *These* ruled the civic show, the public life, the solemn ritual, the legal ceremonial, of Greece and Rome. These, with their legends, their processions, and their worship, debauched the morals, debased the character, and darkened all the glory of the ancient world. In the midst of beauty, pomp, and civic grandeur—of swelling triumphs and extending conquests—of splendid skies, bright scenery, a richly-teeming earth, and refined and various culture—the people sat in darkness. Night lay upon their souls and upon their prospects. No philosopher could discover ground for hope of a better day; no seer could discern a dawning beam.

Perhaps the most obvious characteristic of ancient civilization, as compared with modern—a characteristic which implies its essential defect as being heathen, and not Christian—is that it grew up, in successive epochs, out of distinct nationalities, but was not moulded or carried forward by any common life of humanity as such; and that, as a consequence of this, though there was undoubted progress, yet there was no proper continuity of progress. The splendid barbaric semi-civilization which lay entombed beneath the accumulated soil and earth-drift where once had been Nineveh and Babylon, might never have existed; on the world's progress it left no trace. The civilization of Egypt herself, highly developed as it was, seems to have had very little effect on the rest of the world. The very key to the hieroglyphics was lost; the meaning and purpose of the pyramids remained unknown. Egypt never ceased to be a mystery and a riddle; the very land of the sphynx. Nay, even when civilization was decaying in Greece, few could have surmised that it was to revive in Rome; nor, in fact, was Roman civilization, properly speaking, the offspring of that of Greece. It had an independent root of its own, and would have grown

to maturity if Greece had never been known. Each successive civilization of the ancient world was, in fact, indigenous and national. The last and, in many respects, the greatest, was that of Rome. Without losing its own national character, it absorbed into itself much that had belonged to Grecian and to Græco-Oriental culture. It overspread the world, draining the springs and sapping the energies of all that did not become a part of itself. Within its vast horizon it had no rival, and could have no successor. Hence when, in its turn, it began sensibly to decay, it seemed as if the whole world were falling into the "sere and yellow leaf." When it was evidently dying out, the world was hopeless of a new spring.

Die Rome did at last. It was, in fact, dead long before it was despoiled by the barbarians. The secret of its "decline and fall" was the same as of the fall of every empire which had preceded it. Like the prodigal son, it had wasted its goods. Each nation brought with it as its heritage some portion of primitive truth and traditional morality. This was the salt which kept it from rank corruption—the cement which held it from dissolution. As long as a sufficient proportion of this remained, the nation might continue to advance and develope, and to carry onward the civilization it had inherited. But its very advancement created for it snares and dangers. Philosophy might be cultivated, but the fruit of this tree of knowledge was most commonly intoxicating and delusive, rather than elevating or strengthening. Arts and sciences might advance, but these only multiplied the temptations to display and luxury. Conquests might enrich the state, and foreign knowledge and refinement be added to it; but these proved ever to be only sources of increasing vice and degeneracy. A select few, like Tacitus and the Antonines, in the latest days of Rome, might, perhaps, still combine with the increased knowledge of their times the austere morality and nobleness of the forefathers of their race; but all

beneath them became more and more hollow-hearted, degenerate, and morally diseased, until, in the end, "the whole head sick, and the whole heart faint, having no soundness in it," the long-dying nation, shattered by the strong arm of some less degenerate rival, fell with a crash, and its carcase was given to be food for the birds of prey. Something like this happened in the case of Greece, overthrown as she was by the rising power of Rome. But far more signally was it fulfilled in the case of Rome herself.

Thus does all ancient history give the lie to that principle which has recently been so boldly, I dare to say so rashly, advocated by a writer of more learning than mastery of his learning, of more breadth of view than profundity of reflection, of more acuteness than philosophic patience and subtilty of thought, and of more audacity than power. It might have been held, as long ago demonstrated, that the progress of morals and of the world's well-being does not depend merely or primarily upon the forces and acquisitions of the intellect; but that even intellectual progress itself implies as a necessary condition a previous moral foundation, and depends for its permanence on a coincident moral advancement. Mr. Buckle's philosophy would be true, if there were no such independent and proper faculty in man as conscience. He, a philosopher, has committed the grave fault of ignoring this spring of man's life, this constituent of his nature. He evidently regards it as ultimately a mere function of the intellect.

And what a world was it when Rome had fallen! Those who trampled the life out of the empire were not merely barbarians; they were the savage fanatics of barbarism. The fairest and richest provinces of the empire they turned into utter deserts, as some of them remain to this day. But more precious than the harvests of Africa or the vintages of Italy were the treasures of science, philosophy, and art, the long results of classic genius and culture, which perished in the common

wreck. They quenched the last ray of philosophy in Europe, and left scarcely a trace of literary culture. They took a fierce and brute delight in despoiling and dismantling the temples, and in defacing or shattering the sculpture and statuary, which adorned the sumptuous cities of the empire. The civilization which a thousand years of progress had developed and matured, was all but obliterated in a century. True, the period of its vigour was past; its branches were no longer fresh and leafy, as in its prime; its moss-grown trunk was hollow and decaying; and its life was dying down in its roots. True, too, that its fruit, however fair in seeming, had been evil as well as good. But yet it was majestic in its grandeur, and venerable in its antiquity. Nevertheless, the Northern hordes, not content with stripping it of its fruit and breaking down its branches, rested not till they had plucked it up by its very roots.

Thus was brought back to the Western World the reign of "chaos and old night." Still the Eastern or Byzantine empire retained its civilization and coherence; each year, however, becoming more effeminate and degenerate. What a question now is it to ask ourselves, What would have become of the world from this time without Christianity? What would have become of the *Byzantine empire* without it may be to some extent conjectured from that which it actually was and came to be, notwithstanding the energy and unity which it derived from its Christianity. Had it been only heathen—its heathenism, too, of foreign importation, as it was, and of a mixed and mongrel character, having no roots in the soil of the empire, no authority of tradition, no prestige of antiquity, no principle of unity in itself, no vital relation to the civil or political institutions of the empire,—had it been only heathen, the Byzantine empire must have succumbed, as the Western did, to the attacks of such terrible barbarians as the Avars and the Huns, and have expired seven centuries or more

before the period when, after long decay and pressure, it actually gasped its last. Christianity, though itself infected in blood and degenerated in spirit by heathenish admixtures of philosophy and idolatry, was yet the life of the Eastern empire. Eclecticism may for a time flourish as a philosophy, as it did in Alexandria; but an eclectic heathenism, a mosaic of many mythologies, can never sustain the political fabric of an empire. Such an eclectic heathenism is no better than a fanciful and masquerading scepticism—it is no religion at all; and we may depend upon it that no state can be held in internal cohesion, or defend itself against external assaults, that is without a faith and without a worship. For centuries, as it has been well said, there had been only two faiths and only two worships in the Roman world—one the worship of the emperor, the other the faith of Christ. Zeus and Jupiter, Horus and Serapis, had long been superannuated deities. Who believed in them? Side by side, or face to face, they had been quietly arranged in the Roman Pantheon; but that very Pantheon, in becoming the common temple of a world-wide empire, had in fact become the common sepulchre of all the faiths.

Had there been no Christianity, there could have been no Mahommedanism. The idea of Mahommedanism is a derivative from the Bible revelation and the Christian faith. But for the monotheism of Moses, and the mission of Jesus Christ, there could have been no Prophet of Mecca, and no law of the Koran. What a world, then, let me again say, would this have become, if, when Rome fell, there had been within it no Christian faith! Were it possible to suppose that there could have been a Judaism without a Christianity, an Old Testament without a New, we should be apt to say that some Jewish conqueror must have arisen to lead forth his people, as Mohammed did the tribes of the desert, to rule over the nations with a rod of iron, and to give unity to a distracted

world, making Jerusalem his throne, and the nations his footstool.

But if, as Mr. Buckle would have us believe, the progress of this world has been simply and purely intellectual—if the religions of the various nations are themselves but the expressions, the crystallized results, and the indices of their intellectual status and advancement—mere registers and records of progress, not vital forces in themselves—then we have a right to separate and seclude from the rest of the world an element so individual and so isolated as that of Judaism—a people so alien and alone as the sons of Israel—and to ask what would, what could, have become of the Roman world, if there had been no Bible, no Moses or Christ, no St. Paul or St. John, no Augustine or Athanasius, no Christian Justinian, no possibility of a Mohammed? Surely a more hopeless night would have settled over Europe than it had ever known. Far, far away, and now forgotten for ages, perhaps for ever, the heroic glories of which Homer sang, the young enterprise of ardent Hellas, the culture of the Grecian prime, the law and majesty of patrician Rome,—farewell, a long and probably a last farewell, to all that the classic ages had known of oratory, and history, and poetry, of science and of art. Such as is now the condition of the roving tribes of America, as compared with the civilization of which remains have been found in the interior of that continent; such might the condition of the inhabitants of this famous Europe have become, as compared with its ancient glory. It might have been filled with fragmentary tribes and races, preying continually on each other, tending to retrograde in civilization rather than to advance, and scarcely any of them raised above the level of what the Germanic tribes themselves were when they dwelt in the Thuringian forests. Tartar chieftains, Persic fire-worshippers, even perhaps Brahmin conquerors, might have pushed their victories within these

limits, and from them possibly might have been derived a second and inferior civilization.

Europe, in fact, was by the irruption of the barbarians broken up into fragments without a common life, except the rising life of Christianity. There was a strange mixture and medley of tongues, costumes, and worships. Upon the wreck of the old mythologies, already confounded and intermixed, came crashing down the strong-handed and bloody gods of the North. Odin and Thor, Hesus and Hertha, came to claim precedence over Mars and Jupiter, and every deity, male or female, of the ancient world. What a chaos of faiths! what inextricable confusion of contending powers! The new gods displacing the old, and then jostling each other!

In the midst of all this confusion, however, there was the one principle of unity—the one spring of new and victorious life, to which I have referred. The Christian faith survived the wreck of all things else—the Christian Church outrode the storm. A deep, dense night, which all the researches of antiquarians have been unable to penetrate, save at a point here and there, rested upon the face of the mingled nations. “Darkness was upon the deep.” But the Spirit of God was moving upon the chaotic waters. The process we cannot trace, but, by the results, when at length the curtain began to lift, we know that the work was going on. The deepest darkness was in the sixth and seventh centuries. After that period the gloom began slowly to lessen. Light was growing. The nations had received, for the most part, a common faith, though mixed with much heathenism. For the first time in the world’s history, though divided into many kingdoms, they possessed a common consciousness and life; they owned the same God and Father; they felt that they belonged to a common humanity, redeemed by one God and Saviour, and included in one covenant of grace. Here was the beginning of a Christian world—of a new and world-wide civilization.

We must not, however, forget that there was a Jewish civilization as well as a heathen, and that this, unlike the heathen, so far as it was nationally characteristic, was from its early beginning to its full maturity sustained and developed by divinely revealed truth. Let us, therefore, briefly glance at the history of this civilization, and try to gather the lessons which are to be derived from it, so far as these appertain to our present purpose.

Rightly regarded, Jewish civilization must be confessed to be the most wonderful, and incomparably the most exalted and beneficent in character, of the national developments of the ancient world. The names of Moses, David, Solomon, Isaiah, and Daniel, stand as memorials of its glory. Its immediate sphere was limited, but how sublime is its story, how pure and elevated its worship and morality, how unapproachable the majesty and splendour of its literature, how wide its influence upon the nations, how unquenchable its vitality!

Egypt, a cruel foster-mother, would have strangled the infant people almost in its cradle; but the devices of the oppressor were in vain. Through a long and troubled youth, from the time of Moses till David, its history is but a record of incessant conflicts with surrounding warlike tribes. In the days of its sad decline, from Solomon to Zedekiah, it suffered greatly from similar conflicts. It was shattered by the mace of Nebuchadnezzar; and in Babylon was once more an oppressed captive in the "house of bondage," as in its early days in Egypt. Nevertheless, the nation lived on, was again restored to the land of its fathers, rejoiced again in its priests and its prophets, saw its military glories revived under the Maccabees, wore out the prowess and ambition of the kings both "of the south" and "of the north," and only succumbed finally to the all-victorious power of Rome. "The sceptre did not depart from Judah, nor the law-giver from between

his feet, until Shiloh came." The years of properly Grecian history, even counting from the age preceding the far-famed siege of Troy, cannot be made to number a thousand. The duration of the Roman power may be reckoned at about a thousand years. But the interval from the time of Abraham to that of Vespasian embraces a period approaching to two thousand years.

Nor did the Jewish faith and culture die, as did those of heathen nations. There was that in Judaism which could not die. It lent its best elements to Christianity, which is, in fact, only Judaism transfigured and transformed. As Christianity its spirit entered into the life of the nations, and began to rule the destinies of the world. For this, notwithstanding national unfaithfulness, and consequent national degeneracy and political decline, there had been a continually advancing preparation. Spite of idolatry and apostacy, a glorious line of intellectual and moral progress may be traced throughout the records of Judaism. David stood upon a higher peak of prophetic elevation and spiritual sublimity than even Moses; Isaiah and Jeremiah upon a higher still than David. Zechariah and Malachi cannot, indeed, compare in purity and splendour of diction with Isaiah; nor were they called upon, like him and Jeremiah, to denounce the burden of the Lord against grand and gigantic empires. They stood as prophets within a smaller earthly sphere, and they uttered their oracles in an inferior dialect, to a diminished and depressed nation. Nevertheless, there seems good reason to believe that their knowledge of truth, especially Divine truth, was broader and more catholic than that of the prophets who went before, and their view of the coming dispensation clearer and more full.* Nor, though

* Some idea of the general progress of the Jews in moral and spiritual culture, during the period succeeding Malachi, which is often regarded as an age of darkness and decline, may be gained from the

the prophetic order ceased from the time of Malachi, must we thence infer that the Spirit who inspired the prophets no longer visited the hearts of Jewish servants of the Lord, or that the process of spiritual advancement was stayed. In the line of the elect it was still carried forward, notwithstanding the deepening formalism and heartlessness of the nation at large. At the period of the Saviour's coming there were still to be found devout Zacharias and holy Elizabeth; there were Simeon and Anna, venerable as well as ancient, blameless in life, filled with the Spirit, "waiting for the consolation of Israel;" there was John the Baptist, greatest of preachers and most illustrious of prophets; there was even, most marvellous of all, a Jewish maiden found meet to become the mother of her heavenly Lord. Thus was the true Jewish seed, the Israel within Israel, "the remnant according to the election of grace," found, in the fulness of the time, ripened in knowledge and wisdom by the experience of ages, disciplined and perfected by a wonderful Divine education, elevated and inspired by long converse with rapt seers, in readiness to welcome the long-promised Saviour and King, and to hail the dawn of the Christian glory. We see the Mosaic dispensation itself, represented in the person of aged Simeon, and saying, "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." The spirit of the dying dispensation was, under a brighter and more majestic form, to reappear in Christianity.

Nor was it thus alone that the Jewish race performed its appropriate part in the preparation of the world for the reception of the Christian faith and life. Finally cured, from

Book of Wisdom, contained in the Apocrypha. This production of an uninspired Jewish writer excels in practical wisdom, as well as moral purity and elevation, any writing of classic antiquity. Yet it teaches no esoteric doctrines of an exclusive school of philosophy, but the current morality and the approved wisdom of the Jewish masters.

the time of the Babylonian captivity, of all tendency to idolatry, scattered by the dispersion throughout the whole world, they became, in the wonderful ordering of Divine Providence, a main instrument in preparing the way for Christianity. For two centuries before the coming of Christ, their Scriptures, in the Greek tongue, were accessible to the commercial and cultivated classes of every land. Great was their zeal in gaining proselytes, and as great their success. The nations of the world were aweary of their gods—there was nothing in their mythology—nor was there any more in their philosophy—to satisfy the deep cravings of their nature. The Jew alone had a living faith—a pure and noble worship—a sublime theology—a lofty morality. He alone believed in a God-directed historic past, and a glorious and triumphant future. So, though the Roman satirist might scorn the exclusive—and, truth to tell, too often sordid—race; yet, in every great city, and throughout every province of the empire, the Jewish faith counted crowds of proselytes. “The conquered,” says Seneca, “have given laws to the conquerors.” From these Jewish proselytes, less fettered by national pride and narrow prejudice than the “Hebrews of the Hebrews,” were gathered a large proportion of St. Paul’s first converts; and these generally formed the nuclei of the mingled churches of Jews and Gentiles eventually collected.

It appears, then, that even before the revelation of Christianity the direct line and law of the world’s only sure and stable progress were coincident with the advance and prevalence of Bible truth and knowledge. Each new accession of knowledge added to the permanent body of light in the world’s common atmosphere. Each prophet and holy man, as he arose, became a centre and fountain of health and energy to the world’s true life. Every breath of influence from the Divine Spirit which found entrance into any man, lent an onward and an undying impulse to advancing truth and righteousness.

But great as were the uses and services of the Old Testament Scriptures in carrying forward the education of the race, it is to the Christianity of the entire Bible that modern progress owes its peculiar forces and characteristics.

I have already, in pointing out a grand defect of all heathen civilizations, referred to the sense of human brotherhood in Christ as one of the peculiar and characteristic forces of Christian civilization. Compared with Christianity, even Judaism was greatly wanting in this. The principle is taught—prominently and emphatically taught—in the Scriptures of the Old Testament; but it is not *expressly* taught. The “calling of the Gentiles,” and the fellowship of the nations in the coming Messiah, was a prophetic “mystery,” the glorious meaning of which was not understood until after Christ had come. Meantime, the peculiar institutions of Judaism were exclusive, and, instead of tending to unite all nations on a common platform, set up a “middle wall of partition” between Jew and Gentile. Hence Judaism, though admirably fitted for its own conservative ends, and to be a preparatory dispensation, was not adapted to the breadth of humanity, was not fitted, as it was not designed, to be the religion of the world.

Another principle of transcendent force in the Christian life, is what has been called the principle of individuality—the sense of our personal and immediate responsibility to God, and of the dependence of our eternal future upon our present relations to the Divine and unseen. In this popular paganism may be said to have been wholly wanting; and even the Jewish dispensation, as compared with the Christian, was very imperfectly adapted to call forth this principle. I do not forget such things as the faith of Abraham, and the choice of Joshua, and the nobleness of Daniel; neither have I forgotten that spirit of personal devotion which breathes through the Psalms. But Judaism did not, like Christianity, go forth

to conflict with all other religions. It reigned alone, enduring no controversy, and held its own by power as well as by right. It dwelt in the midst of no region of doubt and debate, and contemplated no possibility of struggle or persecution as against itself. Whereas persecution, in the case of Christianity, called forth the mighty power of conscience and the accompanying sense of individuality. Christianity brought individual man face to face with God, as receiving from Him a faith and law which thereafter it were treason and impiety against Heaven to surrender to any terror or authority of man. The words of Peter and John to the Jewish Sanhedrim enfold the principle of this new force of Christianity—the mightiest that the world could know:—"Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." In these words we recognize the master-spring of liberty and progress for the race—of Christian heroism, of the prevalence of truth, of the full development of man, of the world's unresting advancement and final redemption.

These two principles, then,—the sense of brotherhood in Christ, and the sense and force of individuality—have mainly contributed to form and mould the Christian civilization. They have given intensity and elevation to the whole tone of thought and feeling, have enlarged, ennobled, and sublimed all that belongs to the intellect and heart—have made nations capable of true and progressive liberty, and laid the foundation of social brotherhood, equity, and well-being.

The Old Testament Scriptures did their work in the preparatory dispensation. And they still have their mission and their message to us. They can never become obsolete or be superseded. They not only throw light upon the past, but contain sublime utterances of Divine truth, and lessons of lofty morality, for all nations and for all time. And without

them the New Testament would be unauthoritative and unintelligible. They are an integral and a glorious part of our Divine Revelation. They receive, however, their perfection in the New Testament. This is the complement and supplement of the Old, and is intended to operate immediately upon mankind at large, in all its breadth and all its varieties. Christianity is no partial or preparatory dispensation. Its empire is to be universal, and its issues are in eternity.

It belongs to the perfection of Christianity that it should not be, like the Mosaic dispensation, a progressive revelation. In form and letter, it was completed by those who were originally commissioned to publish it. Since the close of the first century nothing has been added to it, and no one now expects that anything can or will be added. In one respect, however, this distinction between Judaism and Christianity is more apparent than real. For, under the influence of that Spirit, the peculiar dowry of the Christian dispensation, who has been given to "convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment," and to lead Christians "into all truth," by "taking of the things of Christ," and "revealing" them unto men—under this Divine influence, the true spirit and meaning of the Sacred Scriptures have been ever unfolding from age to age. So that in this sense the revelation is still *progressive*. The light of Divine truth is still growing and spreading; the conscience of men, and the common consciousness of mankind, are becoming more refined and sensitive; the meaning and practical application of Christian doctrines and principles are becoming better and better understood.

The Bible is, in truth, the seed-plot of all real progress. It does not contain all knowledge, but it contains that quickening truth, and there is connected with it that spirit and principle of life, which fit and discipline the soul for acquiring knowledge most surely and effectually, and which give the

ability to use aright the knowledge acquired. It teaches the master-truth, by means of which the heart is regenerated, and thereby the mind and soul filled with a divine fire and replenished with an undying and heavenly energy. It reveals to earthly men a sublime moral and spiritual world, and thus enlarges and exalts their entire being. It hallows all human relations; deepens, refines, and sanctifies the affections, and suffuses the whole soul with divine love and immortal faith. It inculcates grand principles of truth and righteousness, the meaning and glory of which are illustrated and developed by time and experience. It brings home to each man the all-quickenning sense of his individual responsibility to God, and binds the races and nations in brotherhood, by its fundamental doctrines of a common sin and a common Saviour, by its revelation of "God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." It provides beforehand regulative principles by which all conditions of society, all voluntary communities, and all national polities, should be ordered. All time is a commentary on its meaning, which comes out more gloriously from age to age.

The Bible has already, so far as regards a considerable portion of the world, "renewed the face of the earth." What a work has been accomplished! Let us recall the picture on which we lately gazed, of Europe as it was after the downfall of the Roman empire. Those "ages" were "dark" indeed. There was "no open vision." An all but rayless night lay upon the face of Europe. The light of the Bible, which, even during the worst period of the Roman empire, had never ceased to shine within the limits of professedly Christian communities, now suffered a long and disastrous eclipse. If it gave light at all, it was but within the precincts of some secluded monastery. Few, even among priests or monks, could read; and none but they had the opportunity to read the Bible. Even the services of the Church were performed in a dead language.

Nevertheless at this very time society was preparing

for the freedom and life of coming ages. The new and virgin soil which the barbarian flood had brought upon the face of the earth, was receiving the seeds, and being impregnated with the life, of the Christian civilization. Christian doctrines, it is true, were little known. Christian worship was grossly paganized. But a few mighty Christian principles, which, even in the absence of the Bible, could not be forgotten or unfelt, had entered into the life of the world. It could not be forgotten that Christ had died for all men, and that God was the Father of all men. Nor were there wanting, here and there, men who, like Boniface in one sort, and Bernard in another, lived in the faith of the Bible, diffused, with whatever perversions and admixtures, its great doctrines, and moved the world by their spiritual forces more mightily than all its conquerors. Under such influences as these, heathen nations were annexed to the pale of Christendom, lessons of justice and mercy were taught to princes and potentates; the blessedness of self-denial and charity was magnified; peaceful and civilizing arts were cultivated and diffused; the harshness of feudalism was mitigated, and its virtues were exalted; serfdom was first alleviated and then done away. A sure foundation was thus laid for civil and social advancement. By a necessary consequence, intelligence was quickened, and learning began to revive. The revived energies of intellect reacted upon the knowledge of Christianity; mighty masters of logical and theological science arose; and the general mind of Europe began to stir and awake. There appeared great precursors of the Reformation; then came the general revival of learning, the invention of printing, and the Reformation itself. Thus the spirit of Christianity moulded anew the life of the nations and the politics of the world—impregnated the whole soil of society with its principles, and the world's atmosphere with its influences; and created a civilization as truly and predominantly Christian—notwith-

standing many lamentable exceptions and drawbacks—as that of Greece or Rome was Pagan. At the time of the Reformation, the sun came clearly out from behind the long-intercepting darkness. The Bible was again brought into immediate contact with the souls of men. And, though clouds and darkness still linger in many parts, and nowhere is the air perfectly transparent, yet we know that the truth will shine more and more unto the perfect day.

The effect of the Bible upon modern progress may be viewed under these cardinal particulars—its influence upon philosophy, upon science, upon poetry and art, upon general literature, upon liberty, and upon social well-being.

Philosophy is a great name, perhaps not so great a thing. It strives to answer the questions—What and whence are we, and what and whence this universe? and, again, What is to become of us and of this universe? But these are questions which philosophy has found herself unable to answer. The utmost she has ever been able to accomplish has been to justify and expound to herself, in some degree, the answers to these questions which had been already handed down by tradition or given by revelation. Left to herself philosophy has ever found, and could not but find, existence and destiny to be problems utterly inscrutable. The only approximation to an apparent solution, which has ever suggested itself to mere philosophy, has been one or other form of pantheism. The unaided mind of man is incapable of conceiving of true creation—of “the free production of a universe by an Infinite Essence.” The spirit of man never scaled by logic to the sublimity of that stupendous thought—“Let there be light, and there was light;” or, as it is otherwise expressed by the Psalmist, “He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.” The endeavour of philosophers, therefore, from first to last, was to imagine how the organized universe might be developed out of pre-existing

rude and formless matter, by means of some inworking power and principle of movement and order, which they chose, as I may say figuratively, to call God. This power and principle, this heartless and impersonal Divinity, they tried to imagine as somehow infused into the material universe, and as influencing and moulding it by a sort of universal, omnipotent, and omniscient instinct—by a sort of instinct, I say, not by conscious Wisdom, voluntary Power, or loving Providence. They had various theories, they gave their speculations different forms, but this was the common character of all the attempts by which they vainly essayed to bridge the gulf between the Eternal Self-Existent and this shadowy and changing world. Thus has human speculation on all these subjects, in seeking to wing its way from the earthly region of sense and matter of fact to the empyrean of ultimate truth and of original causes, ever fallen down ingloriously into the weltering chaos of pantheism.

A subtle and developed pantheism is the substance of Brahminic Vedantism; a grosser pantheism was taught by Thales and the succeeding physical philosophers of the Ionian and early Grecian schools; a sort of mathematical pantheism was the doctrine of Pythagoras; pantheism is inwoven in the dreamy folds of Platonic idealism; a pantheistic necessitarianism was the Stoic creed and a pantheistic fate the Stoic God; a most complex and logically reticulated pantheism, in some respects nearly resembling that of the Brahminical philosophers, was taught by the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria. The only alternative left to philosophers, if they rejected pantheism, was to accept the atheistic materialism of Democritus and Epicurus; unless, indeed, with wiser Socrates, they resolved to refrain from all speculation as to physical causes, and confined themselves to accepting and expounding the traditional faith in Providence and morals, in a personal God and a moral government of the universe.

“Thus the world by wisdom knew not God.” It was reserved for the Scriptures to declare to all nations His glory. The Scriptures, indeed, do not answer philosophically the questions with which philosophy deals. They do not remove the difficulties which surround all reasoning and all logical inquiry upon these questions. They do not explain what the act of creation is, how the world was brought into being, how matter can act upon mind—or mind, *i.e.*, will, upon matter. These mysteries are left just what and where they were. But the Scriptures settle the facts of the case; about which, most of all, the earnest-minded among the philosophers were concerned; for the sake of endeavouring to determine which they were continually attracted, as by a fascination, to these deep subjects. The Scriptures proclaim the fact of creation; they make known the glory of the Creator; and thus dispel the mists of pantheistic speculation. They teach that the Creator, by whose will and fiat the world was made and is ever governed, is One and Alone, and thus annihilate at a touch the clouds of rival or inferior divinities which filled the Olympus of the ancients. Pantheism and polytheism die by one blow. They teach that man was by God created upright, but found out many inventions: thus the Platonic dream of pre-existence is put to flight. They reveal a celestial world of spiritual and endless glory and blessing; and thus, by a living and transcendent *reality*, throw into deep shadow and oblivion that supercelestial sphere of archetypal ideas which Plato so wonderfully imagined, and about which Kingsley makes his Frank Leigh rave so deliciously. They set forth against the red sky of a burning world Christ’s great white throne of universal judgment, and thus displace the Oriental and Pythagorean doctrine, which Plato also adopted, of the metempsychosis. They bring life and immortality to light, and, therefore, men trouble themselves to grope no longer.

The effect of the Bible upon philosophy has been to restrict

her within narrower and humbler limits than those within which she affected to take her ancient range. The great lesson taught has been that she has no plumb-line wherewith to sound the mysteries of being; that the length and breadth and depth and height of the infinite and eternal, are utterly beyond her ken; that it is altogether in vain for her to seek after the innermost secrets of power and change, and life and death. She can observe and classify the facts of consciousness, the phenomena of mind, she can take cognizance of conditions and relations; but the deepest problems of being can only be answered in a sense which human reason is incompetent positively to realize or truly to understand. What Sir William Hamilton has lately demonstrated by logic, is the result to which the Bible revelation has from the beginning pointed, and to which Christian thinkers for many ages have, for the most part, been constrained to come. "Who by searching can find out God? Who can find out the Almighty to perfection? Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it."

It is true that men did not learn this lesson all at once. In the first ages of Christianity, traditional philosophy, with its roll of starry names, still solicited their regards. Novel and ingenious speculations were set up in rivalry to the Christian revelations, and were expounded and defended with no small power of logic and rhetoric. Many of the early Christians had been brought up in the schools of the prevalent philosophy, and retained a strong predilection for its methods and its subtleties. The Bible, too, was not brought near enough to the people at large, nor was its simple meaning suffered to shine out. Afterwards, in the middle ages, its light was all but extinguished; while Plato and Aristotle, at first or second-hand, were closely studied, and the mystic phrases of certain more-than-half-heathenish, though nominally Christian, writers of the Alexandrian complexion of false philosophy,

were, from their rhapsodical obscurity and their continual references to what they spoke of as converse with Deity and participation of the Divine, mistaken for effusions of ecstatic saintliness. Nevertheless, the leaven was working; the true Bible influence was spreading and deepening; evangelical truth, in its genuine character, gradually asserted its power over the mind and heart; the middle-age mystics became less pantheistic and more truly devout and believing. Tauler even prepared, in some degree, the way for the coming of Luther; and, with Luther's appearance, the reign of scholasticism and of ambitious and delusive philosophizing was over. No John Scotus Erigena has since appeared, but only an Angelus Silesius, a Behmen, and a Swedenborg. Pity that in these times such teachers as Coleridge, Maurice, and Kingsley, should have been trying to lead men back from the day-light which for three centuries has been spreading broadly over the face of Christendom, to the clouds and darkness which the night of heathenism had left behind, which so long hung heavily over the morn of Christianity, and which only the free breezes of modern thought, waked up at the era of the Reformation, and the growing light of Scriptural knowledge, have been able to disperse. These writers, anti-Romanist though they be, are notwithstanding the founders of a new modern patristic school of traditional theosophy; the fathers whom they follow are—not, indeed, Irenæus, Ignatius, Cyprian, and the Gregories—but Philo the Jew, Clement the Alexandrian, Origen, whom his contemporaries solemnly adjudged a heretic, and who by the orthodox has ever been so regarded; Synesius, the Neo-Platonist Bishop; the "*Master* Boetius," as the German mystics, whom these teachers admire, were accustomed to dignify the pantheizing and half-heathenish philosopher, and the so-called Dionysius Areopagiticus, that rank pantheist of the sixth century, whom the same German mystics adorn with the title of Saint.

Philosophy, then, under the reign of Bible-truth, has been compelled to take a lower seat. Men no longer look to it as to a revelation. It takes its rank as one of the inductive sciences. But it is learning—it has almost learnt—that the region of true causation lies altogether beyond its sphere—that the penetralia of being and ultimate reality are utterly inaccessible to human reason.

Modern German philosophy, indeed, has not—or had not until very lately—learnt this lesson. The reason is obvious—the German transcendentalists did not regard the Bible as a Divine revelation. Therefore, Schelling and Hegel have not advanced a step in real progress beyond the point which Plotinus had reached fifteen hundred years ago; have scarcely, indeed, advanced beyond the point around which Brahminical pantheism revolved nearly three thousand years ago. Poor ill-matched human logic, dealing impotently with the Absolute and Infinite, runs continually the same round from age to age, and reproduces identical absurdities and contradictions. Refusing to receive as final the authority of the Word of God, the seekers after wisdom—

“Find no end, in wandering mazes lost.”

It is gratifying, however, to learn that this transcendental philosophy, fruit as it was of an intellectual pride which forgot that the very forces and culture of the intellect itself were due to the Christianity which it undertook to deny and defy—this philosophy has now in Germany fallen into almost entire neglect.

Science, no less than philosophy, has felt the influence of the Bible. In the ages of heathenism, philosophy and science were not distinguished from each other; the physical was as yet one with the metaphysical. The only test and standard of truth which men in those days knew was human reason. Having no authoritative and external revelation of moral

truth, they brought before the judgment-seat of their own reason all that related to the nature and moral government of God, and the duties and destinies of man. Was it not, therefore, inevitable that, in a lower sphere, they should endeavour to determine by the same faculty what must be the order, purpose, and laws of the material universe? The physics of Pythagoras, Plato, Plotinus, and Proclus, were but a province annexed to their metaphysics, and the same ideas and principles were supposed to rule in both spheres. It was not surely wonderful that Plato, believing that the purged and philosophic soul could now and again ascend on high above the uppermost limit of this material and sense-clouded sphere, and catch a glimpse of that world of unveiled truths and eternal realities of which all earthly things were only shadows, symbols, and types, should suppose that, from that high stance, the essential laws and most spiritual harmonies, of which the method, movements, and order of the material universe were but the expression, should be at least in measure made known to the purified truth-seeker. Not wonderful that Plotinus and Proclus, who conceived that by their "intellectual intuition" or "ecstasy" they were brought face to face with truth and the divinity, should assume to declare the laws and set forth the order of the universe. Any other but the "high *priori* road," whether in metaphysics or in physics, was impossible for such philosophers as these. Aristotle, indeed, whose philosophy was in advance of his age, seems to have had more than an inkling of the true method of physical science, and has given us some instances of its application. But even his clear-sighted and mighty common-sense intellect was not sufficiently powerful to stem the set and current of his times, or even to resist the infection of the false prevailing method.

But from the time that the reign of the Bible began, the dominion of metaphysical physics and of deductive *a priori*

science could not but begin to pass away. In the light of revelation men learnt that reason was but a blind guide in such high matters as the laws and order of the universe. The revelation of moral and spiritual truth showed how feeble and misleading had been the highest attempts of philosophy in *that* sphere; and this brought utter discredit on all its pretensions. The great lesson taught was, that man *may* be able to *interpret a revelation*, and to understand and expound the order and glory of a Divine method, *when once made known to him*; but that *beforehand to discover* what should be the principles and laws of the Divine order and government, is beyond his power. This lesson applied with equal directness and force to the moral and to the physical government of God. And herein consists the principle of inductive science. To listen for the voice of God, whether heard in his Word or his works—humbly to learn from Himself what *is* his method and what *are* his decrees; to recognize a Divine revelation in the events and sequences of the outward world no less than in the records of sacred history and prophecy; by careful and patient observation and comparison to spell out from the one revelation what are the laws of his government and what is the glory of his rule, *in things sensible and material*, as from the other to learn what are his character and attributes, and what the counsel of his will and the nature of his law *in the moral government of his intelligent creatures*;—such seem to be the true principles of inductive science. The same temper which befits the intelligent and humble student of God's Word, befits the student of nature. Both alike must feel that they cannot prescribe to God, that they must bring no foregone conclusions to their inquiries, that their reason has but to search, and learn, and understand, and admire; not to demur or to criticize. Each must prosecute his studies with the same conviction, that "God is his own interpreter, and he will make it plain."

I have already had occasion to remind you, that during the lingering night of the middle ages men were practically without a Bible—though not without a Biblical tradition, however corrupted. Being practically without the Bible, they did not live as within the light and under the sense of a revelation. The old philosophy, too, as we have seen, had infected all the literature that was left to the world. Many times there were monks and earnest men who had no Bible, but who had some semi-pantheistic book of mystic false devotion, or some second-hand tome of paganish philosophy. Hence, in the scholastic philosophy—the philosophy of the middle ages—the deductive spirit still ruled, and there seemed to be no dawning of the true principles of inductive science. Nevertheless, beneath the shadow of scholasticism itself, the beginnings of modern science were growing up. Strong and simple-minded men, who believed in God, in the Bible, and in nature, as the handiwork of God, but who did not believe in scholasticism, nor, sometimes, in the Pope, were observing, registering, and experimenting, and thus laying the foundations on which such grand structures of knowledge have since been reared. It must never be forgotten that an obscure friar, called Roger Bacon, lived centuries before the appearance of Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, and that after ages have been in doubt which was the greater philosopher of the two.

But Lord Bacon must ever stand forth as the great representative of modern science. He was truly a great philosopher, in the best sense of a wise truth-seeker. Most intolerant was he of mere speculations and hypotheses, of unprofitable philosophic discussions and subtleties, of scholasticism in the lump. But he believed in his Bible, and he believed in the wisdom and providence of God. It was his profound conviction that only by waiting, watching, learning, most patiently and humbly, to know what it is that God says, and

to understand what it is that God has done, can man know anything truly, or lay up any knowledge in store for the times to come. This is the true Christian, and the true Protestant temper. The word and the works of God are our only revelation.

“Man,” says Bacon, “as the minister and interpreter of nature, does and understands as much as his observations on the order of nature, either with regard to things or the mind, permit him, and neither knows nor is capable of more.”

“The sole cause and root of almost every defect in the sciences is this, that while we falsely admire and extol the powers of the human mind, we do not search for its real helps.”

“The subtilty of nature is far beyond that of sense or understanding; so that the specious meditations, speculations, and theories of mankind, are but a sort of insanity, only there is no one to stand by and observe it.”

“There is no small difference between the illusive conceptions of the human mind and the ideas of the Divine mind—that is to say between certain idle dogmas and the real stamp and impression of created objects, as they are found in nature.”

These grand sentences are culled from Bacon's aphorisms, and it is upon such maxims as these that modern science is founded. Philosophers now-a-days are but the reverent ministers and interpreters of nature; they first spell out to themselves, letter by letter, and syllable by syllable, and then read to others, the laws and ideas of the Divine mind, as these are expressed in the outward universe. How candid, how patient, how humble, must be the true student of science! All prepossessions must be held in abeyance, all discoloration of prejudice removed from the pure atmosphere of observation and thought, all pride of intellect must be cast down, all that belongs to the man's own will and self must be dumb and

still—that the ways of Nature may be truly traced, that the works of God may be rightly read. Well would it have been for the truth of Biblical Theology, and for the peace of the Church, if the candid, teachable, and self-denying temper of the true inductive philosopher had always been found in the students of the Sacred Word. But, at any rate, it must be admitted that precisely such is the temper which befits the study of God's Word—precisely such the temper which the faith and doctrines of that Word are adapted to inspire.

There have been, doubtless, men of science who were not believers in the Bible, as there have been Bible-students who were more or less hostile to science. But it is, notwithstanding, a most unnatural divorce which puts asunder the Word and the works of God. The Bible-student who is unfriendly to science must be a man of the letter rather than the spirit—not one of the noblest, truest, or profoundest students of the Sacred Word. And the man of science who denies or slights the Bible will not, as a rule, be one of the noblest of the sons of science. In point of fact, though there may often have been a mere mathematical philosopher, like Laplace, who has been an unbeliever, this has seldom been the case with the true inductive philosopher who comes into contact with Nature's living processes, and hears the perpetual whisper of her living voice. A crowd of names rise up to illustrate this statement. In Britain the succession has been well sustained from the time of Newton and Boyle to the present age, in which the names of Buckland, and Fleming, and Miller, and Sedgwick, and Brewster, are but among the most obvious instances of a very numerous class. On the Continent, indeed, there have been learned men of the modern inductive school who were pantheists, but only because for a while, in Germany—not indeed among those who constitute the heart and bulk of the nation, but among the so-called philosophers, who, intoxicated by the pride of intellect and logical culture, had

undertaken with the ell-wand of their own Reason to measure the Universe,—pantheism was the all but universal faith. But such a creed could not continue to prevail without inductive science grievously suffering. Indeed the transcendental philosophy of Germany has, in its general influence, and especially in some marked instances, shown itself to be insensible or hostile to the claims and merits of the inductive philosophy. Happily, however, the pantheistic delusion in Germany has well nigh passed away. In France the names of Cuvier and Ampère stand out to show how well the claims of Christianity and of science harmonize.

Certain it is that that faith in a personal God and Father which the Bible teaches cannot but add great interest and attractiveness to the studies of the natural philosopher. Let this faith be removed—the faith in the Christian's God—and a living science seems to be at once transformed into a dead register. We talk of the wisdom, the power, the order, the benevolence of Nature. But let Nature be conceived of as apart from a living Providence and a personal God, and then what do such expressions mean? They have no true or real meaning. They are utterly illusive. Is all the wisdom, are all the marvellous adjustments, of Nature but the *curiosa felicitas*—the happy conjunctures—the exquisite chance-unisons—of we know not what? When lost in admiration of marvellous organizations—complexly apt and beautiful contrivances—of what seem like the most kind and beneficent provisions, is the soul that is beginning to glow with wonder at this seeming Wisdom, and to swell with thankfulness because of this seeming Love, to be chilled into blank amazement and confusion by the thought that there is no Being of wisdom and benevolence who can be thanked or adored because of these his wonderful works? Surely this were enough to darken the universe to the explorer of Nature's mysteries, and to fill his soul with perpetual melancholy and confusion. On the

other hand, how Nature shines with new glory to him who not only believes it to be the handiwork of God, but believes and knows that God to be his Father! To such an one

“Nature, throwing wide
Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile
The Author of her beauties, who, retired
Behind His own creation, works unseen
By the impure, and hears His power denied.
The soul that sees Him, or receives sublimed
New faculties, or learns at least to employ
More worthily the powers she owned before;
Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlooked—
A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms
Terrestrial—in the vast and the minute
The unambiguous footsteps of the God
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels His throne upon the rolling worlds.”

But to the soul thus replenished and sublimed, not only do nature and science become new things, radiant with a spiritual and divine glory; all things are to such a soul made new. Thus poetry and art receive a new life and a new glory.

I have classed Poetry and Art together, for their object, speaking generally, may be said to be the same. Painting and sculpture represent to the eye such scenes as poetry would describe in words. Music is the natural accompaniment of verse; its tones and harmonies of thrilling power, or of “linked sweetness long drawn out,” are intended to excite feelings of the same class with those which are produced by lyric verse. Poetry, in all its kinds—Art, in all its varieties, deals with the emotional susceptibilities of our nature—with our sense of the beautiful, the noble, the sublime, the terrible, the pitiful. Into no sphere could Christianity be expected to introduce a richer fund of new life than into this. The Christianity which has enlightened and schooled philosophy, and stimulated and ennobled science, has at the same time

poured a flood of glory upon the outward world of nature, and invested with a sacred and awful majesty the inner world of the spirit. It has touched all things—human life most of all—with sublimity and grandeur. It has quickened and ennobled the whole soul, both mind and heart; it has called into exercise a new order of faculties; it has revealed to the spirit a new world of transcendent glory. What power and what pathos have thus been added to man's nature! What poetry, what painting, what music, have been awaked into "glorious birth!"

Comparing the Christian with the classic world, Professor Wilson beautifully says ("Recreations," vol. ii. pp. 49, 50): "We seem to feel more profoundly than they—to see, as it were, into a new world. . . . Since the revelation of Christianity, all moral thought has been sanctified by religion. Religion has given it a purity, a solemnity, a sublimity, which, even amongst the noblest of the heathen, we shall look for in vain. The knowledge that shone but by fits and dimly on the eyes of Socrates and Plato, 'that rolled in vain to find the light,' has descended over many lands, into the huts 'where poor men lie;' and thoughts are familiar there, beneath the low and smoky roofs, higher far than ever flowed from the lips of Grecian sage meditating among the magnificence of his pillared temples."

"Religion," he adds—the Christian religion—"has made poetry far more profoundly tender, more overpoweringly pathetic, more humane and thoughtful far, more humble as well as more high." "As human nature has been so greatly purified and elevated by the Christian religion, poetry, which deals with human nature in all its dearest and most intimate concerns, must have partaken of that purity and that elevation, and may now be a far holier and more sacred inspiration than when it was fabled to be the gift of Apollo and the Muses. We may not circumscribe its sphere. To what ceru-

lean heights shall not the wing of poetry soar? Into what dungeon-gloom shall she not descend?"

Again, says Archdeacon Hare—I love to quote such high names as authorities against the old heresy, which now, born again out of due time, Mr. Buckle has fathered; and it would be easy to multiply testimonies to a similar effect from such authors as F. Schlegel, Neander, and De Quincey—Archdeacon Hare says, "Much has been written of late years about the spiritual genius of modern times, as contrasted with the predominance of the animal and sensuous life in the classical nations of antiquity. But when the source of this difference has been sought after, the seekers have gone far astray. One set have talked about the influence of climate; as if the sky and soil of Italy had undergone some wonderful change between the days of Augustus and those when Dante sang and Giotto painted. Others have taken their stand among the Northern nations, echoing Montesquieu's celebrated remark, that this fine system was found in the woods; as though mead and beer could not intoxicate as well as wine; as though Walhalla, with its blood and skull-cups, were less sensual than the Elysian islands of the blessed. A third party have gone a journey into the East; as if it were possible for the human spirit to be more imbruted, more bemired with sensuality, than amid the voluptuousness and macerations of Oriental religions. The praise is not of man, but of God. It is only by His light that we see light. If we are at all better than these first men, who were of the earth, earthy, it is because the second Man was the Lord from heaven."—"Guesses at Truth," vol. i. pp. 249—251.)

Modern Poetry was baptized at its birth, not in the Castalian fount, but in the waters of "Siloa's brook, that flowed fast by the Oracle of God." What a contrast between Homer and Dante! And how many of the greatest poets since Dante have sung under a like inspiration! The names of Spenser, and

Milton, and Young, and Thomson, and Cowper, and Montgomery, among English poets only, will occur at once to every one. Shakspeare, it is true, was a child of earth and nature; human life in the present is his proper sphere. But yet the world which he painted was at all times, and no matter how masqued, a Christian and not a heathen world; the principles, feelings, and fancies which teem from his lifeful poetry are those of modern and Christian times. The pulse of our rich Elizabethan spring-time beats within his soul. The grand impulse of the Reformation—the awakening forces which followed the unfettering of the Bible—the free, fresh airs of the young life of reformed England—these helped to rear into perfection the genius of Shakspeare.

Other great poets there have been—I need only name Pope and Byron—who have too often breathed a spirit anything but Christian. But as to such, I remark, that they may have been great as *artists*, even when degrading their character as poets in the true sense, by dealing with earthly things in a selfish and worldly spirit, and, moreover, that even when hostile to Christianity, they could not escape from the impulse and energy and expansive power which, in common with all men, they had received into their soul from the Christian life; nay, it may be further said, that when rising into true sublimity, or melted and melting by fine pathos, they owed their inspiration, little as they might deem it, to the grandeur or to the tenderness of Christian truth. Wordsworth is a poet of a different order from these. Throughout a great part of his writings, as was, with a noble fidelity, pointed out by Professor Wilson, he is studiously unchristian—a mere deistical philosopher—a better sort of nature-worshipper—his religion, what he has himself called “the religion of the woods.” But, nevertheless, the high *morale* of his philosophy, and the tenderness, beauty, and rapture with which he describes natural scenery, as also the lowliness with which

his muse condescends to "low men's huts," and all the matters of their common, homely life, are, in effect, borrowed without acknowledgment from Christianity. But what has been the consequence of this sad abstinence from any recognition of the Cross, the Saviour, and the Bible? His greatest poem is cold, comparatively tame, and permanently unpopular. Never will it, like the "Task" of Cowper, become a household book for all the folk of England. We have a great living poet. His exquisite poem, "In Memoriam," is admired by a large circle of refined thinkers, is often touching in its pathos, and sometimes rises to the moral sublime. Why? Because it treats profoundly of such thoughts and feelings as Christianity has stirred in the deep hearts of the most earnest men of the age. But why is it not popular? One reason is that it, likewise, can scarcely be called Christian. Why, again, are his wonderful artist-like sketches of classic studies, and fabling fancies, so little read by most people, while the "May Queen" is on every lip? Need I answer why?

Modern Painting, too, yet more than modern Poetry, was, in its earliest beginning, distinctively and emphatically Christian. Pictures were, in those days, to all but a very few, the only reading books; to the devout they afforded the only version of the Bible—often, alas! grossly corrupted and interpolated—which they could read. Hence the "storied windows richly dight," and the pictured altar-pieces. The first struggling conceptions of the artist, so rudely expressed and so painfully executed, yet showing such genuine truth and life, were endeavours to delineate sacred events and scenes of the Christian history. The wonderful rapidity with which the art advanced, and the perfection of its early maturity, must be attributed to the single-minded enthusiasm and devotion with which it was cultivated by men whose souls were filled with ideals derived from meditation upon Christian themes and histories. In illustration of this,

I need but mention the names of the chief fathers of Christian art. There was Cimabue, one of the earliest, who lived 600 years ago. Stiff and timid seems his handling, but still there is in the faces that he drew an expression such as never exalted a heathen painting—a gleam of spiritual beauty such as no wonder of mere classic art, however exquisitely wrought, could show. There was Giotto, the congenial friend of Dante, and son-in-law of Cimabue. There was the pious enthusiast, Angelico Fiesole, whose every work of art was a holy task and an offering of earnest devotion, who mingled prayer incessantly with his happy and elevating labour, and who believed that he wrought under the inspiration of Heaven. There was Francesco Francia, Fra Bartolomeo, and great Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo. Nor was it otherwise with regard to Flemish and German than with regard to Italian art, as the names of Van Eyck, Mabuse, Holbein, and Albert Durer, may suffice to testify. Scarcely, indeed, had the glory of the primary school of Italian painting declared itself, when a rival school, the Venetian, began to turn aside from the path on which the painters I have named were walking. The luxury of proud Venice corrupted the purity of art, and the growing degeneracy of the age hastened its downfall. Titian went back to heathen dreams, and, seeking his inspiration from Ovid, more often than from Christian story, endeavoured, with his glowing colours and brilliant hand, to embody in paintings of appropriate style and character the unclean fables of classic mythology. Or even if he treated Christian subjects, he commonly treated them in a voluptuous and earthly, not in a Christian spirit. Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, Guido Reni, and others, followed in Titian's wake. Even the great Correggio, beautiful as are his productions, and though, in many respects, he must be classed with the highest masters of his art, and considered worthy to have been the contemporary of Raphael, was, as regards some of his

most celebrated paintings, utterly and shamefully heathen in the spirit and choice of subjects. The consequence of this apostacy from truth and purity is well known. Art in Italy fell into decline and degradation. The predominance of the animal and the sensuous over the spiritual was followed by a period of servile imitation. High aims were lost; the love of art was no longer but another name for the love of truth and beauty in outward expression. Artists became mere copyists of flesh and blood, or of the works of those who had lived before them—they were no longer poets—they lived no longer in the world of ideal realities.

Painting, however, at its best, in pre-Reformation times, was too narrow in its range, and too materialistic in its character. The Reformation came to renovate and emancipate art, together with all other good things. This was not, it is true, accomplished all at once. At first men had generally sterner work to do than to paint, or to look at painting. It is true, likewise, that Protestant painters have not commonly treated subjects distinctively Biblical. The Puritanical reaction, which for centuries caused a distaste for such subjects, is neither to be wondered at, nor, I think, to be censured. Nor is it to be desired that art, in Protestant lands, should ever again be employed as by the Roman Church, to embody all sorts of fancies, perhaps fables, about Christ and about Christian saints or worthies, real or reputed. Men must not be at liberty to turn Christianity into a tissue of romantic, perhaps absurd, fictions. Nay, even if a Raphael in genius should arise among Protestants, it is probable that the scrupulous and susceptible reverence which belongs to Protestantism in its highest forms, so different from the vulgar and irreverent familiarity which is bred among the adherents of Rome by the tawdry or revolting pictures, and the histrionic exhibitions, of the current continental Popery, would prevent such an artist from doing any such work in these days

as was so nobly done by the simple-minded, yet glorious Raphael, in that dawning-time. Yet for all that, I think it may be shown that the Reformation has made art a more catholic and glorious—a more truly Christian—thing than it was before. Art in Protestant lands, in England especially, has left her perpetual vigil within the humanly-built temple, or the cloistral monastery, to go forth into the temple of the universe. For altar-light she has the sun by day, the moon and stars by night; for roof and dome, the heavens; for retiring aisle or cloistered shade, she has the “o’er-hung valley;” for gallery or choir, the mountain height; for organ’s peal, the “solemn forest hymn,” or the roar of the far-resounding main; for pictured master-pieces, on which to linger with fascinated gaze, the enchanting scenes of Nature in all her various moods. The Bible has thrown a new glory over all creation, and has filled with a sacred light, and touched with a holy splendour, all things earthly. Religion is no longer immured as in a dungeon, or chained up by artificial rules, and surrounded by a *chevaux-de-frise* of artificial sins. She is free of the universe; and, like her Lord, “rejoices in the habitable parts of the earth,” and in all “the works of his hands.” Hence landscape-painting has, since the Reformation, developed so wonderfully, and especially in this country. The Reformation, too, not only removed the shadow which Popery had thrown upon the earth, but the ban with which she darkens all common life, all but the gloomy life of “the religious,” which needs no darkening. The Bible shows us Christ beginning his public ministry by attending a marriage-feast, and turning water into wine. So Christianity consecrates and gladdens domestic affections and family intercourse, and throws a glow of heavenly brightness upon all the common things of life. Then why should not Art paint the homely joys and sorrows of the family; why not lend herself to commemorate all daily experiences of lowly as well as of

historic men? In doing this she does not degrade herself, but ennoble. She does but act in the true spirit of Christianity. Thus Art has become, since the Reformation, especially in thoroughly reformed countries like England, truly catholic. When merely popish, she is narrow and sectarian. She rehearses glorious scenes and histories of the past—depicts to the eye what poets have sung—celebrates all daily events which make life memorable to its possessor—revels in the wide world of God, feasting upon its choicest beauties and sublimest glories. Nor has she in so doing abandoned her specifically Christian mission. How many martyr histories has recent art commemorated! How many scenes of family devotion has she symbolized! And though the Protestant painter may think it of doubtful piety and reverence to paint baby-Christ, and may even hesitate to paint Madonnas, yet how many fine Madonna faces—with a prodigal richness of realizing art—may be seen scattered over the treasured pictures of Christian scenes, which abound in the collections of this happy land. The prevalence of true Biblical Christianity among the women of this country has filled it with faces on which is stamped the highest expression of Christian beauty; and the choicest conceptions and most perfect productions of the great Italian master may here be commonly paralleled among the pure and believing daughters of our land. Such faces are reproduced in the paintings of our artists; and thus, instead of separate master-pieces striving to represent symbolically the purity and glory of one woman, blessed though she were above all others, we have such forms and faces as might have best served to symbolize hers among the common ornaments of our family groups and every-day scenes.

Nor is it only in such ways as I have been attempting to describe that a free Bible Christianity tends to develop a large, and loving, and catholic art. Wherever the homes of a country are the happiest and most cherished, and at the

same time the most richly fitted and furnished with all that belongs to comfort and taste, this latter condition being in part a consequence of the former, in such a land art will flourish most. The dear family home must be furnished with appropriate paintings and engravings. The beautiful landscape; the historical scene, of which all have read or heard with so much interest; the Bible subject, which even the little ones can understand; the family group, which appeals to the sympathies of all—these must be the ornaments of a home, which is the chosen seat of domestic union, of pure and peaceful enjoyments, of taste and affection. Such homes most abound where the Bible has most asserted its power; above all other countries, they abound in our beloved England. No wonder, then, that England has for many years been the chosen resort of artists. It tells a happy tale for us that landscapes and domestic scenes are most in request among our people. Still further, the peace and security which prevail throughout our land, and that fresh and finished beauty which everywhere belongs to it—as the fruit of a long, unbroken Christian civilization—fill it with such scenery as the artist loves, and make its hills and vales, its woods and streams, its fells and lakes, its parks and farm-yards, its villas and its cottages, its beauteous bays and busy harbours, the chosen haunt and school of the devotee to art.

After what I have said as to the influence of Christianity on poetry and painting, I need not dwell at any length upon its influence on Music. I have already said that music is the natural accompaniment of song. I may add that it is the artistic expression, by means of the sympathies which are suggested by modulated sounds, of all the emotions of our nature. Accordingly, whatever deepens and enriches the source of song must add depth and force to the fountain of music. Music sways and is swayed by the feelings; it is the exponent and the enchantress of the passions. The

Christianity which has expanded and ennobled the whole soul; which has deepened, refined, and intensified all the sympathies and emotions of our nature, cannot but have quickened the spirit and augmented the power of music. Classic paganism played upon a lyre; Christianity inspires and rules the mighty organ. Or if she at times may use the lyre, she has added to it many strings, some of deeper and some of sweeter tone, since the days of Timotheus. What but Christianity could have developed our modern art, whether vocal or instrumental? From what theme but that of the "Messiah" could have flowed the sublimities or the veins of tranced yet governed sweetness which belong to the music of Handel? We know, in fact, that Christian themes and Christian devotion *have* made modern music what it is. The graceful beauty and sustained power of Haydn, the marvellous and manifold genius of Handel, the strains of the rich Mozart, now almost oppressive in their solemn—I had nearly said their gorgeous—sadness, at other times wildly and pathetically sweet; the weird-like melodies and unearthly power and majesty of Mendelssohn—have all been inspired and carried to their utmost pitch by the glorious themes of Holy Writ. I have referred to the "Messiah" of Handel; let me also mention as highly suggestive names, illustrative of the truth we are considering, the "Creation" of Haydn, the "Requiem" and the "Stabat Mater Dolorosa" of Mozart, the "St. Paul" and "Elijah" of Mendelssohn. It is true, doubtless, that modern music includes the light as well as the sacred; and that the same masters who have composed oratorios have often composed operatic music. This, however, is only what was to be expected. Sufficient for me that the greatest masters are both most grand and most tender when their theme is sacred. The same organ which is made to resound an anthem, can use its flute stop to play a gay air or sweet merry melody, or can thunder with its bass in

accompaniment to a grand march. The same violin which has wailed out its part in the "Stabat Mater Dolorosa" may also be played to accompany the evolutions of the operatic artiste. What I argue is, that the main progress and the present calibre of the musical power and art have been dependent on the power and inspiration of Christian themes.

After what I have said on the influence of the Bible upon philosophy, science, poetry and art, I need add but little on the subject of its effects upon general literature. The Bible and Christianity have refreshed and replenished the springs of human thought and feeling. No department, therefore, of intellectual or moral activity could fail to participate in the general quickening and enlargement. From the founts of Christianity a new stream of life has issued, and all along its course it is continually reinforced by fresh supplies from Heaven. It may flash and foam in the cataract of the fierce and rapid ode, or pour its bright and tinted waters down the cascade of gentler minstrelsy, or wind its beauteous way through the meandering vale of poetic dreamland; it may spread out into the broad, deep lake of philosophic contemplation, in which the heavens above are steadfastly reflected, and along with them the mountain barriers which shut in all the scene and seem to inframe and imprison the very heavens themselves; it may roll the deep and constant tide of historic research and reflection beneath the shadow of muse-haunted heights, of lofty peaks whercon prophets have their everlasting stand, of dark mysterious caverns of sin and woe, or between the plains on which once stood the empire-cities of the world, and where the fights of heroes have decided the world's destiny; or it may divide its mighty waters into many streams, enclosing between them many an enchanted isle of terror and beauty, nurturing many a fertile meadow, many a stretch of rich-corn land, many a noble grove, many a various and delightful garden, but at the same time also, it must be

admitted, feeding, here and there, the deadly mangrove swamp or the foetid fen : but, in all cases, the stream remains the same. It can never lose the impulse, the life, the character which it received in that high table-land of prophetic and apostolic inspiration, and from those fountains of regenerating power, from which it flowed. Poetry, philosophy and science, history and general literature, are all but the various expressions and results of the same renovated energy. Nor can that energy, once imparted, spend itself by time or distance. The Spirit works through all time; is infusing His replenishing influences into the heart and intellect at every point in the line of progress; the same dews and rains from Heaven which feed the sources, are found all along the course of the stream; the same fresh breath which woke up in the far-off mountains of its birth follows its current unceasingly; and finally, the grand and growing tide, having filled the long valley of Christian civilization with its glorious and prevailing life, shall pour forth its rolling waters to meet the ocean of eternity. It may now, as I have said, sometimes feed the fen and make fat the swamp. The very fertility which it brings may thus be turned into evil. But not the less is its fruitfulness a blessing, and its force and life victorious for good. The marshes shall one day be healed; and only trees of health and life be planted by the banks of the river.

I think you will have understood my parable, and appreciated its force as bearing upon the relation of Christianity to general literature. But it would be unpardonable in me to pass from this point without specifically referring to the Bible, as itself a part of literature, the centre and sun of literature, its standard and supreme law-giver, "the tree of life planted in the midst of the garden." What a literature is the Bible in itself! How majestically dignified and true its history! how pure and lofty its ethics! how divine and sublimely simple its philosophy! how elevated and inspiring its

poetry! What pathos, what pleading, what irony, what invective does it contain! What divine ideas of creation and redemption, of power and pity, of righteousness, of pardon, and of love, of meekness and heroism, of humbleness and holiness, give character to its teaching! What a fountain is the Bible, merely thus considered, from which to impregnate all modern literature! But the Bible is not alone. With the Word works the Divine Spirit. Thus the best literature of the world becomes more and more distinctly Christian. This is undoubtedly the case in England; and what is in England must rule what is to be in other lands. For our literature, take it for all in all, is admitted to be the richest and greatest in the world. But, indeed, we may see how other nations are following in the same course. In Germany, Christianity has asserted its power, even under pantheistic forms. But now pantheism is confessed to be a failure; and Christianity, even in Germany, is victorious. In France, the progress of Christianity, its increasing power upon the living thought of the land, is most obvious. And the genius of the great French infidels of the last age has been unable to preserve their works from that neglect and all but oblivion which they have merited by their unbelief and immorality.

I have been detained so long upon the subjects which have passed before us, that I have scarcely left myself any time for those remaining. So far as my next point—the influence of the Bible on freedom—is concerned, I the less regret this, because not very long ago, the Rev. Asa Mahan, from America, addressed to this Association a very excellent lecture on this particular subject. In that lecture Mr. Mahan showed how the Christian, being brought into immediate contact with his Maker through His Word and His Spirit, is made free and independent in thought and act, and yet withal reverent and humble; that such a man is incapable of being bound by mere authority, and need and ought not to be so bound; that he is

entitled to enjoy, and is competent to exercise with advantage to himself and to others, the great privilege of freedom. Sure I am, that no nation composed, to any considerable extent, of such men—men who converse with God, whose souls are made great, and strong, and lofty, by meditation on the deep things of God and of eternity—can long be dealt with as children. Such men were our Puritan forefathers, who achieved liberty for this land. Nor need any fear to intrust such men with liberty. For while they claim, within the limits prescribed by morality, to guide themselves, and think for themselves—as those who have read “Prove all things; hold fast that which is good”—they are taught by the same Scriptures which warrant them to claim this freedom, not to harm or to interfere with the liberty of others.

On the other hand, no country is fit for liberty, in the full English sense, until a free religious life has taken a good hold of the mind and heart of the nation. It is an unhappy thing for a nation, when its ideas as to civil liberty are in advance of its development of true religious freedom. True religious life—the life of the Christian congregation and the individual life of the Christian man—must prepare a nation for the full exercise of civil and political liberty. Why is Spain unfit for liberty, incompetent to bear or use it, though the theory of liberty has long been understood by its best statesmen, and though attempts have, from time to time, been made—made unprosperously—to admit the nation, in part, to its practical exercise? Why was the liberty of the newspaper press, while it was enjoyed in France, on the whole, a most predominant and pestilential nuisance?—and why have the French never yet learned to discriminate between a selfish equality for all and true personal liberty for all? There is but one answer. There is very little true and free religious life in those lands; very little enlightened and conscientious piety toward God. Why, again, are all German states—even those called Pro-

testant—still *in statu pupillari*, with no true idea of what liberty means, and not competent, as yet, to undertake self-government? Still the same answer. Theirs has not been a Bible-creed, but a court-creed; not a popular religion and worship, but a state-religion administered, as state-officials, by a university-trained clergy. Religious individuality has scarcely any existence in many parts. The life of the congregation is unknown. Religion is a state ordinance, and it is under police inspection and control. The rights of conscience are neither respected nor understood. Intolerance of all but the state religions is the principle of the law. This must be altered before Germany can be a free land. Men must be at liberty to choose their own worship; they must be set free toward God; they must feel their true dignity, as immediately related to him, and must act upon it. They must cease, in these first and grandest matters, to be mere children, and to be treated as such. Till then elections, chambers, discussions, will be of no avail. They will still be but a nation in nonage. They will possess the forms and banners of freedom, without its life. Christian individuality in each man is the foundation of national greatness.

But with individuality must be united—with a true Christian individuality *will* be united—a sense of Christian brotherhood. Then liberty is not only consistent with, but conducive to, social well-being in the widest sense. The influence of Christianity on social well-being is the last point to which I wish specially to direct your attention to-night. From the fall of the Roman empire until now, Christianity has been gradually asserting and enforcing, with slowly but surely augmenting power, the law of human brotherhood. I can but give a brief and hasty catalogue of some of her more easily remembered triumphs. Christianity has abolished serfdom, blotted out the savage laws which disgraced all the statute-books of Europe, made law in most European lands

common and equal for all of every class ; she has humanized manners, put an end to judicial combats, abated and in this country all but abolished duelling, and, except in such unhappy Popish countries as Spain and Italy, done away with hereditary blood-feuds and revenges ; she has mitigated the evils of war, and put a stop, in Western Europe at least, to mere wars of conquest or aggrandizement ; she has induced the leading nations to make costly provision for the wants of the unemployed poor ; has scattered over the land almshouses, hospitals, and charitable institutions of every kind ; she has, in most countries, abolished, and everywhere greatly diminished, the slave-trade, and throughout a great part of the world has extinguished slavery itself. Christianity has provided nurses for the sick and poor, has widely diffused among the upper classes a care for the lodging and family comfort of their brethren in the lowest ranks of society ; has taught us of late that reformatories are to be preferred to prisons ; has provided ragged schools for unfortunate children who could not otherwise be taught ; has organized great and admirable systems of Christian education for the children of the common people : she has interfered on behalf of the overworked factory operative and miner ; of the counter-drudge, toiling through his sixteen hours of pent-up labour ; of the women and the children, who were employed in excessive and degrading toil ; of the poor, overwrought needlewomen. One of the greatest boons she has conferred on society has been the elevation, brought about by her influence, of the condition and whole estate of womanhood in Christian lands ; and perhaps there is no more remarkable and characteristic monument of her power than the magnificent female literature of the present day. Only Christianity could have produced a Mary Somerville, or a Felicia Hemans, or a Florence Nightingale. In a thousand ways does Christianity exercise her ministry of mercy on behalf of all who are in need or dis-

ress, tending in every way to redress the hardships and inequalities of society. She reminds the high of his common origin with the lowest; she impresses upon the wealthy his responsibilities as a steward for his wealth; she teaches men to be just in all their dealings, and to understand that mercy to the needy and distressed is a part of justice; she lends dignity to those of low degree, and imparts living hope and consolation to those who are in trouble or adversity. Such a power must be one of social reform and progress. It is, in fact, the greatest spring of such progress, and it cannot fail to be remarked even by the careless that nearly every legal measure or organized movement in favour of any social amelioration and reform, has been in the first instance, and until public opinion was decided on its behalf, suggested and promoted by men of undoubted Christian character. The names of Wilberforce and his coadjutors, and of the noble Earl of Shaftesbury and his, will be sufficient to refer to.

Very much indeed remains still to be done in this and in all the particulars on which I have spoken to-night, before Christianity can in any fair measure be held to have accomplished its mission. Much has yet, doubtless, to be learnt by philosophy, especially in its relation to the Bible. Many discoveries are yet to be made by science. Poetry and art have not yet clothed themselves with all the riches of grandeur and beauty in nature, history, and Christian truth, nor absorbed as into a focus the highest splendours and glories of the sphere in which they dwell. Liberty is not yet as perfectly developed, even in this land, as—if Christianity more and more asserts its power—we may one day hope to see it; and, in most other lands, the blessing of Christian liberty is as yet but little known. And that social progress and well-being of which I have last spoken is, as yet, far from having attained, in the most favoured countries, to a fair development. There are yet too many wrongs and miseries

in this thronged world of ours for any man to be content with things as they are. The cottages of our poor in country villages—the wretched dens in which they crowd together in our large towns—the condition of too many of our lodging-houses—the state of sanitary reform in the neighbourhoods where the crowded poor live—the state of the law as to the purchase of land, and the actual condition in which the land is too often fettered—the lack of object in life for the poor day-labourer to set before himself, and, as resulting from this, the hopelessly depressed condition in which he lives—his consequent want alike of providence and of healthy desire or ambition—the degraded and animalized character of a large proportion of our English peasantry, itself the natural, not to say necessary, consequence of such things as I have now glanced at—the still prevailing want of education—the “great social evil;” these things, and such things as these, come rushing through the mind when we think of what even England ought to be, but is not. These things must be amended; they will one day be amended, or Christianity is not the divine power which we believe it to be.

I expect a long day for the world. I believe that as yet the sun is but a few hours above the horizon. These things shall be rectified. Mighty, indeed, are the adversaries. Selfishness in all its forms is mighty; and all the forms of selfishness combine their forces against Christianity. She contends against “the world, the flesh, and the devil.” But she is mightier than all put together. The Spirit of God is the strongest power in the world; it will out-wear, out-dare, out-do all others. Christian men are the strongest and highest men in the world. Christian principles are the strongest and longest-lived principles in the world; nothing can stifle, slay, or drown them. Associated Christian men can vanquish all others in a free

land. A Christian nation is mightier than all others, stands higher, is more prosperous, and they must follow her. The past triumphs of Christianity have been its hardest, and are the pledges of its future triumphs. Those to come shall be its grandest and most glorious. What a nation will this be when a Bible shall be the treasure of every home, and when its principles rule in every department; when it shall be the "Statesman's Manual," as Coleridge said; when it shall be the tradesman's code of principle, and the cottager's comfort and companion; when it supplies the rule of every family, and brings peace into every house; then what a country shall this be! No need of the priest in such a land either for consolation or to hear confession; the woman in her sorrow will go to her Bible for the one, and to her God to make the other. What preachers then should we have in our pulpits, preaching to such a people, and what hearers in the pew! How would rich and poor, high and low, meet together in the presence of that God who is the Maker of them all! Am I wrong in believing that thus it shall be not in one land only, but in all lands? The sun shall rise to his meridian height, and from that glorious and unchanging zenith shall pour his rays into every hidden corner, and down each remotest valley of this wide earth. The treasures of the darkness shall be brought forth; the capabilities of the earth shall all be called into requisition: a Bible civilization shall join into one all nations and all lands. "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the glory of the Lord."

The Liberty of Opinion, and the
Qualifications for Using it.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. GEORGE FISK, LL.B.

THE LIBERTY OF OPINION, AND THE QUALIFICATIONS FOR USING IT.

THERE is an instinctive love of liberty in the heart of man; and the quality of it greatly depends on the moral culture both of the mind and of the heart. The liberty of an uncultivated nature is reckless audacity, and is aggressive against all that is not itself: it aims at subjugation; its climax would be despotism. The liberty of noble natures is diffusive beneficence; it carries a blessing wherever it goes, and lays it on the threshold of every man's habitation. However slavery may have prevailed, both in ancient and modern times, yet the love of liberty has never quite died out, though doubtless it has been worn down by the pressure of the yoke; and in proportion to the diminution of its influence there has been, and ever will be, a deterioration of moral character, and a want of individuality in thought, purpose, and action. The perceptive faculties, as well as the motives and springs of action, have been so accustomed to yield to external influences as to have but little proper force of their own. One of the effects of this has ever been, that a personal sense of responsibility has been brought down and limited to the reduced dimensions of judgment and purpose, both which may have been contracted almost to nothing by the unremitted and unresisted will of another. A full sense of responsibility is incompatible

with a limited freedom of resolve; and hence it is impossible for man, deprived of liberty in any sense, to go up to the true dignity of his moral status in the world.

The essential element of a wise and judicious education, such as shall thoroughly develop the faculties and the affections, is seen in the liberty accorded for the play and exercise of both, accompanied by such restraints as shall have the effect of beneficent and gentle guidance, rather than of hard and inflexible control; for those wise restraints which have the effect of guidance are such as all but the most wayward natures—those sad exceptions—are ever ready to respect; while the cold severity of absolute rule will most surely, sooner or later, awaken even in amiable natures, otherwise easily governed, a spirit of resistance which may soon be nerved up to an avowed or but ill-concealed spirit of rebellion. And at this point—this crisis (for such it really is)—all that deserves to be called education immediately stops, or takes a downward course either of hollow, worthless conformity to the will of another, which cannot be overpowered, or of dogged, stubborn resistance—taking the form and substance of a changeless petrification; and as the loveliest flower, exposed to the action of a petrifying spring, becomes a stone, with all its form of loveliness remaining, so also much that is lovely in our human nature, when in its plastic state, and which if wisely shaped would go onwards to the full development of moral beauty, becomes hardened into something worse than useless—a something which at length becomes hideous in its beauty, and a blot on the nature to which it belongs.

This is true in regard to all government, whether it be domestic, social, or political; and as all good government is properly educational, the wisest is that which leaves all men's powers at liberty to act, and aims only at giving them their right force and direction for securing a common end, in which is involved the true well-being of the family circle, the

requisite firmness of the social compact, and the political standing in the scale of nations.

It is upon this principle that the laws by which a nation is regulated in the enjoyment of its liberty imply a certain amount of surrender of that liberty into the common stock, that the fulness of liberty may be secured to all—to the humblest as well as to the loftiest members of the community—and that every person may be countenanced in the use, and protected in the enjoyment, of it. The restraint of law, then, is beneficent in its action; and he who best knows what his citizenship is, and what it is worth, will be the last to complain of restraints which aid the development of man's natural resources, whether they be moral or intellectual, social, or simply remunerative and enriching in the way of industry and enterprise.

The more thoroughly a man's nature has been developed under the influences of a goodly education, the more justly does he claim liberty of thought and action, and a suitable field whereon to think and act. The materials of useful and honourable life—of life aiming at great and noble ends—are within him. He feels it, he knows it to be so; and a denial uttered by ten thousand voices would not check the ardour of his pursuit, or induce him to surrender one jot of his claim. His claim involves a right; he is as conscious of it as of his existence. His mind has acquired the power of observing, reasoning, reflecting, judging and acting; and he feels that, like a pendulum, the action of his mind is capable of giving activity, force and value to a large array of well-compacted machinery, of which he is a part, and which, without the pendulum to set and to keep it in motion, would be but inert and profitless metal, though shaped and compacted with infinite skill in direct relation to the pendulum. It is mind that acts as a universal pendulum; and if its liberty of action be circumscribed, and its vibrations consequently fall short of the mark,

then, proportioned to the amount of interference with its needful liberty, will be the crippled and inefficient state of the machinery which it was intended to animate and govern. Hence, then, the liberty of the mind is the highest form of liberty. When and wherever it truly exists, it compels liberty in all its other and subordinate forms.

But now, quitting these general and almost self-evident remarks, we select the liberty of opinion as claiming our first attention in the discussion which lies before us; and our first inquiry must be, What is it? It is not the liberty of thinking and judging just as we like, and of demanding that our thought and judgment be respected, or at least received without debate or question. Such were licentiousness, and not liberty, of opinion. It is very true, we may think as we like, for none can hinder us; we may think wrongly or rightly, and no one may say us nay; but if we think so as to express our opinion, we must expect to be interfered with, if our opinion take a questionable direction or an untenable form, simply because, at the least, it may be unsound, and at the most, it may be dangerous. It is the liberty of opinion so thoroughly established in this land that gives this right of interference, and therefore helps to balance the aggregate of such liberty, and to keep under control the top-heavy spirit of licentiousness which is not uncommon, and which ranges with the rise or fall of healthy moral influences and efficient education. If there were no right of interference, we should soon find ourselves living under a despotism of opinion—the opinion of those few stronger natures which are interwoven with the framework of society, and who therefore need to have a balancing power steadily brought to bear upon them. Thus, then, the true idea of liberty of opinion includes the secondary idea of wholesome check and wise restraint, by the right of trying every assertion of such liberty against any other assertion of the same.

Personal liberty of opinion, then, is in no wise an independence of the opinions of others, but rather implies a reasonable concession, without subserviency, towards all who are qualified for forming and avowing an opinion upon any of those various subjects which admit of so unrestricted a process of the mind; for if this liberty has any existence at all, it must be as universal as mind itself, though all minds may not be equally prepared for its enjoyment and exercise, from the want of natural force, artificial training, or both. Still, the liberty itself, in the abstract idea of it, is not to be limited; for whether a man be capable of using it or not, he is clearly entitled to it, and may use it as soon as he is in a condition to do so with simplicity and success.

One of the most powerful tribunals ever set up in the world, is public opinion; and next to the direct and positive legislation under which we live, it exercises the greatest control over the principles and conduct of men, whatever their rank or station. And there are always to be met with in society men who, in a spirit of wrong-doing, would rather risk the possible grasp of the law, than meet the certain censure of public opinion; for there are details both of lax principle and of wilful transgression which are reached by the stern grasp of public opinion, when perhaps they may have escaped the exactness of legislative interference. The strong arm of the law may not be always able to strike and to deal forth the retribution which is due upon transgression. Its forms of procedure may be too complex—its demands for conclusive evidence too exact. Besides, it may not always find an overt act on which to fasten itself; and so a culprit in intention, in purpose, and in heart, may escape for want of such an act, though no one who has observed him can doubt that there is guilt enough to invoke punishment, though the absence of the overt act, of which the law takes cognizance, casts a sort of temporary protection

around him. But, in such a case, public opinion pronounces its verdict, and administers a kind of chastisement unknown to the law. Its processes and decisions may be sometimes hasty, sometimes imperfect and overbearing, for public indignation easily blends with it, and it is as fallible as every thing else that is human; but generally, very generally, its decisions are such as call not for reversal or even reconsideration. But at the best they go no further than the assertion of an aggregate opinion upon the matters at issue; for it may not be possible to collect all the materials necessary for pronouncing a solemn and positive judgment, against which there should be no appeal. Public opinion is very soon ready to pronounce on things as they appear to be, and sometimes to forestall the more sober dictates of a matured and deliberate judgment. Its liberty—that very liberty which is its great essential, especially under circumstances of great excitement—no doubt gives occasion to this weakness—for weakness it is—the weakness found in every thing human that is called strong.

But, considering it with all its weaknesses and defects, we ask, what would become of society if this liberty of opinion were abridged or altogether overpowered by such a despotism as never can be dreaded in a country such as this? Surely the barriers of law would not be sufficient to hold back the dark waves of evil; and aggressions against the well-being of society, such as law cannot reach, would overspread the land like a deluge.

It is a fact worthy of remark, that in England, the abode of Christian and moral influences, and of unrestricted spiritual liberty, though opinions of an unwholesome kind may be avowed, and even paraded, by heady individuals, and small bodies of ill-conditioned men, yet the great mass and current of public opinion is mainly on the side of moral virtue and rectitude of principle. It blushes when they are deficient;

it arises with indignation when they are assailed; and the liberty of the press, which gives full activity to the liberty of opinion, enables us to judge of the value attached to it by society at large. Whether, then, it be regarded as a moral censor, or as a propelling power ever acting on moral virtue, it is to be esteemed as one of the best birthrights of a freeborn Englishman; and it becomes, therefore, the obvious and responsible duty of all who have a share in it to maintain it in the healthiest state of force and activity.

There is a difference between liberty of opinion and liberty of judgment; and opinion and judgment must never be confounded. Nevertheless, liberty of judgment is as necessary as that of opinion; but inasmuch as judgment is, properly, the verdict of a right and inflexible reasoning upon facts clearly ascertained and proved—and upon *all* the facts, without which it could never arrive at the solid dignity of judgment, it pronounces authoritatively, and carries with it the force and weight of a demonstration. If it be really what it professes to be, it is right, and cannot become a matter of mere opinion. It is true, and cannot be open to the possibility of being false—so that it be based upon the certainty of all the facts that can be known. But if opinion, strictly considered as such, *may* be right, it also *may* be wrong; yet, whether right or wrong, it is but opinion, as the derivation of the word implies. It is what the mind *opines*, or thinks, with the best materials of thought within reach; but one course of thought may give place to another course and complexion of thought or opinion when better or ampler materials of thought are accessible; and thus opinion may be subject to as many changes as the materials of thought which successively come into the field of vision. Hence the need of patient and observant sagacity for the right use of the liberty of opinion.

Bearing in mind this distinction between judgment and

opinion, we should never hesitate to protest against the assertion of a right to judge, when only an opinion can be formed, and to censure the exercise of the liberty of opinion on subjects which plainly lie within the loftier province of judgment. But yet this is common enough, and it is one of the evils arising out of the liberty which is so dear to us; it is the abuse, and not the use of it. Young minds, in the full buoyancy of life and of mental and imaginative activity, are much in danger of falling into it. There is—shall I venture to say?—a flippancy of thought as well as of word and of action, which needs the guardianship of a ceaseless vigilance; and he who best understands and appreciates the venerable quality of liberty will feel a frequent appeal to his conscience, when disposed to assert it without the fitting preparation of knowledge, forethought, and sagacity.

I may now proceed to illustrate my meaning by a few particulars; and, I observe, first, that facts, as such, cannot, in themselves, be matters of opinion; their very nature determines that. The particular tendency, bearing, and result of facts may be matters of opinion; but the facts themselves are permanent realities; and if distinctly proved, I cannot possibly have an opinion as to whether they are true or false, real or unreal; for there is no such thing as a false or unreal fact. If a thing asserted to be a fact is proved to be false, then it loses all claim to be regarded as a fact—it has no existence at all;—it is a fiction. No man, therefore, has a right to say, “My opinion is that such a matter is true, or that it is false,” until due evidence has been supplied, or the possibility of evidence has been cut off. The reality of an alleged fact is not to be tried by opinion, but by evidence alone; and yet, without the pains-taking and patience of obtaining conclusive evidence, or weighing it exactly when produced, a large portion of minds will idly resort to mere opinion, and pronounce it with a recklessness of consequence—not surprising, but pitiable.

Now let me draw your attention to an illustration of first-rate importance. It is revealed religion. Between this and what is commonly understood as natural or philosophical religion we trace a very important distinction. The former is a matter of fact, because revelation is true. The latter is a matter of speculation, because philosophy may be false. If I am satisfied with the evidence on which a revelation from God makes its claim on my acceptance, it cannot be a matter of opinion whether the Christian religion, thereby revealed, is true. The truth and fact of the revelation establishes the truth and fact of the thing revealed and places it beyond the province of opinion. The evidence on which the truth of a revelation rests as a fact is a fact in itself. It may be a matter of opinion whether or not the evidence is complete and unanswerable; but once it is established, it comes to us invested with all the solidity of a fact, and in its turn becomes a fitting foundation on which the fact of the thing revealed is seen to rest.

Now, it is a matter of revelation, and therefore of fact, that the Eternal Word, the Son of God, was made flesh and dwelt among us; and, therefore, no man who admits the sufficiency of the evidence of a revelation of such a fact can be allowed to say, "I have my opinion about it;" he cannot be permitted to say, "I am of opinion that it involves a great improbability—perhaps an impossibility." He must accept the fact, or find sufficient grounds on which to resist the prior fact of sufficient evidence. Again, if a tri-unity of the Godhead be plainly a matter of revelation, to be gathered from a careful search and comparison of the various parts of the sacred record, and if the inquiring mind be unable to resist the aggregate force of the record, then he has no liberty of opinion, however difficult he may find it to accept as an undeniable fact that which seems at first opposed both to his experience and to his natural judgment. In the former

case he may have his opinion as to the mode in which the word was made flesh; and in the latter, as to the mode in which a tri-unity of the Godhead subsists; but the fact, in both cases, lies within the province of judgment and of faith, and not within that of opinion. Truth revealed is as definite as that God who hath revealed it; but if submitted to the test of opinion, it might, to our apprehension, become as changeful as the hues of the chameleon; and each man's opinion would be the medium through which truth, with all its beneficent sanctity, might be distorted into dangerous and destructive error; the soul's way of life, safety, and glorious exaltation might soon be exchanged for a gloomy superstition—a dream—a picture—a figment.

There are other matters of fact which are not dependent on revelation for a claim to our acceptance, but yet are dependent on evidence or demonstration; such are the facts of history and of natural philosophy; such also are the substantial facts of the exact sciences—arithmetic, mathematics, astronomy. They are all as real and permanent as the facts of revelation; and it is with their reality in all cases that we have to do. It is their reality which places them out of the region of mere opinion. There is no one step, either in the multiplication table or in the most complex processes of arithmetic, that can be a matter of opinion. A foolish man may tell me he is of opinion that twice two are forty, instead of four; but the fact stands untouched by the opinion; and what is true in fact is true at all times. There never was a moment in the bygone eternity when twice two were less or more than four. Upon this principle, then, we cluster together all known facts established by simple evidence or perfect demonstration, and claim for them a freedom from the dominancy of opinion. There is a dignity in their permanence and reality which forbids the approach of that speculative spirit which is not out of place in the region where opinion rightly exercises its liberty of action.

Now it surely must be apparent at a glance, that if due regard had been always given to the distinction I have endeavoured to point out, the action of men's minds would have been far healthier and more satisfactory in its results; a thousand errors would have been strangled in their birth; as many foolish blunders would have been avoided; and multitudes of minds afloat on the wide ocean of speculation and uncertainty, without rudder or compass, might have been lying firmly at anchor in still waters, and reposing in the sunlight of unquestionable truth. But the liberty of opinion has too commonly acted out of its province; and, like a deceptive medium, has distorted or discoloured the objects on which it has fallaciously endeavoured to act. The consequence has not unfrequently been, that a false opinion as to the true facts of religion has, like an ignis-fatuus, beguiled many a man to his grave without that hold upon God in Christ which religion offers, and without which man's eternal lot must be wretched beyond all human estimate. So also, in proportion to the intrinsic value of all other matters of fact, has been the privation and the loss of substituting the subtle uncertainties of mere opinion for the solid determinations of judgment and of faith.

I recur to a remark already made, that though facts can never be the subjects of opinion, yet that the bearing of facts upon persons and things belongs legitimately enough to the province of opinion; and this deserves some little further attention. If, for instance, my judgment, influenced by conclusive evidence, pronounces on the side of revealed religion as a truth—permanent as God himself, and illustrative of His perfect beneficence towards the family of man engulfed in sin, and in a state of open rebellion against Him—it may be a fair matter of inquiry and of opinion why it has not had a universal diffusion, and as large an acceptance; why, in fact, the whole human family has not during the last eighteen

hundred years been rejoicing in the full experience of the grace of God in Christ Jesus; and why sin is still permitted, like a savage beast untamed, to work destruction over the vast surface of the inhabited globe. Inquiries and opinions on such topics may be useful or unprofitable. I express no opinion thereon, and I suggest the case only for the purpose of pointing out the distinction which I deem so important.

Again;—we may study the history of this or any other nation, with a view to the most minute and careful estimate of its character and quality; and, having satisfied ourselves on due evidence of the facts which are history's substance, we may then fairly claim to examine, with a view to a deliberate opinion, the principles of some distinguished sovereign, or the policy of some prominent government; and in the exercise of a full and unrestricted liberty of opinion may avow our persuasion of the good or evil tendency of the one and of the other, while our next-door neighbour, examining and pondering the same facts, may, in the exercise and enjoyment of a like liberty, arrive at an opinion altogether the opposite of that which has afforded us immense satisfaction, and won for us, as we have imagined, the consideration and applause of those candid and confiding admirers who have listened to the enunciation of our opinion—as if infallible—without doubt or hesitation. For opinions are often—generally—like drawings in perspective, that is, not as the objects really are, but as they appear to be. A dozen draughtsmen sent out to make perspective drawings of some noble work of architecture (which is in itself a fact) from different points of view, would present the very same lines in very different angles, and often an horizontal line as if sloping far away from its proper level—the level which in fact exists in the building itself. Each draughtsman must be at full liberty to depict the lines as they appear to be, and no other draughtsman has any right to interfere with the process of either his eye or his pencil,

at least till he is placed in a position which shall exhibit the lines in exactly the same point of view ; and then the lines will fall alike from each of the two pencils. But while the objects are beheld from different points of view, the drawings, when compared, will be all different, but yet the fact of the building will be presented by them all. Any man's opinion, then, on any given subject, will be just that which presents itself at the point of view from which he regards it ; but the substantial facts cannot be affected thereby. They remain permanently the same—open to the inquiry and examination of all who are competent to such investigations, and to be regarded as they are, and not as they appear to be.

Now, inasmuch as the characters of men derive very much of their individuality from the opinions they adopt, whether right or wrong, whether for good or for evil, there is no form of liberty which needs greater exactness of qualification for its exercise than the liberty of opinion ; and he who goes into the arena of active life, with the average power of mental faculty—with a heart right in its moral integrity of purpose and of action, and withal trained and made efficient for the enjoyment of liberty of opinion, which is his birthright, will take his stand on the common ground which is open to his fellows, and do much to rescue mere opinion from its dangerous character of incertitude ; and, exercising his own liberty within its proper range of action, will secure for the general liberty of opinion such a respect and regard as has never yet been won by those wild free-thinkers and shallow reasoners who—as if all human wisdom were to die with them—blurt forth to the world the froth of their arrogance and folly, crying aloud, “Look ye, my masters, and give heed ; such is *my* opinion : learn it, and be wise ; conform to it, and be safe.” Oh, what a magnifying of the personal pronoun, in the dim region of speculative uncertainty and opinionative self-sufficiency !

Let me now speak a little in detail of the qualifications necessary for the right use of this liberty of opinion; for certainly the right or liberty does not of itself confer the qualification. The rights both of property and of position may sometimes fall on men utterly unqualified for the use of them. The same thing may happen in regard to the liberty of opinion. It is not uncommon; and the very diversity of opinion upon matters open and obvious to all is the proof of it.

The first thing I would mention as a qualification is, *sufficiency of knowledge*. Ignorance and judgment can never walk together; they soon part company. But ignorance and opinion sometimes ramble wildly together, and go into very great lengths of absurdity. Ignorance delights in ease, and shallow opinion is its willing playmate; and the coxcombry of opinion is the product of their confederation. Ignorance and conceit are commonly twin brothers; and when they are thus allied they are the apologists, if not the defenders, of the coxcombry of opinion. It is not enough that we know something about that on which we venture an opinion; we ought to know all that can be known; for that which is unknown may be precisely that amount of fact which, if known, would guide us to a sound and respectable opinion. A one-sided opinion is an easy matter, and calls for but little exercise of the mind. But every matter of opinion has two sides, and both must be examined, if we would stand free from all charge of either arrogance or folly. What I mean, therefore, by sufficiency of knowledge, includes knowledge of a right kind rightly apprehended, as well as of all that can be known. And supposing the matter of opinion concerns the character, the reputation and welfare of another or others, we should be justly chargeable with lax moral principle if we were to conceive and utter an opinion without having attained to a sufficiency of knowledge. If we cannot attain to such knowledge, then justice

requires that whatever we may choose to think, we should at least forbear to utter; for often an erroneous opinion may have as much injurious effect as an unjust or an unsound judgment. If we lose sight of this, we are grievously abusing, while perhaps boastfully asserting, the liberty of opinion. Hasty and impetuous minds are greatly exposed to this; and great is the injury often sustained, especially if gossip or slander should intermingle their poison with the lax heedlessness of a loosely-formed opinion. True liberty of opinion implies the necessity for a right use of it; and the right use of it implies that he who ventures on the use of it at all, is at least able to take more than a one-sided view of it. The old story of the two knights meeting from opposite directions illustrates this. In sight of them both there was suspended a shield, the one side of which was silver, the other gold. After the custom of the days of chivalry, a dispute arose about this small matter—the one knight being of opinion that the shield was of gold, and the other maintaining that it was only silver. The spirit of contest was soon evoked. They tilted their lances, spurred on their steeds, and when both were unhorsed by the shock, they were thrown so as to see the opposite sides of the shield. Now all this disaster might have been spared if the knights had not contented themselves with the folly of a one-sided opinion.

Now, though we have already shown the difference between judgment and opinion—which difference is a positive one—yet it must be remembered that the real weight and value of an opinion is precisely in proportion to the likeness it bears to the solidity of a judgment; for though from its very nature, and the circumstances attending it, it can never rise to the dignity of an absolute judgment, yet in many respects it comprises the like elements.

The facilities now afforded for acquiring a sufficient knowledge of facts—whether of a social, historical, political, or

philosophical kind—are such as to leave many, perhaps most, of those who belong to the classes I am now addressing without excuse if they attempt an apology for a shallow opinion on the ground of difficulty in obtaining a sufficient knowledge of facts. Everyone knows how the press has availed to the great end of diffusing knowledge within the last half-century : and young men of the present day are placed within reach of resources such as would have made quick and earnest minds leap for joy in those slow days when George III. was first seated on the throne of these realms. We do not, then, hesitate to fix the brand of folly upon the man, young or old, who swaggers or babbles about *his* opinion, when wilfully ignorant of that which should govern and direct the exercise of the liberty so greatly prized by the wise and the good.

Let us not forget how very much of the real moral strength of our manhood consists in knowledge ; for certainly knowledge is power—whether for good or evil ; and knowledge, in this sense, is mainly the knowledge of facts. An acquaintance, however extensive, with the sentiments and opinions of others, imparts but little strength. They are only the hues and colouring of other minds cast upon our own. They are like the confectionery of the hospitable board ; they may please the palate ; but, when actually assimilated, add little or nothing to the elasticity of the springs of life, or to the force and vigour of the muscular system of the body.

The necessity for storing the mind with facts should therefore be urged upon you as a matter inseparable from the maintenance of a due amount of self-respect, and of self-reliance too, in those who assert their claim to the unrestricted liberty of opinion. As we have already said, fact only is true ; and the quality of a fact, whether it be good or evil, alters not the fact itself. Sentiment and opinion may be judicious, wise, and sound, but they are not truth ; they are rather the fruit which has grown on the stock of truth.

Adopt them as much as you choose, yet they never can stand to you in the place of facts. And, as soon as they are adopted, they are not to be enunciated as your sentiments or opinions, but as those of the first utterers of them; therefore, so long as you retain them, *you* yourselves have no proper and personal opinion to declare; and, if you parade them as yours, the fable of the crow who borrowed the plumage of the peacock speaks volumes to your confusion.

To use a homely illustration, I cannot help saying that the man whose mind is not well stored with accurate knowledge—with facts digested and made available—is not likely to “wear well,” or to say and do much worth saying and doing. He may be a keen, cutting tradesman—able, almost, to cheat the devil, and to come on his legs in every sort of transaction, and to get a profit out of anything—everything or nothing:—he may be an ingenious inventor, a profound mechanist, or an adroit manufacturer, and become rich—rich—rich—a millionaire! But if he is nothing more, he might, so far as the higher—the highest ends and purposes of existence are concerned, have been born an idiot. His opinion may be good, as it concerns matters on the low level whereon he walks, and he has perfect liberty to express it; but for anything above it he is altogether unqualified, and his opinion is a simple impertinence. He is ignorant of the facts which are the basis on which the respectability of opinion takes its stand.

But, next to the sufficiency of knowledge, let me suggest *patience in the acquisition of it*, as a qualification for exercising the liberty of opinion. This qualification does not come to us all at once, though, in some few cases of a remarkable kind, it has shown itself to be indigenous and full-grown. For the most part, it is a matter of moral habitude, and is the result of a worthy motive. Without it, the mind can never be duly stored. Facts must be taken into the mind one by one, and

not in clusters. Like a string of beads, every one must have been handled separately, and arranged in its place and order. This is not always thought of; and the consequence is, too commonly, that the mind receives a conglomeration of facts more or less dimly apprehended and confused; which, like the undigested food of a too hasty and miscellaneous meal, harasses rather than helps the subtle processes of the mind. Of the two, perhaps intellectual indigestion is the most wearing and distressing.

An eager desire for the acquisition of knowledge, especially in the minds of those who are largely employed in the exacting atmosphere of mercantile life, not uncommonly leads to that sort of impatience which delusively hopes to achieve more than the circumstances of the case can possibly admit of. Rapid, and often very miscellaneous reading, with a very limited amount of reflection, is likely to fix the habit of many minds so circumstanced; and the thirst for knowledge often increases as the spirit of impatience gains force. Great discouragement is not unlikely to follow; and minds that ought to be content, under the circumstances, with the slow, but sure and steady march of the tortoise, desire to be bounding along with the hare, between which creatures, according to the fable, a race had been proposed, as it at first appeared on very unequal terms, but with success following, not on the part of the swift, but on the part of the slow and steady competitor. The slow and steady one persevered, while the speedy one halted and slumbered.

Let all impatient spirits learn the true dignity of patience and perseverance by a study of the biography of Benjamin Franklin—a man from whose vocabulary I should think the word impossible was excluded. Examine his countenance, in the well-authenticated portraits we have of him, and the indomitable power of a patient and persevering spirit is perceptible at a glance. He was the man to move moun-

tains. He began to be so when he was only a printer's boy, and so he continued to be to his life's end; and think what a space the influence of that one man's character occupied in one of the most important periods of the New World's history. And what is it that gives such a moral dignity to the patient spirit, when conscientiously sure he is on the right track? He has faith in himself; and, if he is a Christian man, then his faith reaches higher, and lays hold on the faithfulness of the everlasting God, as manifested in Christ Jesus. Such a man knows the meaning of taking time for all that he does, and intends to do. He calculates his own powers—natural and derived. He does one thing at a time; and he does it with a concentrated force of action and energy of purpose. He remembers the word of wise counsel—"Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" and surely there is far greater might shown in the calm steadiness of a patiently persevering spirit than in the spasmodic efforts of restless impatience;—the one, like a sliding avalanche, bears down all before it;—the other is like the storm-tossed billows of the ocean, which break into frothier foam as they dash against the rock which resists them, and retire to the ocean's bosom, having failed to make an impression.

And it may be urged in the way of encouragement to the patient learning of one thing at a time, that in some classes and forms of knowledge every fact patiently mastered is a stepping-stone and a vantage-ground for the successful advance towards others. How true is all this in reference to mathematical science, in which no man makes successful progress towards a second truth till he has patiently mastered the first of the series, and so on. Go through the long range of biography of the most distinguished men, and, with very few exceptions, I believe, you will find patient perseverance lying at the very root of the flowery and fruitful tree of success. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard;" and the restless and

impatient catcher at phantoms instead of facts may learn a lesson of her too. The patient man's mind flows on like the deep waters. The impatient man's is like the brook that leaps and dances over the shining pebbles, with a word and a song for all it meets by the way—telling all that it knows, and sometimes a great deal more. Oh! it is a priceless gift when a young man in the morning of life is endued with a patient spirit, and a hungry mind and heart. He shall surely walk in a lofty region—far higher than can ever be reached by those whose impatience imagines it can educe knowledge in all its exactness from the recesses in which it dwells, as easily as by the sharp contact of the flint and steel he evokes the mighty majesty of fire.

I cannot pass on without suggesting to you the importance of cultivating also the *educational habit*. In very many instances it is to be feared that when the period of boyhood and early youth is past, and the real tug of life's battle has begun, young men suppose that the need for further education no longer exists. The reminiscence of their schoolboy days does not supply a motive to further exercise in the same direction. It leaves but little sweetness in their memory. The trammels of school were gladly thrown off, as new avenues of life and occupation opened before them. But is the liberty of opinion—that liberty which the wisest and best all use with caution—is it to be used successfully and without danger or arrogance on the slender qualification of schoolboy knowledge? As well might a young man hope to rise to mercantile eminence while limiting the capital employed in business to his schoolboy pocket-money, or the value of his bag of marbles. The educational habit should be encouraged, and it never should be broken. Life itself, from the cradle to the grave, if used aright, *is* education; for education is the due development of our powers of mind and heart by exercise. But yet there are multitudes of men who as it were stand

still as the crowd passes. They stand where they did, ten, twenty years ago. They have made no progress. The world has breathed, and thought, and acted, and great hearts have done nobly, while the sluggards have been like men without eyes, without ears, without motive, end, or aim, with life scarcely pulsating at their hearts.

Education is not mere scholarship; and the educational habit is not exclusively cultivated in schools and colleges. It is not mere book-craft. It is thought led on to reflection. It is reflection developed into purpose. It is purpose consummated by action. And it is thought, guided by observation, which gives power to reflection; and it is reflection, throwing its steady light upon the heart's purpose, that brings out the force and the fitness of action; and the thoughtful, observant, and reflective man, full of great and noble purpose, and action working it out with a lofty end—it is he who is the educated man, to whom scholarship such as he may be able to attain to will superadd the glory of a moral diploma which the good and the educated will surely respect. And just in proportion to the progress you make in the maintenance of the educational habit will be your fitness for the exercise of the liberty of opinion. Let me, therefore, urge you to be at the pains of learning, so long as there is anything unknown to you that can be useful. Endless are the open and hidden springs of knowledge. From the one class I would have you ever drinking; for the other I would have you always seeking; and the more you cultivate and strengthen the educational habit, the less will you find to be the difficulty of acquisition. Seek to have all the powers which God has bestowed on you developed to their best and highest end; and be assured that the opinions of an enlightened mind, formed and stored up by the daily exercise of thought, observation, and reflection, will give strength and fibre to the manhood which is to be either adorned by the possession, or degraded by the want of them.

If the educational habit be neglected in youth, it is not likely that it should be acquired in more advanced life, when the want of its beneficial results shall be felt—and perhaps keenly felt. The very idea of habit implies early beginning and steady progress. No young man can foretell what shall be the position of life to which he may be eventually called: and how sad it would be for him to find himself crippled and unfit for the exalted and the honourable, for want of that force and power which the educational habit alone can communicate. The same state of society which demands and secures liberty of opinion secures also to every man, whatever his origin may be, the liberty of rising—if he has power to rise. And, though in these days of large adventure and enterprise, men have risen, and others may rise, to wealth and the influence which mere wealth can confer, yet we have not been without instances of degrading unfitness for every thing but for breathing the foul atmosphere that hastily gotten wealth too often generates—which is often like that fatally destructive gas in which the light of the taper is instantly extinguished. A successful merchant, a bold speculator, a daring experimentalizer in the world's crooked ways, if not trained and fitted for higher things by the steady cultivation of the educational habit, will present, at every part of his character, a point of repulsion, from which the excellent of the earth will start as from an electric shock.

But, though the state of society admits of these exceptions—for such they are, yet we may in general very confidently assert that no man will rise to wealth and eminence in honourable ways—except by the path to which the educational habit is qualified to lead him. It was well said by the famous Scottish peasant-poet—“*The rank is but the guinea-stamp, but man's the gold for a' that;*”—and there is the true gold of manhood in every young man's nature; but it is only

the educational habit that can refine and purify it, and make it fit to receive the impress of the die that shall give it currency and acceptance, like the genuine coin of the realm. In the roughest nugget of human gold there is a wealth to be developed, that can carry a blessing with it wheresoever it may go.

If the business of life were mere gratification alone—if our character, opinions, and habits for good or evil terminated in ourselves and had no bearing whatever on the society of which every one of us is a part—why then perhaps men might be allowed to content themselves with the play and exercise of their lower faculties—such as they have in common with the brutes—if such should be their heart-sickening inclination. But as “no man liveth to himself,” and as our character, habits, and opinions—which are the very substance of our being—are continually acting on those around us, as well as on ourselves, then surely for our own sakes, as well as for the sake of others, it behoves us to cultivate that wise and judicious educational habit which shall at length reach our mind’s whole region and our heart’s deepest centre, and constrain the whole man to the adoption of principles, which will become powers, such as shall make their possessors the benefactors of their species and the exemplars of the true nobility of moral virtue; whose opinions will be respected because wisely formed, and influential because consecrated to the cause of truth. And if the golden web of Christian graces can be seen mingled with the woof of moral virtue, then shall we be sure that the educational habit has been working out its greatest end, and raising man’s nature to its proper elevation.

But, supposing these qualifications to have been secured, there is something more needed, in order to fit their possessor for the full exercise of the liberty of opinion; and the first of these that I shall mention is, *sincerity*.

Sincerity is almost like the spinal cord in the human

body;—motion, sensation, nervous energy, all are dependent on its healthy existence. It is easily disturbed; and when disturbed, it soon takes on a morbid action. Opinions, to be worth anything, must be sincerely held; for in many cases they are the basis on which principles are seen to rest. If they be insincerely held, then the principles built upon them must be fallacious. In the exercise of the liberty of which we are discoursing, opinions may be embraced to serve a purpose, to support a party, or to secure some other end equally unworthy. It is not right to say that opinions are insincerely held, just because they may happen to be wrong; for the right or wrong will very much depend on the way and on the circumstances under which they have been formed; and in that case a man may be as sincere in holding a wrong opinion as he could be in maintaining and defending a right. The sincerity is to be seen in the firmness with which opinions are held when the holder is convinced, by amplitude of knowledge, patience in investigation, and educational habit, that they are sound and really tenable. Firmness, in such a case, is not obstinacy, but it is sincerity nailing its colours to the mast, and abiding the issue, though it may involve a sacrifice not always easy to be borne. To take such a stand as this, in regard to matters of weight and importance, requires indeed a deep conviction of the mind that the opinions maintained are sound and true; and a determination to assert and maintain them—not because they may be palatable to those with whom we are most accustomed to think and act, but because they are, in our conscientious belief, sound and true. For instance, a young man has passed the days of his childhood and boyhood in a godly home, and has been enabled, by grace from above, to acquire a satisfied judgment upon the facts of revealed religion; and upon such matters connected therewith as may be open to opinion, has formed his opinions with that deep conviction of their soundness which gives composure and serenity to his

mind and heart, and helps to the government of his daily life. He is thrown among the idle and thoughtless—perhaps among scoffers at religion. He finds himself derided for his “strait-laced” opinions; and when, perhaps, in the presence of others he kneels to pray, or to engage in some other religious exercise which calls him to separate himself from them, and hears the sound of their jeering voices as he closes the door upon them,—if he feels a faintness stealing over his heart, mingled with a desire to take a lower stand, and avoid a singularity which exposes him to so much of what is difficult to be borne, he is in danger of having an invasion made on the youthful sincerity which he brought with him from a Christian home. Such, indeed, were a sore trial, but has been often met by young men in large places of business, where they have not been able to choose their companions, and where religious principles do not govern the heads of the business establishment;—where, in fact, there is neither countenance nor protection afforded to Christian opinions, or principles, or conduct. If perfect sincerity can be maintained at all hazards, as grace alone can enable him to maintain it, then surely the difficulty diminishes, and the sense of trial dies away in proportion to the growing vitality of principle. In such a case, liberty of opinion is of inestimable value, and is to be contended for with as much earnestness as liberty of the person, and liberty of action; and it is wonderful to see sometimes how the audacity of libertinism will give way under the pressure of a sincerity which resolves not to relax one muscle or one fibre. But, on the contrary, I ask, what is liberty worth to the man who is prepared to disguise or change his opinions under the influence of some temporary pressure, or to say that black may possibly be white, for the sake of peace? Liberty of any sort, without sincerity in the use of it, exposes its possessor to many a peril; and in that case there are few things more dangerous than liberty of opinion. Oh, then, let

us aim at sincerity, whatever may be the subject to which our opinions refer, once we are convinced they are right, and worth being held at all; for, once our sincerity fails, it will be like dry rot in a building, and our whole moral sense will at length crumble under its influence.

The next thing I would mention is *candour*;—and this is what will enable you to deal fairly with others on that common ground where diverse opinions may meet without jostling. It is a great thing to know that it is possible for you to be wrong, and that another may be right. It is not every young man—or old man, either—who knows this, so as to be really influenced by it. But in proportion to that knowledge will be the candour with which you regard the opinions of others, who have taken as much pains as yourself to be right. Your liberty of opinion is not greater than theirs. Your qualification for exercising your liberty may be less. It may not be always easy to discover where the preponderance of qualification lies; and this very uncertainty should supply a strong, a very strong, motive to the exercise of candour.

Candour is a sure sign of greatness of mind. Little minds are very apt to be dogmatical and uncandid. They are often in trepidation, lest they should be snuffed out, and cannot afford to be interfered with. On the contrary, the man of a candid mind will reconsider, when another mind has opened to him the probability of error, and will be at a moment ready to avow the obligation, if his opinions should be thereby brought into a more perfect form. He will yield to every man his due, and gracefully bend to conclusions happier than his own. He who is deficient in candour is, in exactly the same degree, unqualified for the exercise of the liberty of opinion which he denies to others. He would be an autocrat, if he could, and stand alone in the vast empire of opinion.

Akin to this is the last qualification which time will allow

me to mention ; and it is *modesty*. The great Newton, when engaged in the lofty pathways of science, leaving, as it were, his footprints amidst the stars, and interpreting the divinely established laws of the universe around him, was wont to say that he was like a child gathering shells on the shore of the vast ocean. This was modesty—the modesty of true greatness. It is candour which governs us in dealing with the opinions of others. It is modesty which comes out of a right estimate of ourselves in comparison with the greatness of the subjects to which our opinions may often refer. There are multitudes of men who are ready, on the spur of the moment, to say, “I am decidedly of opinion”—which, if strictly interpreted, would be found to mean, I have never thought on the subject as he must think who is to arrive at a tenable opinion. And there are others, who, in the full blow of their self-sufficiency, are for upsetting, on a very short notice, the opinions of an earlier day, before the march of intellect (of whose blessings they have so signally failed to partake!) had cast its brightness over a grateful and rejoicing world! Like the cut of their coats—they must have all things new; as if newness and trueness were twin brothers. They wonder that their fathers and grandfathers could have been so shortsighted, so narrow-minded, so illiberal; and they are thankful they are not as they were. These are clever fellows, and wondrously popular amidst a squad of shallow-pates. But the man of true modesty knows that truth and right opinion have close affinity; and that both are to be often found in the deeper strata of observation, into which he must penetrate with patience. The respect and reverence which he bears for truth is always helpful to the cause of modesty when traversing the region of opinion. An opinionist, devoid of modesty, is sure to bring discredit on the liberty of opinion; and the collision of such spirits may serve at length to bring opinion itself into disgrace.

But now it is time that I bring this lecture to a close ; and, therefore, I at once throw down before you a few practical remarks with which I will conclude. The liberty of opinion is a rich jewel—mind how you wear it. It is a mighty weapon in the hand of truth against error—mind how you wield it. It is a wondrous power for dealing with men's minds around you—mind how you put it in motion ; for certainly your responsibility will be in proportion to the value of the liberty.

Beware how you attempt the exercise of it on matters of real moment, without having first made sure of an adequate qualification ; for sagacious minds will be sure to detect the shallowness and censure the weakness that will be exposed. The opinions which a man avows may always be regarded as the gauge of his mind ; and, therefore, if lightly formed and expressed, they speak volumes which it will require some years perhaps of repentant discipline to correct. And, suppose it should happen that a young man's stand or fall in society were to depend upon his opinions on subjects wherein error is not only foolish but pernicious, the long future of his life might be a future of unavailing repentance, if error should be the characteristic of his opinions, rather than the majesty of truth. A man's avowed opinions are apt to stick by him longer than he may imagine ; and if they are unworthy of the character he ought to display, or the station in which he is providentially placed, those who are jealous of the abuse of the liberty of opinion cannot be expected to moderate their censure from the fear of wounding his feelings ; and on what ground can he claim that thoughtful and highly principled men should deal tenderly with him ? The greater the value of a privilege bestowed, the darker is the moral guilt of using it without a high purpose and intention.

Do not say "What have others to do with my opinions ?" If you do, I answer, Very much, as soon as you avow

them for the purpose of giving them currency. As long as a man keeps bad money in his pocket, and does not attempt to pass it, he may indulge himself in the luxury of such a possession—if such it be; but as soon as he puts the smallest base coin into circulation, he commits a crime, and is answerable to the law, and to the moral sense which gives force and energy to the law. But no man can allow himself in the indulgence of unsound opinions on religion, morals, or any other subject in which man's real happiness is involved, without himself suffering injury; for surely their corrupting influence will grow with his growth, and, like a leprosy in the body, will soon affect the surface as well as the centre of the whole man.

Show me a man whose opinions will bear the test of sober and scrutinizing examination—a man who has dug deeply and patiently for the purpose of making their foundations solid and secure; let me see him fully impressed with the dignity of that liberty which he claims to enjoy and exercise; let me have full proof of his sincerity, his candour, and his modesty, and I will give him a place very near to my heart, and speak of him as one who is worthy: I will predict that he shall not herd with the mean spirits of the world, but shall walk in high places with the excellent; for his opinions, certified by growing experience, will become ruling principles at length; and, by the grace of God ever acting in his heart, he will be made illustrious as a child of God, and a wise and beneficent benefactor of his species.

THE

Law of Labour a Law of Love.



A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. HUGH STOWELL, M.A.

THE LAW OF LABOUR A LAW OF LOVE.

OUR Creator has linked our happiness with our duty. The connection is sometimes secret, but always sure.

“The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.”

We may sow in tears, but we shall reap in joy. True in every instance, this principle holds transcendently true in the case of that law which challenges our attention this evening—the law of labour. However severe, not to say repulsive, its first aspect, however we may be disposed to associate with it thoughts of hardship, and weariness, and self-denial, yet it will not be difficult to satisfy the impartial that it deeply involves our happiness, that it is a most benignant ordinance of God, that it is, in one word, a law of love.

This is the task to which I have committed myself on this occasion; and I shall fulfil it if I succeed in proving to you on the one hand, that labour is a law, and on the other hand, that it is a law of love.

And let not my work be deemed a work of supererogation. For even amongst the young, there are many indolent persons who need to be roused, many discontented with their toilsome lot, who need to be reconciled to that lot, many dispirited by the laboriousness of their course, who need to be

solaced and cheered. God grant that such may be the results of my lecture!

That labour is a law, a stringent, universal law, admits of plentiful proof. My difficulty is in selection rather than invention. I shall study to be brief.

All creation indicates to us that the law of labour is the universal law of God. Everything is in action; all things are serving a purpose. The sun is "as a bridegroom coming forth out of his chamber, and as a strong man rejoicing to run a race. His goings forth are from the ends of the earth, and his circuit unto the ends of it." The moon knows her seasons, and ceaselessly pursues her silvery pathway in the sky. The stars perpetually revolve in their spheres, the clouds are incessantly careering to and fro on the wings of the wind, and the wind itself is continually veering about—now raging in the storm, now whispering in the zephyr. If we descend to earth, all here is astir. The birds are busy in seeking their food, building their little nests, or tending their tender brood. The seasons are ceaselessly changing, and day and night rapidly succeed each other. Vegetation is always waxing or waning; and, even amid the seeming torpor of winter, the vital sap is rising from the root, permeating the body of the tree, and preparing the future foliage, flower, and fruit. The rivers are speeding on unrestingly to the ocean; the ocean itself never reposes, now ebbing, now flowing, now lifting its surges on high. All things below are in action, and we have reason to believe that, if we could take the wings of the eagle and soar into the highest heavens, we should find that all is activity there. We read of the angels and principalities in heavenly places that they rest not day nor night, crying, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty! the whole earth is full of His glory." We read that they do "His commandments, hearkening to the voice of His word." We read

of their flying very swiftly on His errands whether of justice or of love. We read of them, as now sweeping an army into the grave with the wings of the pestilence, and now wafting a poor beggar to Abraham's bosom. They are represented as "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation," as at once tending the little child, and beholding their Father's face in heaven.

Surely we should infer, then, that the topstone of this lower creation—mysterious man—the link between the spiritual and the animal, the material and the immaterial, combining both in one strange unity, would not be formed for inactivity, but would have his toil to encounter, his task to perform. Nor can we look at ourselves, much less examine our own construction, and not perceive at once our adaptation and aptitude for energy and effort. If we look at these bodies of ours, so curiously and wonderfully fashioned, so skilfully and strangely put together, we cannot but perceive indications that we were designed for exertion. Is not the hand exquisitely framed to handle, and the foot to walk? If we explore our mental faculties, is not the memory fitted to accumulate knowledge, the understanding to penetrate the secrets of nature, the reason to investigate and ascertain truth? Or if we enter and analyze our hearts, are not all our affections and passions so many springs of effort? Are they not all like the steam-power—if we may use so mechanical a figure—designed to keep the moral and mental machinery of the man in constant play?

Nor can we stand in doubt about the purpose with which all these energies and capacities were imparted to us. For if we advert to the period of man's purity and perfection, we at once ascertain that his Maker did not intend him to be unoccupied even then, for he placed the primitive pair in Paradise, not just that they might dally in its bowers, or sport on its flowery banks, or pass the day like the butterfly that disported

itself amid the blossoms around them, or like the insect that fluttered and hummed in the breeze—no, but rather that they might dress the glorious garden and keep it. Occupation was the law of Paradise or ever man fell. Surely, then, if it was the law of Eden, much more must it be the law of a withered and wasted world. Accordingly we find that what was in the beginning wholly and essentially a law of love, was thereafter riveted upon mankind with an iron chain, and was, to a certain degree, transmuted into a penal ordinance; for the sentence pronounced upon guilty man was, “Cursed be the ground for thy sake ! Thorns and briars shall it bring forth to thee. In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread, until thou return to the ground whence thou wast taken.” Toil, thus, general, onerous, inevitable toil, became the doom and destiny of man upon earth. No longer gentle, recreative exertion, but stringent, strenuous labour. Thenceforth mankind had no alternative. They were necessitated no less than enjoined to work. Their wants, their appetites, their infirmities, their comforts, all enforced upon them the punitive statute. The ground no longer brought forth spontaneously fitting food for human kind. The firmament no longer sheltered them ; they needed to shelter themselves from its inelucmency of heat and cold. All the disasters that fell upon man when he transgressed, all the bitter fruits that sprang from eating of that fatal tree, all compel him to toil. If he is to live he must eat, and if he is to eat he must work ; he cannot evade the necessity. It may not be, indeed, that all men must eat their bread in the sweat of their brow ; but, if not, then, at least, in the sweat of their brain ; and mental effort is often harder far than manual toil. The deep-thinking scholar has more of self-denial to exercise, and more of sustained energy to exert, than the man that hammers the anvil or plies the shuttle from early morn till late at night.

So indispensable is labour, that there is in truth nothing

which man can attain that is worth the attaining, nothing he can pursue really deserving of pursuit, for which he must not pay the stipulated price, and that price is earnest effort, whether of head, or hand, or of both together. In things of the mind not less than in things of the body such is the cost. No man is intuitively a scholar; no man is intuitively a wise man; no man has naturally and without culture a mind developed and replenished. So far from it, that he who will not apply himself to study must prove a pitiful abortion, a rude wilderness, instead of a cultivated garden. There may be luxuriant thorns, briars, weeds, but there will be no myrtle-tree, no shittah, no box-tree, no beautiful plants of grace and truth to decorate the mind. He who will not submit to toil cannot have even his bodily powers fully strengthened and matured. Mark the man that leaves any one of his limbs unexercised, and you will see that limb become half shrivelled, well nigh paralyzed. Frequently have I noticed how the hand-loom weaver, in consequence of having to use his arms perpetually in his craft, becomes almost distortedly and disproportionately large and muscular in his upper limbs, whilst his lower members are feeble and out of keeping; illustrating exactly my position, that our physical as well as mental faculties require exertion in order to development, and development in order to perfection. The retribution of sloth is impotency, imbecility, and imperfection.

Not only does a man owe industry to himself, he no less owes it to society. Without it he can be of no real value or avail in the community. He will be a cumberer in the vineyard, a drone in the hive. Look at the men who shine in the history of the past, the men who served their generation and distinguished themselves, whether in our universities of learning or in our halls of legislation, whether in the walks of benevolence or in the battle-field, whether as enterprising

voyagers, exquisite artists, or skilful mechanists—have not all of them been men of unremitting diligence; men who girded themselves to the oar, and forced their sluggish natures to deny themselves, shaking off that spirit of self-indulgence which hangs upon human energy like a millstone? They were men who conquered circumstances because they conquered self, who overcame all difficulties because they had overcome indolence.

Nor are there any classes exempted from the sovereignty of this law. It is not alone the man whose appetites and exigencies demand it at his hand who is bound to labour. He is at the least equally bound who has for all his wants the fullest provision, and the fullest scope for the indulgence of every taste and fancy. For is there any man living of whom it can be said that he has a right to rust, or that he is at liberty to squander the talents, capabilities, and opportunities that God has entrusted to him? Is there any man living who can plead his privileges and advantages in bar of his making use of them, in bar of his fidelity as a steward of all? Is there any man so pleading that can stand acquitted at the tribunal of his own conscience, justified at the bar of society, much less approved at the judgment-seat of Christ? "To whom much is given, of the same much will be required." What more monstrous, then, than for a man, because much has been given to him, on that very account to say, "Nothing is required of me!" The richer therefore a man, the more laborious ought he to be. The higher his rank and the wider his sphere, the more should he addict himself to the mighty purpose of glorifying God and serving his kind. It is a vulgar and most preposterous notion which prevails among many of the lower orders, and sooth to say, is frequently favoured and fostered by the affluent and the elevated, that a gentleman is one who has nothing to do, and enjoys himself by doing nothing. If such were a correct con-

ception of a gentleman, for my part, I should say, "Save me from ever being a gentleman!" For if the gentleman be sold to sloth and linked to uselessness, assuredly he is chained to misery and sold to contempt. Yes, to contempt, for it is not the position makes the man, but the man the position. And the poorest individual who toils hardly and honestly for his bread and eats the bread contentedly for which he has toiled, is far more respectable and to be respected than the wealthiest of nobles who vegetates through life, a mere consumer of the fruits of the earth, a huge sponge, absorbing ever, never diffusing; one on whose tombstone you might inscribe "He lived to himself, and he died to himself: no hope illumined his death-bed, and no tear bedewed his grave."

But, need I remind you, that we have had glorious examples in past days—ay, and we have them in the present day—of those who, just because they were at liberty, as the world would deem, to live as they listed, and do what they would with their own, for that very reason have toiled all the harder, and given the more devoted application to the matchless task of benefiting their fellows and honouring their God. Need I do more than recall from the past such names as those of William Wilberforce, Elizabeth Fry, and Howard, the philanthropist? Need I do more than instance in the present Livingstone, and Florence Nightingale,—and, to go no further, for further I need not go—your own illustrious President? There is not a harder working man in her Majesty's dominions than Lord Shaftesbury. How he has toiled for the factory child; how he has struggled for the daughters of the coal-mine; how he has laboured for the poor ragged outcast children; how he has striven for the oppressed and neglected needle-women! He has exerted himself even for the thieves and the marauders of society; he has never shunned the fœtid haunts of iniquity, nor the dark lurking-places of the pestilence; he has shrunk from no self-denial and stag-

gered at no obstacles so that he might gratify the holy ambition which fires his soul to make the most of his rank and his influence, his endowments and his attainments, for the service of his species, and for the glory of his Master. Oh, that more of the great, the affluent, and the noble thus rightly interpreted the duty of their position, and realized, that pre-eminence in advantages entails pre-eminence in usefulness!

We are not, however, left to infer the law of labour from indirect reasonings; we have it propounded and enforced in every variety of form in the statute-book of Heaven—the Word of God. Need I do more than remind you that the very commandment which bids us rest on the Sabbath-day bids us labour in the six days; for, “Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day, in it thou shalt do no manner of work,” is not more stringent than “six days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do;” so that he who fails to work during the days of labour transgresses the law even as he does who labours on the day of hallowed rest. Need I remind you of the kindred precept—“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.” All that ought to be done, ought to be done mightily. Akin is the exhortation—“Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.” You see that he who is not diligent in business is not fervent in spirit; and he that is not fervent in spirit does not serve the Lord. The laggard and the sluggard cannot please God; they are serving their own flesh, they are “sensual, not having the spirit.” They are slaves, not free men; they are serfs of Satan, not servants of Christ.

Then, again, we are told—how clearly and beautifully—that we must “give all diligence,” that we must “*labour to* enter into the rest that remaineth for the people of God;” yea, that we must “agonize to enter in at the strait gate.” It were a great mistake to suppose that the grace of God and prayer for that grace are in any wise to supersede effort;—so

far from it that they ought to stimulate and sustain exertion. If we imagine that we are trusting God whilst we do not try to obey Him we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; so far are we from trusting, that in reality we are tempting him. But if because we trust we therefore try, and trying still more absolutely trust, then are we effectually taught of God. Then shall we stretch forth the withered hand, and in stretching it forth, as bidden by Him who only can heal, it shall be restored. It is in doing that which He commands we are warranted to look for that which he doth promise. "If any man will do"—be willing to do—"the will of my Father," said Christ, "he shall know of the doctrine." Bear in mind how it is written, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." And why? Because "it is God that worketh in you, to will and to do of His good pleasure." He does not work *on* us as the sculptor works on the block of marble, or the carpenter on the log of wood. Man, rational, responsible man, is not so dealt with by his Creator. He who endowed him with his mysterious power of volition and with his marvellous energies of action, draws him with cords of a man; works in him, and through him, and by him; so that, whilst on the one hand we can do absolutely nothing without God, God will on the other hand ordinarily do nothing without us. It is, therefore, a gross mistake to suppose that sovereign grace sets aside or paralyzes effort; instead of setting aside or paralyzing it, *that* grace is the only effectual spring of exertion; through it, and through it only, any of earth's fallen sons seek for glory, and honour, and immortality by patient continuance in well-doing, and attain eternal life. "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

Little more need be added to prove to you that all are under the law of labour; a law enacted for man in Paradise,

riveted upon him at the fall, enforced upon us by our necessities, essential to all progress, obligatory alike on the affluent as on the destitute, on the prince as on the peasant; a law ratified on Sinai, sustained with most solemn sanctions, extending to things spiritual no less than to things carnal, to that meat which endureth to everlasting life as well as to the meat which perisheth. Let no man deceive you with vain words. Harken to no one who would argue from grace to sloth. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." No sluggish soldier ever won the battle of the cross; no idle servant ever heard the welcome of his Lord. Remember that he who hid his lord's money was branded as a "wicked servant." It is not said that he wasted it, nor yet that he appropriated it; he simply buried it, and *therefore* was stigmatized as a "*wicked*," because a "*slothful*," servant. For, saith Solomon, "He that is slothful in his work is brother to a great waster."

Call to mind the beautiful illustration of taking the kingdom of heaven by force which you have in that glowing picture of the pilgrimage of the believer from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City,—Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." In the Interpreter's house, Christian, among other mysteries and marvels which were shown him for the purpose of enlightening and impressing his mind, saw a glorious building of white marble, and upon the summit were walking in white many radiant and lovely inhabitants. But along the passage and doorway leading to the mansion were drawn up hosts of armed men, with naked swords, prepared to defend the way against every attempt at entrance, whilst hard by sat at a table a man in scribe's attire, with a register before him and a pen in his hand. Meantime a throng of persons solicitous to enter, but afraid to encounter the danger, were seen shrinking back from the naked swords. At length, however, there walked up a man with a stout countenance and

determined air, and approaching the table where the scribe sat, bade him enroll his name; and then, unsheathing his sword, with an unflinching eye and an unwavering brow, he cut his way through all resistance, and entered the temple triumphantly. How graphic a picture of how the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. The sluggard and the coward perish at the gate, but the bold, the energetic, the determined in the name of Jesus and in the strength of God, win their way through every impediment, and vanquish every foe. The law of labour is a law of the kingdom of grace, as well as of the kingdom of nature; and as no man deserves to eat his daily bread who does not work, so no man can eat the bread of life and live by it, except he labour to live, and live to labour in the service of God.

Not, however, to linger longer on what is only the preliminary branch of my subject, but to pass from the vestibule into the structure, let me now strive to prove to you that the law of labour, thus stringent and thus universal, is at the same time a law of love. It was ordained of God for our good and for His own glory.

Now, first of all, let me remind you, that the fact which I have already adduced, presents itself to us here again, under another aspect—the fact that the ordinance of labour was an ordinance of Eden. We are accustomed, indeed, to look upon it as the adjunct of our fallen state, but this is a false view. The bitterness annexed to it, like a dark shadow, followed the fall; but labour itself pertained to Paradise. If, then, God instituted it in the time of man's innocency, it is not right to associate it chiefly with the curse; rather ought we to regard it as a blessing. Indeed, if it was expedient in Eden, how much more must it be expedient in this blighted scene. If it was not good for man to be left unoccupied there, much less can it be good for him in an evil and perilous world. It follows, then, that it must be a benign appointment, since it

was ordained by the God of love for the child of His love whilst yet that child reflected His image and walked in the sunshine of His favour. Let the poor working man, who may sometimes groan under his wearisome task and wish his toil were done, remember that labour was the law of Paradise; and this will surely tend to reconcile him to his arduous lot.

But view the ordinance in another aspect, and say whether it is not a gracious provision? Is it not essential to the maintenance of health, vigour, and tone? If the musician leaves his instrument long untouched, if he do not string and tune it statedly, how infallibly will it become disordered and discordant, its notes feeble, and its strings relaxed. It is even so with the human frame and mind. If there be not wholesome exertion and activity to tone and tune the mysterious "harp of thousand strings," body and mind alike will become jarred, distempered, and unstrung. Labour is the price of health. He that will not undergo the cost cannot enjoy the blessing. How often you see in daily life the men who are the drones and sloths of society carrying their brand and burden about them in bloated limbs and cumbrous obesity of figure, exhibiting at once their sin and their punishment. Sundry ailments and distempers are the inevitable results. The physical functions become clogged, and the humours of the body gross and redundant. Sometimes, indeed, this unwieldiness arises from constitutional tendency, but more frequently it is the effect of indolence and self-indulgence; so that he who will not keep his body under by healthy labour, will have to labour under the burden of the body. How much wiser and better, by early rising, by resolute moderation, and, above all, by strenuous diligence, to subdue the flesh, and bring it into subjection to the soul.

Nor is the influence of idleness less disastrous on the mind than on the body. Left stagnant and unoccupied it becomes vain, frivolous, and incapable of effort. The habit of

sloth will wax stronger and stronger, till at last the victim becomes enveloped as in a network of steel, shrinks from the least exertion and shudders at the slightest self-denial. Hence it is written, the slothful man "roasteth not that which he took in hunting;" and again, the slothful man "putteth his hand into his bosom, and he will not draw it forth." What a picture of absolute prostration under the witching, seductive spell of the syren—a man to count it a task to draw his hand out of his bosom; and if he makes a spasmodic effort to hunt the prey, to be yet too lazy to roast what he has caught! It is, on the other hand, one of the rewards of industry that the more a man toils the easier his toil becomes. It is in the nature of active habits that the more we exercise them the more they strengthen, and the easier it becomes to exert them; so that what at first, it may be, required a painful struggle, by and by refreshes rather than exhausts; and what at first it cost great self-denial to perform, at last may call for the exercise of self-denial to forego. How frequently is the healthful cheerful labour of the working man his delight. He would not, if he could, eat the bread of idleness. He would not, if he could, elude his daily task; he finds his recreation in it. He realizes the Latin proverb—"Labor ipsa voluptas,"—labour itself is enjoyment.

Not only so, but wholesome toil enhances rest, augments the pleasure of repose, gives zest and relish to simple recreation, and lends a special preciousness to what we gain. It deepens and sweetens rest. "The sleep of the labouring man is sweet." He may stretch himself upon a bed of straw, and lay his head on a pillow of chaff, but he needs no opiate and no soporific. The best of all opiates is his healthy weariness, the fruit of healthy toil. How much more to be envied is the deep dreamless sleep of the weary working man, on his hard bed, than the couch of down upon which the rich, voluptuous trifler turns and groans from night to morn, courting

rest in vain, wooing her to eyelids from which she flees. And why? Because he has not paid the price of sound repose. Let him gird himself to wholesome toil; let him earn rest by undergoing labour, and he may bid adieu to soporifics, to silken curtains and downy pillows; sleep will come to him uninvited, and his uninvited sleep will be sweet. And as it is with the working man's nightly rest, so it is with his sabbatic rest. How transcendently sweet it is to him. If he is a man who fears God and longs for heaven, how exquisitely will the labour of the six days impart a savour and a zest to the hallowed repose of the seventh day!—a repose found not in self-indulgence, not in scenes of doubtful recreation, not in frequenting Crystal Palaces or other scenes of secular amusement, fitted to keep up an unwholesome excitement, which, instead of soothing and refreshing body and mind for renewed exertion, will rather by stimulating enervate, and by dissipating exhaust, but the balmy repose found in the house of prayer, found as he breathes the pure air amid the fragrant fields, meditating the while, as Isaac did of old, upon the God of nature as the God of grace; found in his own quiet home, when he returns to bless his household, and to minister as the priest and spiritual nursing father of his family. It is the home, the home of the hard-working man that, next to the house of prayer, will most effectually revive and refresh him on the day of God; there, true to the kindred points of heaven and home, he will best be fitted for his everlasting home in heaven.

But to return from this digression. As with the labouring man's rest, so with his homely meal, it has a special flavour. As the stalled ox has no relish when there is hatred therewith, whilst a dinner of herbs is sweetened by love, so also it may be said that the stalled ox has no flavour for the pampered and the indolent, whilst to the man of toil the dinner of herbs, yea, "every bitter thing," as the wise man hath it, "is sweet."

The hard-working seldom complain of indigestion. They have the real fruition even of the common indulgences of life. There can be little doubt that it is a mistaken notion that the affluent and luxurious, who sit down to tables groaning under viands and piled with luxuries, are the men who have the highest enjoyment even of the pleasures of the palate, poor as they are. It is more than probable that a labouring man finds greater zest in his tough steak and his potatoes in their jackets, than the men who live to eat, ever find in their turtle and champagne. The latter feast with listless, languid appetite, whilst the former eats with the sauce and seasoning of a healthy appetite, the fruit of honest earnest toil.

And as in lower so in higher enjoyments. How little usually does a man prize that which costs him little. If he wins wealth by a lottery ticket, or has ample fortune left him unexpectedly by some relation, it is more than likely that he will have little enjoyment in it, and almost certain that he will either hoard or squander it. It is the discipline of labour that fits a man for the fruition of affluence. He who has gained his fortune by honest industry, knows its worth, and is prepared to steward it well. Besides it has come to him gradually, and is therefore less likely to throw him off his balance.

But of all advantages the most doubtful is just so much fortune as to supersede the necessity for exertion. Men need the stimulus of hope and gain to make them exert themselves. In my long experience in Manchester I have seldom known a young man succeed in life who began with a little independency, or who had the certain prospect of it from his father or from some other relative. It is not unfrequently one of the greatest curses that can befall a youth to have enough to enable him to live without work, and yet not enough to raise him to a position in which he can easily serve his country or his kind. That little pitiful independency! How often has it

betrayed into irresolution and sluggishness ; how often has it beguiled the hopeful young man into shrinking from the self-denying labour of the counting-house or the counter ! How often it has led the loiterer to have recourse to the army in the hope of sporting like the butterfly in dashing costume and purposeless pastime, instead of girding himself to some arduous pursuit in life. How often has it betrayed him into indulgences and extravagances which have plunged him at last into embarrassment and ruin. The ocean of the mercantile world is strewn with the wrecks of young men who made shipwreck because their parents had heaped up fortune for them. Happy for them had they been constrained to toil as their fathers toiled, and to *make* their fortunes that they might *enjoy* them. You may depend upon it, young men, that, if you look into the history of our most successful merchants, and prosperous tradesmen, you will find that the majority of them rose from the ranks, fought their own way, and built up laboriously their own fortunes. Comparatively few of those who started with abundant capital have added to their wealth. It is the man who is content to pursue the safe, steady path of gradual gain, looking for wealth as the fruit of thrift and toil, not as the result of speculation and adventure, who is generally surest to succeed, and fittest to bear and enjoy success. Beware, therefore, of indulging fond day-dreams of riches dropping into your laps without pains or patience ; but rather work on and wait on, and leave the issue to the blessing of that God who maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow with it. At all events, you will thus be in the right way to be rich in contentment, and so rich enough. For it is not what a man has, but what a man is which constitutes the staple of his greatness, his goodness, and his peace.

The law of labour is a law of love, for you cannot more effectually blast your happiness than by eschewing honest toil. Most truly was it said by the philosopher, Crates,

“Labour, that thou mayest not labour; for by not labouring, labour is not escaped, but rather pursued.” Yes, let a man lead a lazy, sauntering life, waste his hours in bed, fritter away precious time in vapid scenes of vain amusement when he ought to be prosecuting some manly course; and inevitably, sooner or later, he will become a poor, nervous, effeminate, burdened creature; haunted with phantoms, and beset with fears. “The slothful man saith there is a lion in the way.” “The way of the slothful is a hedge of thorns.” Fancied ailments, and fancied evils—far more harassing than actual calamities—will torment him. A shadow will startle him; the grasshopper will become a burden. He, therefore, who will not labour voluntarily, will have to undergo the hardest of all labours in enduring himself, in bearing the weight of his own weariness and indolence. You will find that the best cure for nervous ailments is earnest action, in the tenderer as well as in the sterner sex. The ladies who spend their time in folly and fashion, who devour novels and romances in bed, and rise at eventide to turn night into day—those who are continually nursing their feelings and fostering their fancies, indulging themselves in the luxury of fictitious sorrow and imaginary benevolence, whilst utterly heedless of the real distress which surrounds them, and recoiling from all efforts of practical beneficence,—you will generally find this class of ladies ever talking of their nervousness and their sentimentality, full of vapours and visions—now hypochondriacal, now hysterical; not unfrequently, at last, having recourse to opiates or stimulants, in order to get rid of their oppressive consciousness, and still the flutter of their nerves. Let them forget their nerves in wholesome occupation, labouring to do good, denying themselves, in order to be useful in the family, and a blessing to the neighbourhood. Whenever I find one of my Christian young ladies complaining about her nervous sensations, the anxieties that are haunting, and the fears that

are harassing her, I immediately say, "Here is a district for you; go and visit scenes of actual sorrow; undergo real hardship; contemplate genuine privation, and then you will have neither leisure nor disposition to brood over your own imaginary troubles; your nerves will be braced, and your affections enlarged. You will be constrained to say, 'How light are my fancied sorrows compared with the dark realities which oppress my poor fellow-creatures on every side!'"

The beneficial influence of labour still further appears in that it most effectually serves as a check and restraint upon our evil tendencies and inclinations. You cannot adopt a more infallible plan for making a man very bad than by making him very idle. Idleness is a forcing-house in which all the weeds of our corrupt nature are drawn up and drawn out into most disastrous luxuriance. Indolence, by a silent and secret progress, undermines every virtue on the one hand, whilst on the other it fosters every vice. In such a soil nothing great or good ever grew. Young men, bear this in mind. When I see some of your number with their hands thrust into their pockets, and their cigar or blackened pipe stuck in their mouths, strolling and lounging along our parks or our causeways as though their life were a protracted fit of somnambulism, I tremble for them. Pity blends with indignation in my heart as I pass them. What can they develope into but the monkey or the sloth! Happy for them should some calamity galvanize them into energy! Be assured no principle is more certain than that the law of labour was mercifully designed by our Creator as a restraint upon our pernicious propensities. Without it, what would earth be? You may illustrate the point nationally as well as individually. Look, for instance, at a people that have little necessity for toil, and consequently make little exertion, and are they not almost invariably a feeble, degenerate people? Look over the face of the earth, and note, on the contrary, the countries which have the most

hardy, the most virtuous, the most brave, the most free, the most loyal, the most orderly, the most intelligent populations—and are they the countries whose soil pours forth spontaneously richest abundance? are they the countries whose voluptuous skies incline to luxury and sloth? No; they are for the most part the rocky, sterile, mountainous lands,—the lands where the cradles are hard and the nurseries frugal,—the land where the earth yields its fruits only to the sweat of the brow, the dexterity of the hand, and the skill of the understanding. These are the countries which have been the rugged nurses of *men*, *real* men, not dreamy and effeminate creatures, unworthy of the name. Need I direct your thoughts to illustrations? Look at Italy, with her sunny clime and blooming vales. Look at Hindostan, with her glorious skies and exuberant soil. Or, turn to the past, and look at Athens, wealthy and fruitful, with her gossiping, tell-taling, mischief-making people, living to hear or to tell something new. Look at these lands, and mark how inferior the races they have nursed: then advert to some of the rigid rocky countries which enforce labour and discipline to hardness, and mark what peoples they have trained. Need I instance, in the past, hardy Sparta? or in the present, the land of the Alps, rocky Switzerland? Need I single out dike-traversed Holland, or our own bold Scotia, with her stern climate and her noble hills? As a general rule, have not the most unemployed and pampered nations been the most servile, pusillanimous, and licentious? And have not the happiest, bravest, and most virtuous nations been those most addicted and necessitated to toil? What people ever fell through poverty and hardship?—How many a kingdom has fallen through opulence, luxury, and sloth? In like manner, those false religions which foster indolence, degrade and debase a people, thus making them incapable of liberty. Hard working people are the people to be free; a slothful people are sure to be enslaved.

You may trace this in the state of the present as well as in the history of the past. Need I remind you of Bramahism, that wretched system, compounded of lust and cruelty and arrogance, how it prostrates the tribes of India and steepes them in indolence, by the multitude of its sacred days, and by its sensuous and sensual rites? You know what a poor, dastardly, effeminate race people those magnificent plains. Need I indicate to you the influence of Popery on the lands were it rules in all its malignant power? By means of its multiplied holidays, idle pageants, and processions, and not the less by means of its countless receptacles for sluggish monks and trifling nuns, who drag on a monotonous, useless life, mewed up in sanctimonious prison houses, how that vitiated system enervates, withers, and debases a nation! Where is there a country more degenerated than Rome itself, once the most enterprising and valorous of lands? How it groans beneath the burden of its teeming slothful priests and its swarming idle friars. Young men, beware lest the malaria of Popery overspread your free country, for, in that case, we shall lose the spirit of industry, the spirit of independence, the spirit of freedom, and we shall become prostrate and debased as hapless Italy. We owe all our greatness, our liberty, our glory, to the influence of the free gospel of Christ amongst us—to that influence we owe the hardy, enterprising, diligent spirit which insures prosperity, and cannot be enslaved, because free in itself. If the national mind be free, the people must be free; but if the national mind be enslaved, the nation cannot be free.

Let me add, in further proof of my position, that there is an innate dignity in labour. I have no idea of looking down upon a man because he is a hard working man. I look at him with respect. The man that I can hardly help despising is the loungeur in society—the drone in the hive, which devours the honey, but does not contribute to the stock. That

is the man towards whom I find it hard not to indulge feelings of contempt. But whether he be a servant in a family, or a shopman behind the counter, or a pale needlewoman plying her task in her garret, or a poor stonebreaker hammering on the top of a heap of stones, or a swarthy blacksmith ringing changes on his anvil, or a weaver plying his clattering shuttle from morn to eve, I look upon the diligent individual with instinctive respect, if he is doing his task honestly and laboriously, contentedly and cheerfully. There is no man before whom he needs to be ashamed. He may look monarchs in the face undauntedly. He has no cause to fear any one. He eats the bread he earns, and, therefore, deserves the bread he eats. He owes no man anything but love. Who, then, can invade his independence? He has no reason to lower his eye or hide his brow before any potentate on earth. He can afford to pay honour to whom honour, and respect to whom respect is due, because he is himself truly respectable. Well and wisely does he fill up his niche in life. He does his "duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him." Yes, in contemplating our toiling masses, I love to recall the lovely language of one of our most favourite poets:—

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor."

It was a noble sentiment which Alexander the Great enunciated, when he saw some of his friends indulging in sloth. He said to them, "It is a most slavish thing to luxuriate, but a most royal thing to labour." Yes, the man that luxuriates is the man who is a slave; it is the man who labours that is in truth a king, for he alone is king of himself, whilst the king who is not king of himself is but a royal slave. It was a monarch, an inspired monarch, and he the

wisest of men, who said, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean persons."

Happy for our country were her whole population alive and astir! How much discontent would be dispelled, how much excess restrained, how much crime prevented, how much wretchedness obviated! Let the lake lie stagnant, and no winds play upon its bosom, and how soon will it become putrid and pestilential, exhaling mist and miasma all around. The very atmosphere itself, were it to be long unstirred by the winds, would soon become noxious and unwholesome; or were the coalpit to be left unventilated for a season, we should find, as we have had fearful exemplification in our own neighbourhood very recently, that the terrible firedamp would speedily accumulate in its dark caverns, ready to suffocate the hapless miners, or, ignited by a spark, to burst forth into tremendous explosion, and scatter death and desolation around. Constant ventilation alone can avert the catastrophe. Even so in our teeming population, their industrial habits serve largely to keep the political atmosphere pure, and the subterranean recesses clear.

Give heed to yet another evidence that the law of labour is a law of love. There are few better safeguards against the power of temptation than earnest occupation. It has been well said in a Persian proverb, "Whilst the devil tempts other men, the idle man tempts the devil." He is "at home" to every tempter; and every one who would mislead him is sure to meet with a ready welcome, and to find an advocate in his victim's breast. Indeed, indolence is the mother of mischief. And there is as much philosophy as there is divinity in the simple sentiment of the hymn of your youth:—

"For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

How often you find that idle persons become disorderly, slanderers, tale-bearers, busy-bodies in other men's matters. And when the Spirit of God would prescribe a remedy for these evils, as he does in the Epistle to the Thessalonians, he says, "They that are such, exhort, and charge in the name of the Lord Jesus, that with quietness they work and eat their own bread." There is the great remedy for disorderliness, slander, tale-bearing, meddlesomeness. Let us mind our own business, and eat our own bread, and we shall have little time and less inclination for those sinful follies. Then, too, we shall eat the bread of honesty; for he who eats the bread of idleness defrauds those whose bread he eats. In truth, he has no right to eat; for how equitable the canon of inspiration in this matter! I have often thanked God for it, when some drunken vagabond men, who could work if they would, and get work if they chose, have come to beg from me, and told me a pathetic tale, and almost persuaded me to relieve them, against my better judgment. I have thanked God for that Scriptural rule, which has satisfied my conscience, whilst directing my conduct in the matter,—“If any man will not work, neither let him eat.” Labour entitles a man to eat; but if a man will not labour in order that he may eat, he ought not to eat because he will not labour. It is not true charity to give to the vagrant, the idle, and the drunken. Give, when they need it, to the deserving poor, to the laborious, to the pious. When they are unable to work, or unable to get work, minister to them largely, freely, cheerfully; but do not minister to that canker and curse of society—a lazy, drunken, debauched tribe of men, who rob the industrious, propagate crime, and ruin themselves.

But, to crown all, the law of labour is a law of love, because God blesses the soul and the lot of the industrious. There is nothing more sure than that “Every one that hath”—that is, improves what he has—“to him shall be given; but from him

that hath not" — that is, makes no use of what he has—"shall be taken away, even that which he seemeth to have." "The slothful desireth, and hath nothing; but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat." "He that watereth shall be watered also himself;" in doing good he shall get good, in teaching he shall be taught, in promoting the happiness of others he shall gather an abundant harvest of happiness to himself. But here we touch the great principle of all. It is not simply work that will make a man happy; it is work done from the right motive and for the right end; it is work done unto God in Christ that makes a man happy indeed. Listen to the language of inspiration how beautifully it comes home to this point—"God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour that proceedeth of love, which love ye have showed for his name's sake, who have ministered unto the saints, and yet do minister." Here is the vital point—"the work of faith" issuing in "the labour of love." Then, in very deed, is the law of labour a law of love, when the labour itself is a "labour of love;" constrained by the love of Christ, the saint labours not because he must, so much as because he will; not of compulsion, so much as of choice; not in the spirit of bondage, but in the spirit of adoption; not as a servant, but as a son. The charter of our servitude is the charter of our freedom, for "none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." Such "service is perfect freedom." Its language is, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me?" "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" Gratitude to Christ delights in ministering to Christ; and no testimony so sweet to its ear as "she hath done what she could." Whilst we trust in his cross, we must tread in his steps. But, who ever toiled as Emanuel toiled when he sojourned amongst us? Though all the

resources of earth and heaven were his ; though he could command the stones and they should be made bread : though angels hovered round his steps, and the whole universe waited upon him, yet Jesus of Nazareth rose at the earliest dawn and toiled till the latest eventide, and then often spent the live-long night in prayer. Look at him, worn and wearied, as he lies asleep in the hinder part of the fisherman's little bark, tossing on the Sea of Gallilee. See how the swelling surge and mantling storm fail to break the deep repose of the Man of Sorrows. Did he not bear our griefs and carry our sorrows ? Was it not his meat to do the will of him that sent him, and to finish his work ? Was not the comprehensive record of his everlasting existence, " My Father worketh hitherto, and I work " ? No man, then, follows the example of Jesus who does not follow the example of his diligence and devotion ; who does not " deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow him." So borne, the cross loses its weight ; so done, the task loses its toilsomeness ; labour becomes ease ; self-denial, self-indulgence. How beautiful the exemplifications of the power of love to endear toil which we sometimes meet with in the ordinary social scenes of life ! How, for instance, will the fond mother delight in the task of nursing her little one ; watching it by night and tending it by day ; cradling it in her lap, and nourishing it from her bosom ; how sweet the toil to her which to a hireling could hardly be endurable ! Why ? To her it is a labour of love. She would not part with her burden for worlds. And love to him who said, " Whosoever shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me," works still more effectually. This very day I have seen a Christian lady, with many children of her own, who has taken charge of a motherless, diseased, prostrate child, worn and wasted with pain and sickness, lavishing upon him more than a mother's care, waiting upon him, dressing his sores, soothing his little irritations, softening

down his little tempers, instilling simple hymns and portions of Scripture into his mind, and training him into a sweet, lamb-like spirit, so as, through grace, to shed light, and patience, and peace, on his path of privation and pain. And all this labour is light, because a labour of love; because done, for Christ's sake, to one of his lambs. Oh! it is love that transmutes toil into pleasure. Would you work cheerfully, easily, happily; work, not for man, but for Christ; not from fear, but from love: then "the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever."

How soothing to anticipate that everlasting quietness and assurance! How specially soothing to the toil-worn, the faint, and the weary! Many a time when I have gazed at the aged labourer on our roads, with furrowed brow, and thinly sprinkled hair of snow, with bended form, and tottering gait, have I thought, "if you have not a bright hope of the rest that remaineth for the people of God, oh, what a dreary, dark lot is yours; your life one wearing, bootless, tasteless task, and your eternity—blank despair! But if you have the star of heavenly hope to shed a ray along your wintry path of toils and tears, you have no reason to despond, you will have rest enough in yonder immortality of rest. What will three-score years and ten of labour and of woe signify to you when welcomed to the joy of your Lord?" If anything can enhance the sweetness of the repose of heaven it will be the weariness of the worn man, as with his last breath he whispers, "Farewell toil and temptation, faintness and fear! Farewell sweat of brow, aching of head, and soreness of heart—farewell for ever." Oh, young men, labour to enter into that rest. It is worth labouring to do so, and you must labour if you would enter. "I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their

labours, and their works do follow them." But there can be no rest if there has been no labour; there can be no witnesses except there have been works—not going before to justify, but following after to testify. For in the Great Day, the Judge of all will say to the righteous, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me. . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Let us, therefore, labour to enter into that rest; "that blessed rest, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest;" yet it is not the rest of slothful ease, nor yet of mystical tranquillity, but a living rest, where they rest not day nor night crying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts;"—a rest of ceaseless activity, unincumbered with effort, and everlasting worship, without a shadow of weariness.

Socrates.



A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. EDW. MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D.

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SOCRATES.

"THE fashion of this world passeth away," says the Apostle. In each individual man there is something which is undergoing a constant change. Each of us is throwing off his old body, by the gradual "passing away" of the particles which compose it into other forms of matter, and acquiring a perfectly new one, as the natural philosophers tell us, at the end of every seven years. Yet we are quite conscious of being now the same persons as we were in childhood or boyhood. The "we" remains unchanged, while "the fashion" of the body "passeth away."

Now what holds good of a single man, holds good also of society in general; for a single man is only society in miniature. Everything in society which is merely outward is in a constant state of flux. Costume changes; manners change; institutions change; views and habits of thought change; knowledge makes rapid marches, the knowledge of a century ago being a mere baby-knowledge compared with that of to-day. Yet one thing remains stable amidst all these changes; and that is, human nature in its fundamental passions and principles. This human nature outlives all subversions of the existing order of things, just as, according to the fable current among the Arabs, the great Pyramid, and it alone of all monuments, outlived the deluge. Revolutions, whether in

the world of mind, or in the world of politics, may shake to pieces the outward fabric of society, so that this fabric shall be a wreck upon the waters; but the heart of man defies the flood which saps and undermines everything else around it—*itself*, like its Divine Author, “the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.”

This truth is very essential to be borne in mind by every one who attempts (on however humble a scale) an historical or biographical sketch of events and persons belonging to a remote antiquity. A writer has done nothing beyond satisfying a vain curiosity, if he has merely given us an insight into the superficial manners of society at that date, or merely specified the events which occurred in connexion with the subject of his memoir. He should endeavour to give quite a subordinate place to all that falls under the head of outward circumstance, and, by pointing us to analogous characters, analogous ways of thought, analogous currents of public opinion amongst ourselves, to roll out of the mummy wrappers of antiquity the personages, or state of society which he represents, and to breathe into them the breath of life. He should attempt to dig up and to show the points of sympathy and contact which our own times have with the by-gone age, and thus impress upon us the lesson that man, however fantastically changed in outward condition, and under whatever varieties of natural character, is one and the same at the root and core of his being—one and the same in the sentiments of his heart. These are the principles by which we shall endeavour to be guided, while presenting you this evening with a picture of Socrates. And indeed our subject presents peculiar facilities for such a method of treatment. While the appearance and influence of Socrates were one of the most striking phenomena of ancient history, his life was a perfectly uneventful one, and the strictly historical facts of it might be compressed into less than a page.

Before introducing Socrates himself to your notice, we must attempt to sketch for you the class of persons to which he belonged—a class to which nothing in our own days furnishes an exact parallel. Socrates was an ancient philosopher. Now what manner of men were the ancient philosophers? In order to picture them to our mind's eye, we must exercise our imagination a little, and suppose an absence of three things, in the knowledge and possession of which we have been brought up. These three things are Revelation, Books, and the great discovery made by Lord Bacon as to the way in which a knowledge of Nature is to be gained.

First, we must suppose an absence of Divine Revelation,—that Revelation, with the outline of which (at all events) we have been by God's mercy familiar from our childhood upwards. From St. Paul's first chapter to the Romans it is quite clear that the natural conscience of man, independently of Revelation, furnishes to him some general knowledge of God,—enough, at all events, to make idolatry inexcusable. But it is extremely difficult, perhaps impossible, to say for how much of our present ideas on religious and moral subjects we are indebted to the Bible, or, in other words, how much knowledge on such subjects would remain to us, if all that we have derived from the Bible were taken away. Probably there would only remain the notion of a Supreme Being of infinite power, to whom we are accountable for our actions,—a notion dim, vague, undefined,—enough indeed to ay us under responsibility, but nothing more. If we began to use this notion in a way in which it was never meant to be used; if we began to reason upon it, instead of allowing it to govern our actions; if we made it a subject of intellectual speculation, instead of admitting it to a moral influence upon our hearts; we should no doubt get entangled in several fantastical and whimsical conjectures not far removed from those notions which the ancient philosophers occasionally formed,

and which now appear to us so strange, that we are at a loss to imagine what they could have meant by them. I quote some of these conjectures from the preliminary discourse to Mr. Mitchel's translation of Aristophanes. "What is God? the philosophers first asked. He is the most ancient of all things, for He is without beginning, said Thales. He is air, said Anaximenes. He is a pure mind, said Anaxagoras. He is air and mind, said Archelaus. He is mind in a spherical form, said Democritus. He is a monad, and the principle of good, said Pythagoras. He is an eternal circular fire, said Heraclitus. He is the finite and immovable principle in a spherical form, said Parmenides. He is one and everything, said Melissus and Zenon,—the only eternal and infinite." Some of the above are right guesses,—strikingly right when we reflect that the men who made them had no Revelation. "God is a pure mind" is only another form of stating what our Lord Himself states, that "God is a Spirit." And God is a monad (or unit) may be regarded as a sort of echo from the natural conscience to the revealed truth so carefully instilled into the minds of the chosen people; "Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is *one* Lord." And these are sufficient to bear out the Apostle's assertion, that what may be known of God was, by the light of unassisted reason, manifest in the Gentiles. Most of the rest are aberrations, made in a wild extravagance of speculation on a subject, where mere speculation, like Moses at the burning bush, ought to hide its face, as being afraid to look upon God. But worthless as they are in themselves, they have their value to us as illustrating the folly and blindness of the Gentiles, so forcibly depicted by the Apostle: "They became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools." And again, "In the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God."

You are to imagine, then, in the first place, a state of society, in which men had no more definite information respecting Him with whom they have to do, and their relations and obligations to Him, than that which is supplied by the moral sense in its natural undeveloped state.

The next supposition to be made is that of an absence of printed books. Even written manuscripts rare, and the very art of writing cumbrous, and in the swaddling clothes of its infancy. No newspapers; no periodicals; no cheap publications for the million; no green literature for a shilling a volume in shoals like fish on a quiet moonless night; no reading rooms or Mechanics' Institutes for the lower classes, or for any class at all. Now you might suppose at first sight that this would be a sad drawback to thought. And so no doubt it was in one point of view. Books often set men a thinking; and, accordingly, where books are absent, one stimulant of thought is wanting. But, perhaps, after all, books would be a greater loss in the way of knowledge, than in the way of thought. It is indeed an impossibility, or next door to an impossibility, that the public mind should be *well-informed* in the absence of books. But then, information is one thing, and thought (or the exercise of the mind upon information) is quite another. And it by no means follows that, because men are very scantily informed, therefore they are in the habit of thinking little. The fact is, that thought may be killed by surfeit, as well as die of starvation. In our times thought runs the first of these dangers. We are in danger of thinking little, because so many authors think for us; and by means of the printing press throw their thoughts into our brains. We accept their sentiments, or the criticism which a review passes upon their sentiments, without ever taking the trouble of forming a judgment of our own. Perhaps, if there were fewer books, and fewer ready-made opinions thrust upon the world, intelligent minds would be

more thrown back upon thinking for themselves, and would form their own conclusions more than they do. But, however this may be, the intelligent men of Greece, at the period we are speaking of, found out, in the absence of books, a stimulant for thought which served them very well, and sharpened their wits more keenly than books could have done. This stimulant was talk. Now *we* have very little notion of talk as an intellectual exercise, precisely because in our altered state of society we spend all our thought upon books. Our thoughtful man almost always takes the form of a student. He shuts himself up in his private room, takes down his books, and thus brings his mind into contact with the minds of other men. It is a noble exercise indeed, this of reading; but, noble as it is, there is one disadvantage under which it labours, when considered as an exercise of the mind. The author cannot ask questions of the reader, to ascertain whether the reader really goes along with him. The reader cannot ask questions of the author, to ascertain his grounds for assertions which seem at first sight doubtful. The author says his say, and the reader thinks his thought upon what the author says; but the two cannot interchange question and answer. Hence, when that great observer, Lord Bacon, describes the different effects of reading, writing, and conversation, he says, "Reading makes a *full* man, writing an *exact* man, and conversation a *ready* man." Observe that it is conversation, and not reading, which makes us ready men. A man might read for years, and yet be very unapt in quick and just repartee. Probably he would stand no lower in public esteem for this deficiency; for opportunities of conversational fencing but rarely occur among ourselves. As a method of sharpening the wits, and sifting a subject to the bottom, conversation is never resorted to; for, in fact, we have no time to carry it on. Books, as I say, engross to themselves our hard thought, and to think hard in our hours

of recreation, would be to convert a pleasure into a toil. When our student has put away his books for the day, his mind is wearied; and, as he takes his exercise in the afternoon, he is glad enough, if a companion is with him, to talk only on such light and common-place topics as it asks no effort to discuss. He will joke, or listen to news, or discuss domestic plans; but he is too fagged for a serious argument. Hence it comes to pass, that we know very little indeed of the power of conversation. In many circles, conversation is the most vapid, empty, insipid thing conceivable. If the tongue is used to communicate little pieces of intelligence, entertaining or instructive, that is well, that is all we look for; it is never seriously employed to force thought from the hotbed of the mind. Now, to form a right idea of intelligent men in the age of Socrates, you must conceive a state of society, in which the great means of mental improvement and mental progress is conversation on serious subjects. Socrates himself was, and prided himself on being, an eternal chatterer. His whole life, from morning to night, was one great talk, talk, talk, with all classes of men indiscriminately. He was afflicted (if any man ever was) with that sore disease, which has very humorously been called, "a determination of words to the tongue." But, at the same time, you will do him the greatest injustice, if you imagine that he discussed frivolous subjects, or discussed any subject for mere entertainment, as a modern talker might. His conversation usually turned upon matters of practical importance to the human race,—upon man's duties, man's destiny, man's happiness. "Poor heathen!" we are apt to say of him in the Pharisaic pride and naughtiness of our hearts. But there are few Christians, indeed, who might not take a lesson from Socrates, as to the topics on which they allow their conversation to turn.

In forming an idea of the age of Socrates, it must next be taken into account that the great principle on which alone

discoveries can be made in nature, was yet a secret to mankind at large. This principle, to give a popular view of it, may be called the principle of experiment. Among the ancients it was supposed that men could think out truths of natural philosophy from their own brains, by the mere force of speculation. Indeed, Lord Bacon was the first who distinctly saw, and clearly proclaimed, that if you wish to get at truths respecting nature, you must put questions to nature; the more sifting and probing questions the better. To put questions to nature is to make experiments upon her; to put sifting questions to nature is to make crucial experiments upon her. Now, it is not difficult to see what a revolution must have been made in the study of nature by the discovery and application of this simple principle of experiment. The most intelligent and the shrewdest men must have been all at sea before, when they contented themselves with mere guesses. The ancient philosophers speculated largely about the universe, with its constituent parts,—the elements, the stars, the winds, the tides, and so forth; and because they rested in speculation, without verifying it by experiment, many of their guesses respecting natural phenomena were as extravagant, and as wide of the truth, as those to which we have already adverted on the subject of the Divine Nature.

Imagine then a set of naturally intelligent and speculative men, living under the conditions which have been described, in the absence of Revelation and of Books, and in ignorance of the only principle on which discoveries can be made in nature. But perhaps it is not easy to imagine. Speculative men are not commonly found among ourselves; indeed, we have scarcely any professional students (*i.e.* persons who make a pursuit and business of study); the English are too practical a people, and life, in our stirring times, makes too many demands on our energies, to allow to ordinary persons the

leisure for speculative pursuits; but such characters may be found among our neighbours; and if you will take a German professor, with a clever crotchety brain fertile in every sort of theory, and suppose him with such tendencies of mind, and such habits of thought as he actually has, to be living under an outward condition of society such as I have portrayed, you will gain something like a rough idea of the philosophers of antiquity.

The philosophers, speaking of them as a class, were good men according to their lights. They maintained for the most part by their example, as well as by their preaching, a protest against immorality, and also against that subtler form of evil which goes among Christians under the name of worldliness. Most of them lived hard lives, were contented with a very little, and sought neither honour nor wealth. If such a term can be applied to heathens, they may fairly be called the spiritual men of their day. Of course they were the few; and the many went their way (as in all ages of the world they have done) and pursued eminence, and opulence, and the hundred other baits which lure mankind, and sneered at the philosophers. The age of Socrates was an age in which eminence and opulence were open to Greeks of ability and energy of character. Under a despotism, to struggle for these ends is useless; men rise to posts of distinction by the favour of the despot, and if any one manages to amass so much wealth as gives him influence dangerously great for a subject, he is subverted by some arbitrary proceeding. But that enthusiastic sensation of liberty which had gone bounding through the veins of Greece, when the Persian advanced against her, had before that time led to the breaking up of most of the Greek despotisms, and to the establishment either of oligarchies or democracies in their room. Athens, in particular, had driven away the members of the house of Pisistratus, and had established a pure democracy. This democracy had many

great evils, and carried within it the seeds of its own decay; but it had this advantage as compared with the former state of things, that men of ability could rise to the head of affairs. Pericles for a long time administered the state, through the mere force of his possessing all the qualities which make a good prime minister. Every young man in Athens felt that there was nothing to hinder his becoming a Pericles. If he could attain to the firmness and wisdom of Pericles; if he could make himself as capable a financier as Pericles; if he could possess himself of the secret of the influence of Pericles; above all, if in the general assembly (or parliament) he could speak as much to the purpose, and command as many votes as Pericles, he might in time hold the same position. Speaking well, or, rather, speaking popularly, was considered to be (as indeed it must ever be in democracies) a key to the whole art of ruling. For democracy is government by the people; and, to speak popularly, is to govern the people, that is, in a democracy, to govern the governors. But there was another circumstance which at Athens brought the art of popular speaking into universal request. The Athenians were naturally a very litigious people. But the number of cases which occupied their tribunals was immensely augmented by the jealousy which they entertained of their political constitution. There was no cry so easily set on foot against a citizen, as that he was seeking by undue influence to subvert the democracy. There was no crime, the mere suspicion of which would bring in its train greater unpopularity, or more prejudice the minds of the judges against the accused. It was open to any one to give information against, and to prosecute public offenders, and as successful prosecutors were often rewarded by considerable sums, the trade of informer became a thriving one.

It should be mentioned also as contributing to this mania for judicature that the judges (or as, perhaps, they would be

more correctly termed, the jurors) were ordinary citizens who were paid for hearing the causes. Six thousand of them were elected every year—a very fair proportion of the population in a state so small as those of the ancients. The office of jurymen was a regular means of livelihood for the year to many, who greatly preferred sitting still, and listening to an exciting argument, to the toil of tilling their farms or superintending their domestic establishments. The word “jurors” might lead you to think that there was some resemblance between their courts of law and our own. But in truth there was as little as possible. Law was not with them, as with us, a profession. There were no professional judges. There were no professional barristers. The ordinary citizen, who had his seat in the general assembly, and was there liable to be influenced by the arts of any demagogue, sat also in the courts of law;—sat, not only to give verdict as to facts, but to adjudicate also. Before him your depositions were made, your oaths taken, your witnesses examined, your evidence heard. The litigants managed their own case for themselves, and accordingly were thrown on their own resources of skill and eloquence. Can we be surprised that under these circumstances the art of popular speaking was much in demand? A man’s fortune and life, especially if he was of such eminence as to excite jealousy, might be suspended on the power of adroitly defending himself in a court of justice. The most innocent of men, the most peaceably disposed, might be at any moment dragged out of his quiet home, and confronted in open court with some practised and shifty informant, who accused him of underhand practices to subvert the democracy. Under these circumstances, the art of speaking and ready fence of tongue became to him equally necessary with the old blunderbuss, which we see hung over the fireplace of one who lives in a lone cottage on a common. He *must* be furnished with it for his safety.

For the above reasons the art of popular speaking was in great demand in the Athens of the time of Socrates. Now a great and general demand, wherever it exists, is sure to create a supply. And so it was with this demand. Men sprung up in the various republics of Greece, who professed to teach, and did teach with greater or less success, how young men might be fitted for the active business of life. They would communicate to any youth who sought and remunerated their services, a sufficient smattering of finance, a sufficient smattering of political knowledge, a sufficient mastery of certain common-places applicable to all subjects alike, and, above all, a sufficient trick of tongue-fence, to make him, at all events, secure, and with abilities and industry successful. This class of men were called Sophists; and though I am unwilling to detain you any longer from Socrates himself, his history is so inwoven with theirs from the circumstance of his having been the antagonist of their influence, that a brief notice of them cannot possibly be spared.

The Sophists then were, as Mr. Grote has very ably shown, not any particular sect or school of philosophers, but the professional teachers of Greece. They supplied, in some measure, the place of universities amongst ourselves, receiving young men after they had passed through the elementary instruction furnished by the grammarian, the musician, and the teacher of gymnastics, and qualifying them to take part in the active business of life. But we have already explained that success upon the theatre of life in those days, and under that phase of society, demanded as its first and most essential condition, a knowledge of the arts of rhetoric, and of what I must call, for want of a better word, conversational fence. Accordingly, to impart these arts to their pupils was the great aim of the Sophists. They considered that they had failed in their end, unless the scholars whom they turned out could foil an adversary by ready repartee in a court of law, and could so sway

the passions of a mob by a popular style of oratory, as to win the suffrages of the many-headed monster. This they did, by arguing in the presence of their pupils on either side of a subject, and showing them how to draw any conclusion which might serve their purpose. Protagoras, the first of the Sophists, made his pupils themselves discuss both sides of a question in his hearing; much as Dr. Doddridge is said to have done with the young men whom he trained in theology, to one the orthodox, and to the other the heretical position, and making them fight it out while he stood by. And there can be no doubt that this was the kind of exercise in which succeeding Sophists also drilled their scholars; and that to be perfect in this exercise was considered tantamount to being qualified for active life.

The real and glaring defect of Sophistical education (and would that it were a defect which did not characterize much of the education given at the present day) was, that it did not aim at imparting or strengthening that, without which a man will certainly make a wrong use of his powers,—moral principle. It was the great *beau idéal* of education without religion; and its sad effects on the minds both of the tutors and the pupils ought to serve as an everlasting monument of the tendency of such education to debase rather than to elevate. If the Sophists had added to their precepts of rhetoric such truths of natural religion as the moral sense even of heathenism conveys,—if they had instilled into the minds of their pupils the existence in every man of that moral sense, the obligations which it lays us under, and the absolute paramount importance of heeding its still small voice,—if they had reasoned with them of righteousness and temperance and that retribution, which may be seen, even without revelation, dimly looming through the haze of the natural mind,—they might thus have formed characters which would have used righteously the gifts entrusted to them by education, or at all

events in whose minds right and wrong would not have been confounded. But as it was, they went astray; they and their pupils, not from any innate badness of mind, or because they were worse than their neighbours, but because they proceeded originally on a mistaken, though well-meant, line of action. Much as a man who tastes two different wines in rapid succession loses at last his power of discriminating between them, so the trick which these men cultivated, of finding something plausible to say on any side of any subject, incapacitated them at length from discriminating between truth and error.

It remains to be added, by way of completing our sketch of the Sophists, that they took money for the instructions which they gave. Gorgias is said to have charged his pupils fifty drachmæ (something more than forty shillings) for a single lecture. Protagoras left the amount of remuneration to the pupil, and accepted what he chose to give, after making him, however, swear in a temple that he had conscientiously estimated the benefits received from the lectures. I think with Mr. Grote that this part of the conduct of the Sophists cannot be fairly objected to, and was in keeping with their pretensions and position. They professed to qualify young men for the business of the world, and they claimed remuneration in that form which the world recognizes. Among ourselves, as Mr. Grote justly remarks, education is a profession, which has its remuneration like all other professions. The chivalrous view of Socrates and Plato that knowledge ought to be free to all mankind, and that he who has it ought to impart it without money or price, may find favour with highly spiritual and refined minds, but is too exalted to gain a footing in this busy working world.

Such, then, were the Sophists. Our introduction has been long, but not longer, I believe, than was necessary to the comprehension of the subject. Socrates is such an exotic,

that it would have been impossible to give any adequate idea of him without first representing the soil and climate in which he grew, and the other plants which grew around him.

Socrates, the philosopher, who may be said to have been one of God's great instruments in developing the mind of the human race, was the son of a sculptor (Sophroneus) and a midwife (Phædramache). His family seems to have been a good and old one, although in humble circumstances. In youth he is said to have worked at his father's trade, and to have sculptured a group of Graces, which was seen by the geographer Pausanias some six hundred years afterwards in the Acropolis at Athens.

As nature forms the body of man before she develops the mind, we will just notice in the first instance the philosopher's outer man. His personal appearance was most unprepossessing. His eyes stood out in his head, as he himself used to say, like those of a crab,—a curious fact, if taken in connexion with the assertion of modern phrenologists that this prominence of the eyes is a sign of talkativeness. The bridge of his nose was very low, like that of an ape, but his nostrils were wide and distended. His lips were thick, and the general cast of the mouth coarse and sensual. His own hearers compared his exterior to that of the Sileni—imaginary grotesque beings of the Greek mythology, who appeared as ugly old men with bald pates, ears pointed at the tip, and puck noses. But it is not the mere features that make beauty; features are but the body of beauty, expression is its soul; and we may be quite sure that the wonderful intelligence of Socrates must occasionally have lit up his features in a manner which made his hearers forget his ugliness. He was very fond of the society of intelligent young men, and we may well believe that when he found he could draw them out, and had gained a key to their minds, a smile hovered

over those coarse lips, which if it could not altogether be called loving, was at least most playful and benignant.

The life of Socrates occupies the latter half of the fifth century before Christ. He was just eighteen years of age in the middle of that century (450 B.C.), and he died in the first year of the century succeeding (399 B.C.). Thus he was cast upon stirring times both in politics and literature. The entire Peloponnesian war, in which Athens, his own city, contested with Sparta the supremacy over Greece, took place in his lifetime. During his lifetime the civil government of Athens underwent four revolutions. During his lifetime lived and wrote Herodotus, the father of history,—the three great tragic poets of Greece, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides,—and the great comic poet Aristophanes. But Socrates meddled not, more than he could help, either with war, or politics, or literature. None of these did he reckon his vocation.

Yet, whenever he was called upon to do his duty as a soldier or a citizen, he did it conscientiously, bravely, and in every way well. On the field of battle he is said to have saved the lives of two fellow-citizens, both men of mark—one of whom turned out a great profligate, while the other was one of the most revered characters of antiquity. In the campaign against Potidæa (a Macedonian city tributary to Athens, but which had revolted from her), Socrates (then about thirty-six years of age) went to the wars, and lived in the same tent with his young friend Alcibiades, then about eighteen. Here, though it was winter, and nipping frosts were often on the ground, the hardy soldier-philosopher paddled about, as he did throughout life, barefooted. In the principal battle, when Alcibiades was struck down, Socrates defended him and rescued both him and his arms. “The prize of valour in that battle,” says Plutarch, “was certainly due to Socrates; but the generals inclined to give it to Alcibiades on account

of his quality; and Socrates, wishing to encourage Alcibiades' thirst after true glory, was the first who gave his suffrage for him, and pressed the generals to adjudge to him the prize." Alcibiades, Plutarch adds, had an opportunity in after years of paying off the debt thus incurred. Eight years subsequently to the blockade of Potidæa, there was a great battle at Delium, in Bœotia, where again both the friends were present on the field. The Athenians could not resist the crushing charge of the Theban column, which had been drawn up twenty-five men deep. They were routed; and in the rout two incidents of interest occurred. Xenophon, the historian, was thrown from his horse and disabled. Socrates picked him up, and bore him on his brawny shoulders several furlongs, till he reached a place of comparative safety. It is not certain whether it was while Socrates was thus engaged, or at an earlier period of the rout, that Alcibiades rushed up to him, and being mounted, covered his retreat.

Socrates, as we have said, did not profess to be a soldier; but no two exploits can be imagined more creditable to one who did. If a man is to show on the battle-field the valour that is in him, it is far more satisfactory to do so by saving life than by destroying it.

His courage in the National Assembly was not less exemplary on two occasions, than that which he displayed on the battle-field. The first of these was after the sea-fight of Arginusæ, in which the Athenians had carried the day against Sparta. The nine Athenian admirals in command of the fleet had not unreasonably aroused public indignation, because they had neglected after the battle to pick up their dead comrades for burial, and to visit those ships which had been water-logged, by way of rescuing the crews on board of them. The admirals were recalled to Athens, and there put on their trial for this offence. Amidst the general excitement of feeling against them, a proposition was made to the

Assembly as contrary to Athenian law as it was to justice. This was, that a vote of acquittal or condemnation should be taken upon their case without their being heard in their own defence; and secondly, that instead of trying each individual admiral on his own merits, they should all stand or fall by one vote. The presidents of the Assembly, of whom Socrates happened to be one, refused at first to put this monstrous question to the vote. But their opposition was overruled by the general feeling; only one of them having the nerve to stand out against the strong current of public opinion. This one was Socrates. The measure passed without his concurrence, and under his protest. The admirals, after this mock trial, were condemned and executed.

The other occasion was this. The thirty tyrants had established a frightful despotism at Athens, which they found it necessary to maintain by proscribing every eminent citizen who was likely to head public opinion against them. It was their policy to order other citizens of respectability to seize their victims, with the view of compromising such persons, and giving them an interest in maintaining the established dominion. On one occasion, having pitched upon one Leon, of the Island of Salamis, as their victim, they sent for five citizens to the government-house and ordered them to cross over to Salamis and seize him. Socrates was one of the five who received the order; but he alone refused to obey it.

When we have added that it is doubtful whether Socrates ever made any contribution to literature, with the exception of a few pieces of poetry, to which kind of composition he first turned his attention in the period which elapsed between his sentence and execution, we have told all that is known about him as a soldier, a citizen, and a literary character.

Socrates felt that his business lay not with war, nor with government, nor with literature, but with the minds of men. Now there were, as we have seen, two classes of people, the

Philosophers and the Sophists, who were busy with the minds of men in those days. Socrates stood apart from either class, devoting his attention exclusively to subjects which the philosophers had scarcely considered, and opposing himself stoutly to the plausible fallacies and moral obliquities of the Sophists.

We have seen that the philosophers mixed up together in their speculations several subjects of study, which ought to be kept totally distinct. Socrates was the first who confined these speculations within bounds. "The proper study of mankind," according to him, was "man." Preceding philosophers had thrown out theories about the sun, and moon, and stars, and the various objects which meet the eye in nature. Socrates saw that they all came to different conclusions, although equally sincere in their search after truth; and hence he inferred that no certainty on such subjects was to be had. The attention spent on the stars, he thought, might be more profitably devoted to such subjects as come home to men's business and bosom. So he disentangled human life—its duties and its destiny—from the mass of other subjects with which it had been mixed up by the philosophers, drew a circle round it, and said to himself, "My thoughts, and cares, and studies, shall move within this circle only." How homely the topics discussed were, it mattered not to him; everything of really human interest, whether in the market-place or the senate-house, whether in the cottage or the palace, he accounted his province. Now, in this there is something at once practical and modest, something which approves itself to the love of common sense, and distaste for high-flown speculation, which characterize the English mind. Socrates' sentiment on geometry and arithmetic—that he approved of them, so far as they were useful in land-surveying, or in teaching men to cast up accounts, but that he did not like curious calculations or complicated diagrams—is itself, both in its merits and its defects, eminently

English. But there is something better than this in Socrates declining those arduous subjects with which other philosophers had rashly meddled. There was humility in it—that is, a due and deep sense that man's powers are limited, that his reason can never be the gauge of things Divine and celestial, that—

“There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.”

It was a sort of echo, made by the heathen mind to that truth of revelation, “The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong to us, and to our children for ever, that we may do all the words of this law.”

But if the position which Socrates took up was in some respects opposed to that of other philosophers, it was doubly so to that of the Sophists. His system and the system of the Sophists could not subsist together. For they, as we have seen, were professional teachers, earning their livelihood (and some of them making magnificent fortunes) by teaching. Some of them professed to lecture, and to give a pupil competent information, on all subjects of knowledge. Now Socrates never pretended to be a teacher at all, nor to be endowed with any kind of knowledge. On the contrary, he uniformly presented himself as an enquirer after truth, and that on the commonest subjects. His tone with those whom he conversed with uniformly was: “If you can instruct me on this or that point, and give me a clear view upon it, I shall be exceedingly thankful to you; for I profess that I have never yet found any one who could satisfy me.” The person addressed would begin confidently, the topic chosen being always one level to a common understanding, and hazard some sentiment or definition. Socrates would examine him on what he said, and soon made him modify, if not retract it.

When it was modified, Socrates would pick a second hole in the amended sentiment, and ask the man to patch it up once more. Perhaps the matter ended in the man's discovering that what he had said at the outset would hold no water at all, and must be entirely remodelled. Perhaps it ended in his having nothing to say, and being convicted of ignorance. This process would act variously upon various characters. In candid minds it often awakened thought, and led on to an earnest enquiry after truth, which was just what Socrates intended it should do. On the other hand, idle minds and self-sufficient minds were greatly disgusted to find that views which they had long taken for granted were not a little creaky—that questions which they had long regarded as closed must now be considered open.

But imagine how grating such a system must have been to Sophists, the professional paid teachers of rhetoric and repartee. Well might they feel that their occupation was gone, if Socrates succeeded in gaining an influence over the young men of Greece. For their trade was to teach men to argue and to speak so as to be influential, not so as to arrive at truth. Accordingly they primed their pupils with plausible topics, with specious rejoinders, in short, with heads of claptraps, to be brought out of the armoury of the mind, and to be used as occasion served. These plausible topics, however ingenious, would thaw away beneath a little of Socrates' close cross-examination, like a beautiful icicle in the hand of a man thoroughly heated with exercise. Their fallacies might be easily palmed off in a speech, and might pass current for truth, when tricked out with flourishes of rhetoric; but Socrates would never allow any one who entered the lists with him to indulge in speechifying, and thus call off the attention, like conjurors, from the point at issue; he ruthlessly pruned away all flourishes, and pricked with the needle of his questions the heart of the adversary's position, to see

whether it was sound or rotten. Let it be added, that it was always open to any young Greek to say that Socrates was at least disinterested in what he taught, because he never took a farthing from his hearers, whereas the Sophists had a plain interest in maintaining their pretensions to superior learning; and let it be remembered that genuine disinterestedness has always the greatest attraction in the eyes of the young; and we shall see at once that the Sophists must have been the sworn foes of Socrates, and that his influence and theirs must have been mutually destructive of one another.

The whole philosophy of Socrates, to give that popular and superficial view of it, at which alone we are now aiming, may be said to rest upon three principles:—

1st. That the one great subject of study for man is man.

2ndly. That though men think themselves well informed upon this subject, they are really in gross darkness upon it.

3rdly. That, in order to make an advance towards virtue, men must study themselves; must face and examine their most ordinary convictions on moral subjects, and give an account of their course of conduct to their own minds.

It was to force them into doing this that he subjected high and low to that discipline of cross-examination which we have described above, and are presently about to illustrate.

But we must not omit to give some account of what may be called his religious mind. He was himself under the impression that he had received from the gods a direct mission to go about examining mankind, convicting them of ignorance on subjects which most concerned them, and leading them to come to an understanding with themselves on such subjects. He regarded himself therefore not as a philosopher by choice, but as a religious missionary, to whom was entrusted by Heaven a certain work to be done upon the minds of men. The great revelation that this was his appointed task in life, and that no opposition or persecution must hinder him from

fulfilling it, had been made to him by dreams, by oracles, and indeed by all the channels through which the gods were usually supposed to give intimations of their will. But he imagined that over and above these general intimations of the Divine will, with which all mankind were occasionally favoured, he enjoyed a special personal guidance. A Divine voice had spoken within him from the days of his childhood upwards. It had always spoken in the way of restraint, never in the way of instigation. On two special occasions it had laid its solemn veto upon him. It had forbidden him, at the opening of his career, to meddle with politics or public life. It had forbidden him, upon his impeachment, to take any forethought about preparing his defence. Socrates was a man of eminently honest mind; and of such minds a sensitive deference to conscience is one of the characteristics. Perhaps the voice which he heard within him may have been only the solemn warning pronounced by the natural conscience, when in an overwrought and morbid state, against conduct which seemed to him unsuitable to his high calling. However we may interpret it, his belief in this oracular voice within him was unquestionably sincere. And the belief, however mistaken and superstitious, vindicates his character as a religious heathen, and as one of the spiritual men of antiquity. He was under the fear of, and in practical restraint from, a power which he accounted divine. Judging him from a Christian point of view, it is of course worthy of notice how little there was of any feeling akin to love in this restraint. The heathen's notion of God, as moving within him, was that of a simple veto—a "touch not, taste not, handle not," echoing out from the depths of his bosom. How infinitely short does such a notion fall of what is recognized by, and ought to be realized in, the Christian—the cheering, loving, illuminating Presence of Him within us, who has graciously condescended to call himself the Comforter.

As cross-examination of others was the one great business to which Socrates devoted his life, it will be well to illustrate by an example the method of proceeding which he adopted. And it may perhaps relieve the dryness of the former parts of the lecture to shift the scene to our own country and our own times, and to imagine Socrates taking a morning walk in modern London as he used to do of old in ancient Athens. At the same time, I will adopt such a style as to give some general rough idea of a Platonic dialogue.

As Socrates was one day strolling down Great Marlborough Street, he saw a large placard, around which a number of people were collected reading an advertisement. Socrates joined the crowd, which was composed chiefly of the middle and lower orders, and asked a person on the skirts of it what was the announcement on the placard

“It is 500*l.* reward for the apprehension of a murderer,” said the man whom Socrates had interrogated. And then, with a suspicious glance at Socrates’ ugly physiognomy and bad face, “Are you an informer, maybe, who are going to try to get it?”

S. Not I, my friend. So little hope have I of gaining the reward, that, to speak candidly, I hardly know what the advertisement means.

The Man. I’ve told you once what it means. 500*l.* reward for bringing to justice a man, whose features and dress are described there. Hair, grizzled grey, fustian jacket, blue check neckcloth—

S. Stay, my friend. I do not care to know the man’s dress or appearance, but what he has done.

The Man. What he has done! Murder, I tell you, murder!

S. And pray, sir, what may murder be?

The Man. Pray, sir, are you right in your head to ask me such a question?

S. Perhaps not altogether. Possibly I am very ignorant. And if so, I shall be greatly obliged to you, my kind friend, to put me right. You cannot do me a greater favour than to enlighten me. Pray tell me, what *is* murder, for I shall be glad to be instructed.

The Man. Well, you are a zany. Why, killing, of course.

S. (*his lip curling with an ironical smile, and pointing to a butcher who with his tray had joined the crowd.*) Nay, my friend; for surely this worthy butcher has never committed murder; yet he has killed oftentimes, and is about to do so again, as I think.

The Man. Pshaw! I meant killing *a man*, of course.

S. Pardon me, excellent friend, but if you meant that, why did you not say it? Have I understood you rightly, that by murder is meant killing a man?

The Man. Of course.

S. Nay, but not quite so fast "of course," my friend. Let us consider a little. You must pity soldiers very much, I am sure.

The Man. Not a bit of it, Socrates. I admire soldiers; nay, I myself have had thoughts of enlisting.

S. Is it possible, then, dear sir, that you have had thoughts of committing murder?

The Man. What do you mean, Socrates? I shall feel inclined to knock you down, if you go on at this rate much longer.

S. Nay, my friend, do not be violent, but let me explain myself. If, as you defined it, it is murder to kill a man, it appears to me that soldiers are much to be pitied, who are sent by a minister of state to kill men, and have no other thought but that of killing when they set forth to the wars.

The Man. Tush! tush! Killing our *enemies* is not murder.

S. Oh, ho! Killing our enemies is no murder? Then it

seems to me that judge Draco is a very unjust judge, and that it becomes the Queen to degrade him from the order of the judges.

The Man. Why so, Socrates?

S. Because the other day he sentenced a gentleman to public execution who had killed an enemy in a duel,—an enemy, too, who had insulted him almost beyond endurance. Yet you said, if I mistook not, that to kill an enemy is not murder.

The Man. Pooh! pooh! Socrates, why do you trifle thus? I meant, of course, that killing a *public* enemy is no murder.

S. Then, my dear man, seeing you have undertaken to instruct me, why do you not say what you mean at once? For that course would save much time and trouble of questioning. But I am obliged to ask, when you do not make things quite clear to me. Come, now, let me see whether I have got the right notion of murder from you.* Murder is killing a man—with the exception of public enemies, that is, foreigners with whom we are at war, whom it appears we have a right to kill. Is this the true idea of murder?

The Man. Of course it is.

S. And yet it appears to me, my friend, that we must make one other exception. For what are we to say of the public executioner, who certainly kills men, and those not foreign enemies with whom we are at war? Does *he* act unjustly and commit murder when he puts a man to death on the scaffold?

The Man. How can he be committing murder when he only acts according to the law, and kills (besides) those who are the enemies of society?

S. Shall we say, then, that killing a man by the law of the state, or by the warrant of the sovereign, is not murder? For the order of the sovereign will take in the case of soldiers

as well as that of executioners, seeing that it is the sovereign who orders troops to fight as well as signs death-warrants. But in all other cases, where it is not according to the law nor by order of the sovereign, to kill a man wilfully is murder?

The Man. You may safely say that, Socrates.

S. Gently, my friend; I am not so sure of my ground. For what shall we say of Dr. Richardson, the arctic voyager, who went out with Captain Franklin? You remember the story;—how he with a very small retinue separated from the captain, and how in his company, whose strength was greatly reduced by sufferings and privations, there was a sullen, discontented man, called Michel, who, as the Doctor supposed, meditated putting out of the way the rest of the party,—and how the Doctor thereupon took upon himself to shoot that man dead, having neither the sentence of the law nor the warrant of the sovereign for that act, and sent him to his last account, as our Shakspeare says,

“Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanneal'd.”

Shall we say that Dr. Richardson committed murder?

The Man. I can hardly say that, Socrates.

S. And why not, good friend? For it appears to me that you ought to say it, if you are consistent with yourself.

The Man. A fig for consistency. I say that (whatever conclusion you may draw from it) Dr. Richardson did not commit murder. For you remember that there was very strong evidence to show that Michel had murdered Mr. Hood, one of the Doctor's companions. And besides this, he laboured under grave suspicions of having made away with Beranger and Perrault, and of producing a portion of their flesh, under the pretence that it was part of a wolf which had been killed by a deer's horn. He was therefore most

worthy to die, I think, and Dr. Richardson, in shooting him dead, was no more guilty of committing murder than is the executioner when he lets the drop fall beneath the feet of a criminal whom the judges have sentenced to death.

S. But, my good sir, in that case must you not alter your definition, confessing that there is something faulty in it? For we said that to kill a man wilfully is murder, where we do it not according to the law nor by the order of the sovereign. Dr. Richardson did *not* act by this law nor according to this order. Yet you say that he did not commit murder, but that his act is quite as justifiable as that of the public executioner.

The Man. I do say so; for it is for the good of society that murderers should be themselves put to death, whether it be by a judge's sentence or without such sanction.

S. Yet, sir, it appears to me rather dangerous to admit that a man may take the law into his own hands, and constitute himself plaintiff, jury, and judge. But let that pass. Shall we say, then, that to commit murder is to put a man to death wilfully, when it is not for the good of society that he should be put to death, or for the good of one's native country (as in the case of the soldier killing an enemy)? Will this be right, think you?

The Man. To be sure, that is the very thing I meant.

S. I suppose to kill a man wilfully against the laws of one's country must always be murder. For it is for the good of society that the laws should be maintained. To act, therefore, against the law, is to act against the good of society.

The Man. Of course, no question of it.

S. But I am not quite sure that there is no question of it. For what shall we say of those cases in which the laws are thoroughly bad, and the men who administer them wicked and tyrannical, and steeped in the blood of the citizens? As, for example, how shall we deal with the case of Char-

lotte Corday in the French Revolution? Do you remember her story? I will relate the outline of it. Charlotte was a young girl living at Caen, and ready to sacrifice everything, even life itself, for the welfare of the people. She knew that Marat (who, in truth, was a bloody tyrant, deserving a hundred deaths) was the great obstacle in the way of just and peaceable government in France, and she had strong hopes that, if he were removed, such government would be established. Accordingly, she resolved to remove him, though well aware that she herself must perish in the attempt. And having put herself into the Caen diligence and come up to Paris, and having purchased a knife in the Palais Royal, she gained admittance on some pretence to his house, and plunged the knife into his heart as he was sitting in his slipper-bath. Are we to call her act murder?

The Man. I think we must, Socrates. For what other name can we give it?

S. Be it so, my friend. Myself, I have no wish whatever to justify what she did, for indeed it was a very black crime. Yet it appears to me rather hard to put her crime on a level with that of Rush or Greenacre. Nor do I think that the world in general regard Charlotte's memory with the same detestation and horror as that of the two murderers I have mentioned. That there must have been a strong undercurrent of feeling in her favour, is clear from the fact that one young man, fired by the nobleness of her demeanour, conceived a strong desire to die with her; and though he put his own life in jeopardy thereby, published a paper to propose that she should have a statue with this inscription, "Greater than Brutus."

The Man. Socrates, I wish that in what you say you would keep to the point.

S. Nay, my dear friend, but I am keeping to the point. Tell me this, only, is murder a good or a bad action?

The Man. How can you be so absurd, Socrates? Every child knows that murder is the greatest crime that can be committed.

S. And, my friend, does the natural conscience of men declare in favour of great crimes or against them?

The Man. The natural conscience of men never declares in favour of great crimes.

S. Good. Then if the natural conscience of men declares in favour of a certain action, can that action be a great crime, think you?

The Man. I should think not.

S. But surely there is something in the natural conscience not very unfavourable to Charlotte's action, if we may judge from the sympathy which she attracted, and of which I have given one instance. Could persons have felt this sympathy, think you, if what she did had been utterly offensive to the natural conscience?

The Man. I should think not.

S. Therefore, my dear friend, Charlotte's action can hardly have been murder, I think, if there is something in the natural conscience not quite unfavourable to it. For we agreed, if you remember, that murder is a great crime, and that the natural conscience never gives verdict in favour of great crimes, eh, eh?

The Man (pulling out his watch). I say, Socrates, it's time for me to be off.

S. Not, I trust, my friend, before you have explained to me what murder is. For I profess that I have not as yet obtained from you a thoroughly clear notion of the matter. For am I to understand or not that the act of Charlotte Corday was a murder? You tell me that I am. And yet I hardly think that, in your mind, you put it in the same class with the acts of an ordinary murderer.

The Man. We'll discuss that another time, Socrates. My

ideas were all clear when I began to talk with you, but it seems as if they had all got into a twist.

S. My dear friend, that is because you never before examined your ideas upon the subject of murder until to-day, when I, by questioning you, have forced you to make this scrutiny. You fancied your ideas were clear because you never looked into them, just as a debtor often fancies his affairs smooth before he comes to calculate gains and losses, and set his receipts against his disbursements; but no sooner does he brace himself up to this examination than he discovers great disorder in his affairs, and that they are, to use your own words, all in a twist and a tangle. So you, my friend, and the majority, having really confused and puzzled ideas on the commonest subjects, yet because you will not look these ideas honestly in the face, and carry them out to their consequences, to see whether they will hold water, think yourselves to possess a clear and consistent knowledge: but in truth all your views are full of inconsistencies.

The Man. I can't stand to be lectured, Socrates. And I will not allow you to say that I am wanting in clearness of head on common-place subjects. And indeed, as you have taken away my clearness of head by saying that it does not exist, I am sorely tempted to take away yours after another fashion—by giving you a box on the ear. Wherefore take that (*strikes Socrates on the head, and walks away*).

It is a fact that Socrates received blows from persons whom he irritated in argument by exposing their ignorance.

The above is a fair rough specimen of the conversations carried on by Socrates with all classes. The *design* was to point out to men that they had no clear and consistent notions of moral subjects, and to lead them to form such notions. The *result* too often was, it may be feared, to puzzle them as to right and wrong, and make them question what their moral sense told them. Lest any one present should feel argumen-

tatively perplexed by this slight specimen of Socratic reasoning, I think it well to point out what the real solution is. The contingencies which may possibly arise, affecting the actions of men, are so many, that no law can be framed which will embrace and provide against all of them. The circumstances under which an act, in itself wrong, is committed, may more or less palliate the action, without justifying it, or they may even in certain cases justify it. The circumstances of Dr. Richardson when he killed Michel will be thought by most people to belong to the latter class. Hepburn's life, as well as his own, would have been forfeited, if Michel had been suffered to live. The evidence that Michel had committed at least one murder was sufficiently strong to convict him in a court of justice, and to send him to the scaffold. Of such an appeal to the law circumstances did not admit; and thus Dr. Richardson was laid under a painful necessity of taking the law into his own hands. The act of Charlotte Corday, on the other hand, is one which never can be justified. She was not acting in self-defence; she was not driven to extremity; and although she professed the safety of society as her end, it is easy to see that society would be infinitely unsafe, if the assassination of persons reputed tyrants were held to be justifiable. But in speaking thus, we do not allege that there are no palliations of her act. There were great palliations both in the circumstances of her country, and in the self-sacrificing spirit which animated her, which put what she did quite on a different level of crime from that of an ordinary murder. If Socrates presses us on that point, we should distinctly call her act murder, while we should hesitate to call her a murderess. The two things are different. A man may commit a wrong action, and yet unless that wrong action has some root in his leading principle and in the general tenour of his character, we cannot justly denominate him from that action. A falsehood told in circumstances where telling the truth

would risk many lives, may perhaps itself be unjustifiable; but it would be monstrous to designate the person who once told such a falsehood as a liar.

The fact is, that these curious cases of conscience occur but seldom, and very little (if anything) is to be gained by troubling our heads long beforehand about them. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand the path of duty is so clear that he who runs may read it. For us Christians all the grand principles of duty are laid down without equivocation in the Word of God; and it is our happiness to think that the Holy Spirit is covenanted to those who seek Him, for the very purpose of applying these principles to the circumstances of our daily life as they arise. If we live by the rule of that Word, and under the guidance of that Spirit, He will never forsake us in an emergency (for be it remembered that all emergencies are controlled by His Providence), but will fulfil to us in the hidden man of the heart that gracious promise: "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left."

The above conversation will illustrate what was meant, when, on introducing Socrates, we said that he was one of God's instruments for developing the mind of the human race. By continual conversations of the above sort his hearers were forced to think accurately,—to define to themselves their own notions with a clear and sharp outline. Socrates was the first man who pointed out the method, and showed the importance of defining a subject,—that is, of drawing a line round it in the mind, and parting it off from other subjects bordering upon it. This is now-a-days commonly done in all treatises professing to be scientific. And definitions are always made by that process of the human mind to which Socrates compelled his interlocutors. We form a rough guess in the first instance (just as a sculptor hews a block into the rough out-

line of the human figure, by way of a beginning); and then, by various suggestions and afterthoughts, our rough notion is gradually chiselled into an accurate idea. Thus, if our task were to define geography, we should throw out first some such rough approximation to the truth as that it is a science having to do with the earth. But then it occurs to us that geometry also has to do with the earth, and yet is totally different from geography. Accordingly, we add to our definition,—“Geography is a science which has to do, not with measuring the earth, but rather *with describing its several features.*” Then, again, it is suggested to us that geology is totally different from geography. And, accordingly, this difference also is made to appear in the definition, which then runs thus: “Geography is a science which deals with *the surface only* of the earth, by way of describing its several features.” Thus is formed a complete definition. And every such definition may be said to be due to Socrates. He first pointed out this process which the human mind instinctively observes, and taught the world to carry it out by rule and method. He studied Nature’s plan, and, by studying it, instructed men to clear their notions. And in this way, as there can be no science without definition, Socrates laid the very corner-stone of science. For this reason, the human mind owes to him a debt, which it probably owes to no other man in the world, with the exception of our illustrious countryman, Lord Bacon, whose discovery of the principle of experiment has been spoken of above.

We must now say a word on the impression which Socrates left upon the world in his day, meaning by the world all those persons who were neither philosophers nor Sophists. The world then did him a cruel injustice. They mixed him up with the Sophists, of whose influence, as we have seen, he was the great antagonist, and spoke of him as one of them. Nor can there be any difficulty in understanding how this

came about. Socrates was a man of thought upon moral subjects. He himself faced, and he wished to make every one else face, their convictions on these subjects. With many of the ingenuous youth of Athens he had succeeded. Socrates might be, and he was, a quiz; he might be, and he was, shabby in his dress and dirty in his personal appearance—but his conversation wove the meshes of a strange influence around young men, and in his questions there were home-thrusts which reached occasionally the conscience and reason of the dissolute. The world, however, busied with its pursuits and its amusements, will never stop to draw fine distinctions. It did not care to enquire what or on what terms Socrates taught, but massed him up with the other teachers of his day. Socrates talked to the young men, and seemed to unfold new ideas in their minds. The Sophists talked with the young men, and put them up to various ingenious artifices; the public saw little or no difference between the two. Both Socrates and the Sophists were in their view engaged about subtilities and crotchets which were altogether foreign from the practical realities of life. They did not even care to know what a very slight examination might have informed them of, and what perhaps might have in some degree softened their feelings towards Socrates, that *his* philosophy did not meddle at all with the universe, but only with the homely transactions of human life. We may find a parallel to this treatment of Socrates by the world, in the revival of religion which took place in this country chiefly through the instrumentality of Wesley and Whitfield. The minds of Wesley and Whitfield were differently constituted, their doctrines were in many respects the opposite of one another, those of the first being Arminian, and those of the second Calvinistic; Wesley had strong High Church predilections and practices, Whitfield entirely the reverse; in short, the two had not much more of common ground than

this, that both were good Christians, and desired earnestly to make other men so. Yet for a long time (may we not say till quite recently, when it is only too well understood that persons equally religious take the most opposite views of religion?) all persons of religious earnestness, whether High Church or Low Church, Calvinist or Arminian, were classed together by the world under the one name Methodist. A Methodist meant only a person who thought seriously about religion, to whatever school or party he belonged. The world cared nothing for theological schools; they only saw that an influence was going forth from the religionists of the day, and that the young, the impressible, the conscientious, were being drawn within the circle of that influence; and they denoted by a common name the whole body of these religionists, however little they might as a fact have in common. Not that the name Methodist has anything in it but what is creditable to the persons to whom it is applied. It merely means, according to its derivation, "a man who does things by rule or method," *i.e.*, on principle, as we all ought to do. The word Sophist in ancient Greece had a somewhat similar fate. According to its derivation, it meant nothing more than a clever man, a learned man, a man wiser and more thoughtful than the average. But in time it came to be used as an opprobrious epithet, much as we use it now; and when flung indiscriminately at Socrates and the professional teachers of whom we have been speaking, it was perhaps equivalent to "New Lights," or "Wiseacres," or some such expression among ourselves.

To this it must be added, that that small portion of the world which had happened to cross the path of Socrates, had generally found the interview a very annoying one. It has been well said that to the proud man, who has a conceit of his own knowledge, and to the indolent man, who dislikes the trouble of examining his own conclusions, a string of

Socrates' conversational queries must have been "an intolerable bore." But even the common-place man, neither particularly proud nor particularly indolent, must have been greatly put out by the result, if he had ever incautiously ventured into a little friendly chat with the Chatterer-General of antiquity. He imagined that he entered upon the discussion perfectly clear-headed, at least on common subjects; and lo! as it progressed, into such a tangle did his ideas seem to have been thrown, that he could not see his way through them at all. It added not a little to his vexation that the philosopher threw a tone of pleasant raillery and sarcasm into his queries, and made a provoking profession of ignorance on all subjects, which gave no opportunity for retaliation. It was not fair play. If a man made a profession of knowledge on any subject, there was Socrates ready to expose his ignorance. But Socrates himself never *did* make a profession of knowledge on any subject, so that no one could ever challenge him. And through this professed humility there transpired, no doubt, much of genuine pride, the native offspring of the human heart. Socrates was proud of his humility, as many a Christian is, though not exactly in the same form. Hence there was a general feeling of dislike towards Socrates, as a disturber of the nests of old prejudices, while he had no prejudices of his own.

But another sentiment, the current of which flows strong and deep in every society, set in against Socrates, and in the end worked his ruin. In speaking of the impression which he made upon the society of his time, I have ventured to use the term "New Lights," as expressive of the world's dislike and contempt for him. It was the influx of new and strange ideas, and the general fermentation of thought of which his teaching was productive, which the public mind specially resented. In every state where freedom of opinion and action is allowed to the people, there will always be two great

parties, necessary to the equilibrium of society, and acting as a counterpoise to one another—the party of Conservatism and the party of Progress. When we speak of Conservatism and Progress, we do not allude only to politics, but to every department of human life. There are and always will be persons whose tendency of mind is to be caught by new ideas, to be attracted by new discoveries, to suggest improvements in the existing state of things, and, alas! to assume too often that every alteration will be an improvement. These minds act as wind and sail to the vessel of society, urging it onwards vehemently, impetuously, often dangerously. And there are others who look with suspicion and dislike upon innovation of all sorts, whose motto is to let well alone, and who, even in the decided advance of civilization and the material progress of modern times, see certain moral defects (such as presumption, arrogance, and scepticism) which, in their view, counterbalance such advance, and render it anything but an unmixed good. These minds act as the ballast of the vessel of society, preventing it from being upset when the wind is strong and all the canvas hoisted. Minds of this cast at Athens resolved to make a desperate stand against the influence of Socrates. Nor, though there was much of prejudice in their opposition, was there wanting in it an element of sound good sense and high moral feeling. Socrates *did* raise questions as to points of duty (points which hitherto had been taken for granted) without setting them at rest; and though in his favour it may no doubt be said, that he did this from his thorough honesty of mind, and with a view to make his countrymen honest-minded, one can quite conceive that in many instances the effect was to make them sceptical. A man who had originally straightforward views of right and wrong, came out of a conversation with Socrates not a little puzzled, and asking with Pilate, “What is truth?” He saw that the path of virtue was not quite so

clear to the intellect as he at first presumed it to be, and where a few minds, under this discovery, would have the wisdom and firmness to wait for more light, and rest assured of what their moral sense told them, a greater number, it is to be feared, would accept the difficulties as an excuse for throwing overboard altogether all care for virtue. To start questions on moral subjects may be all very honest, but assuredly it is not without its great dangers. To these dangers good men of the conservative habit of mind were keenly alive. They sincerely regarded Socrates as the subverter of virtue in young minds. "If he is so bent upon promoting goodness and integrity," thought they, "why doesn't he tell the boy to go and do his duty, accepting the prevalent view of what duty is, instead of prying and poking into his mind, and filling his head with crotchets about the right path, which it was never thought necessary to entertain in the good old days? What we like is a sensible, old-fashioned view of duty; we think that these refined speculations are like so many cobwebs spun over and obscuring the moral sense of our young men."

These and similar views found an exponent and mouthpiece most formidable for Socrates, in the great comic poet of the day, Aristophanes. Aristophanes was a conservative in politics, in literature, in philosophy, in his whole habit of mind. He hated the "New Lights" of the day in every form in which they appeared,—the new education given by the Sophists, the new and puzzling questions broached by Socrates, the new guesses on natural philosophy broached by some of the philosophers, the new over-luscious and hyper-sentimental poetry written by Euripides the tragedian.

Under all these influences a "Young Athens" was growing up fast by the side of the old one, and Aristophanes said to himself with all his heart that the old one was better. Young Athens was clever, showy, fluent, plausible; but withal con-

ceited, finical, foppish, dissolute, and sceptical. The exquisites of young Athens stirred the bile of Aristophanes, as he saw them hanging about the public places with the saunter of fashionable dilettanteism, talking philosophical and sentimental.

He attributed it in great measure (and who shall say that it was not in some measure due?) to the influence of Socrates. He and the Sophists between them had turned the heads of these youths, made them philosophical coxcombs, and taught them to sneer at the wisdom of their ancestors. Aristophanes resolved to apply his great powers to remedy the evil. His weapon was ridicule of the first order, and the field on which he would use it against Socrates was the stage. I should say that the great means of posting and exposing obnoxious characters was in those days the theatre, as it is now the press. He who now desires to throw a stone at any public abettor of mischievous views, rushes at once to Printing House Square; in those days he wrote a comedy, introducing the obnoxious person as one of the characters, and got it acted. Thus did Aristophanes. He wrote a comedy in which Socrates was the chief personage. He got a mask made for the actor, which was a good representation of the philosopher's ugly visage, bringing out in strong caricature his thick lips, jutting eyes, snub nose, and wide-distended nostrils. He called his comedy "The Clouds," and as the publication of it (which did not probably take place till the year 411, though it was composed long before) was a real era in the history of Socrates, and contributed much to his unpopularity, as he himself intimates upon his trial, I shall give an outline of its very humorous plot.

A substantial Attic gentleman-farmer, of a straightforward John Bull turn, had taken to wife a sprig of nobility, a high-born Athenian lady of an historical family, such as might be represented in our time and country by the Percys or Grevilles.

The hopeful issue of this match is a young gentleman vehemently addicted to horse-flesh, passionately fond of racing and driving, and who ruins his father by this expensive taste. There was a dispute, by the way, between Mr. Turnstile and his wife (so I shall call the gentleman, his Greek name conveying an allusion to the changed style of education which he first advocates and afterwards repudiates), as to how the boy should be named, Mr. Turnstile wishing to perpetuate in his heir the name of his own father, Thrifty; the Honourable Mrs. Turnstile wishing for an aristocratic name in which the word "horse" should be an element. The dispute is settled by a compromise. It was agreed that the name should be a compound, equivalent to "Horse-thrift." Young Horsethrift, however, turns out sadly unthrifty in horses: he runs up long bills with horse-dealers, which are presented to the father for payment. The first scene represents the father having his slumbers broken by the thought of duns and creditors, while the son is coiled up in another corner of the apartment, ever and anon ejaculating in his sleep sundry expressions borrowed from the turf, which increase the father's anguish. When he wakes, the father, after representing the urgency of the creditors, first tries to coax and then to threaten him into becoming a disciple of Socrates. He would thus learn the art of tricking the creditors, for he would be taught to chop logic of all kinds, foul as well as fair. Horsethrift, however, who had not yet joined the "Young Athens" party, vehemently recalcitrates, and is turned out of doors by the father; who next bethinks him of going to learn the unfair logic in his own person. Accordingly he knocks at the door of the Thinking-Shop, as Socrates' school is humorously called, and a pupil thrusts his head out, excessively angry at being disturbed by the intrusion, just as his brain was hatching a new idea.

A few lines of Mr. Cumberland's translation at this

point of the play will just give an idea of that exuberant nonsense and fun run wild which was the characteristic of the old Greek comedy, and will at the same time show how cruelly the doctrines of Socrates were caricatured in this play:—

Disciple. What noisy fellow art thou at the door?

T. Turnstile—old Thrifty Turnstile's son and heir.

D. Whoe'er thou art, 'fore Heaven, thou art a fool
Not to respect these doors; battering so loud,
And kicking with such vengeance, you have marr'd
The ripe conception of my pregnant brain,
And brought on a miscarriage.

T. Oh! the pity!—

Pardon my ignorance; I'm country-bred
And far a-field am come: I pray you tell me
What curious thought my luckless din has strangled,
Just as your brain was hatching.

D. These are things

We never speak of but amongst ourselves.

T. Speak boldly then to me, for I am come
To be amongst you, and partake the secrets
Of your profound academy.

D. Enough!

I will impart, but set it down in thought
Amongst our mysteries. This is the question
As it was put but now to Chærephon,
By our great master Socrates, to answer—
How many of his own lengths at one spring
A flea can hop?—for we did see one vault
From Chærephon's black eyebrow to the head
Of the philosopher.

T. And how did t'other
Contrive to measure this?

D. Most accurately:

He dipt the insect's feet in melted wax,
Which, hard'ning into sandals as it cool'd,
Gave him the space by rule infallible.

T. Imperial Jove! what subtilty of thought.

Shortly after the great philosopher himself is introduced, not upon the stage, but suspended in a basket in the sky, wrapt in profound reverie and contemplating the sun. Mr. Turnstile holloas to him from below :—

Turnstile. Hoa ! Socrates—What hoa, my little Socrates !

Socrates. Mortal, how now ? Thou insect of a day,
What wouldst thou ?

T. I would know what thou art doing.

S. I tread in air, contemplating the sun.

Turnstile then opens his business. He wants a recipe—a prescription of the unfair logic for foiling his creditors. Socrates makes large promises, and proposes to introduce him to his own goddesses, the Clouds. The insinuation is that Socrates lived among the clouds in speculation, and that the arguments he taught were subtle, and, like a cloud, could not be grasped or laid hold of. Clouds, too, take various shapes, and so, it is insinuated, did shifty Socrates, at one time presenting one aspect of a question, at another another, till his hearers did not know what to make of him.

But neither the clouds nor the thinking-shop succeed with Mr. Turnstile. He is such a stupid old clown, has so little memory and tact, he makes such ridiculous blunders when Socrates tries to put him up to a trick or two, that the enraged preceptor announces that he can make nothing of him. So it is agreed that he shall again try to induce his son to submit himself to the discipline of the thinking-shop. This time the young man yields—very reluctantly—and follows his father to Socrates. Then, as his first lesson, he is made to listen to an argument between Fair Logic and Foul Logic, personifications of upright reason and depraved reason, which are brought upon the stage, the one doubtless in the simple costume, and with the bluff voice and manner, of the good old times, the other in the foppish attire, and with the

affected lisp, of Young Athens. They challenge one another to single combat of words, and then charge.

A few lines, quoted from the speech of Fair Logic, will go to prove how much of real moral feeling underlies the ribaldry and absurdity of the play :—

“ Thus summon'd, I prepare myself to speak
Of manners primitive, and that good time,
Which I have seen when discipline prevailed,
And modesty was sanctioned by the laws.
No babbling then was suffered in our schools ;—
The scholar's test was silence. The whole group
In orderly procession sallied forth
Right onwards, without struggling, to attend
Their teacher in harmonics ; though the snow
Fell on them thick as meal, the hardy brood
Breasted the storm uncloak'd : their harps were strung
Not to ignoble strains, for they were taught
A loftier key, whether to chant the name
Of Pallas, terrible amidst the blaze
Of cities overthrown, or wide and far
To spread, as custom was, the echoing peal.”

In other words, the youth of olden time were taught to chant decorously the praises of their gods. Again :—

“ Be wise therefore, young man, and turn to me.
Turn to the better guide, so shall you learn
To scorn the noisy Forum, shun the bath,
And turn with blushes from the scene impure :
Then conscious innocence shall make you bold
To spurn th' injurious, but to reverend age
Meek and submissive, rising from your seat,
To pay the homage due, nor shall you ever
Or wring the parent's soul or stain your own.”

But, alas ! despite all this excellent morality of Fair Logic's, Foul Logic gets the best of the argument, and drives his adversary off the stage. Young Horsethrift, after this auspi-

cious initiation, is marched into the thinking-shop, there to complete his education. At the opening of the next act, the anxious father, the pressure from creditors having now become so urgent that something must be done, comes to claim his son's services, and is delighted to find him primed with quibbles innumerable for the evasion of debts, into which he initiates his father. The creditors appear with their little accounts, and one of them with a witness in attendance, but the old man has now been so imbued with the principles of Foul Logic, that he talks them down with great acuteness and great effrontery. Well satisfied with this achievement, he retires into his house. But ere long he rushes out of it faster than he came in; for young Horsethrift has taken to beating his father, and defends this unnatural action by a variety of most ingenious and subtle arguments.

Here is a specimen of them :—

Horsethrift. How gratefully the mind receives new lights !

Emerging from the shades of prejudice,
And casting old establishments aside !
Time was but now, when every thought of mine
Was centred in the stable ; when I had not
Three words upon my tongue without a stumble ;
But now, since I've been put into the way
Of knowing better things, and the fine art
Of subtle disputation, I am bold
To meet this question, and convince my hearers
How right it is to punish this old sinner.

Turnstile. Mount, mount your chariot ! Oh, that I could see you

Seated again behind your favourite horses,
Tho' 'twere with four in hand, so that you kept
From driving me at such a pelting rate !

H. Now then I ask you, gathering up my thread
Where it was broken off, if you, my father,
When I was but a stripling, spared my back ?

T. No, for I studied all things for your good,
And therefore I corrected you.

- H. Agreed ;
I also am like studious of your good,
And, therefore, I most lovingly correct you ;
If beating be a proof of love, you have it
Plenteous in measure, for by what exemption
Is your most sacred carcass freed from stripes,
And mine made subject to them ? Am not I
Freeborn as you ? Say, if the son's in tears,
Should not the father weep ?
- T. By what one rule
Of equity ?
- H. What equity were that,
If none but children are to be chastised ?
And grant they were, the proverb's in your teeth,
Which says old age is but a second childhood.
Again, if tears are seen to follow blows,
Ought not old men to expiate faults with tears
Rather than children who have more to plead
In favour of their failings ?
- T. Where's the law
That warrants this proceeding ? There's none such.
- H. And what was your lawmaker but a man,
Mortal as you and I are ? And tho' time
Has sanctified his statutes, may not I
Take up the cause of youth, as he of age,
And publish a new ordinance for leave
By the right-filial to correct our fathers,
Remitting and consigning to oblivion
All ex-post-facto beating ? Look at instinct—
Inquire of nature how the brute creation
Kick at their parents, which in nothing differ
From lordly man, except that they compile
No laws, and hold their rights without a statute.
- T. If you are thus for pecking at your father
Like a young fighting-cock, why don't you peck
Your dinner from the dunghill, and at night
Roost on a perch ?
- H. The cases do not tally,
Nor does my master Socrates prescribe
Rules so absurd.

This makes the old gentleman look with much less favourable eyes on the "New Lights" and their system of education. If he is to be cudgelled by his son, and to have it coolly proved to him that such conduct is justifiable, he had rather have him a young man of the Old School again. He meditates summary vengeance upon Socrates and his whole tribe of thinkers. But how to do it? A happy thought strikes him. He will set fire to the thinking-shop, and smoke them all to death like a hornet's nest. In a twinkling he is upon the roof with mattock and lighted torch. A disciple thrusts out his pale and mealy face,—

"What are you doing, fellow?"

Mr. Turnstile, who is laying about him with his mattock on the roof, replies with a spice of sarcasm,

"Chopping logic;

Arguing a knotty point with your house-beams."

Socrates himself appears and cries,—

"Ho! there! What man is that?

You there upon the roof, what are you doing?"

Mr. Turnstile (sublimely, and using the words which Socrates had used when first discovered in the basket),

"I tread in air, contemplating the sun."

The philosopher and one of his favourite pupils give a shriek of despair, the flame mounts, the wooden rafters of the roof crackle and fall in, a fountain of sparks rises, Mr. Turnstile moralizes to this effect—"Serves you right, gentlemen, for your impieties"—and the curtain falls* upon the comedy of "The Clouds."

* Or rather rises; for the curtain in the ancient theatre (which was open to the sky) rose from the floor.

Notwithstanding the high moral tone which it breathes, and which leaves no doubt that Aristophanes intended it to have a good effect upon the manners of his day, he cannot be acquitted of the grossest misrepresentations of Socrates. In the first place, he represents him as engaged in abstruse speculation on the objects of nature, from which he scrupulously abstained. In the second place, he accuses him of impiety towards the gods of the heathen mythology,—to whom Socrates always—nay, with his latest breath—showed a profound and scrupulous reverence. Thirdly, and above all, he attributed to him and his disciples the wilful advocacy of wrong, thus confounding him with the Sophists, whose constant opponent he was, and foully calumniating a man, who indeed canvassed and sifted what was right, but always did so with an honest heart and a single intention of carrying it out, when he had ascertained it.

It is greatly to the credit of Socrates that he himself was present, and thoroughly relished the joke, during the acting of this comedy. He expressed an admiration of the mask worn by the actor who personated him, and stood up in the theatre for a considerable time, that the people might have an opportunity of seeing how much it resembled his features. He was too noble-minded a man to be touched by the false imputations of the play. He knew that falsehood, despite its momentary triumphs, would, and must perish. And as for the truth and goodness which Aristophanes designed to further while doing him so cruel an injustice, Socrates desired as much as Aristophanes that it should stand and make ground for ever.

But suffer me to ask, before I narrate the death of Socrates, whether we have not had convincing proof in what has been said, that however much the outward fashions of the world may change, human nature remains always true to itself? Three-and-twenty centuries intervene between ancient

Athens, at the date we speak of, and our England of the present day. But human society in its fundamental views and feelings has not altered. We may discern among ourselves the same fermentation of thought, the same influx of new ideas, the same resistance of them by some, the same eagerness in pursuit of them by others, the same advocacy of changes in the education of the young, the same appearance of "New Lights," by which some are attracted, and which others think mere will-o'-the-wisps, the same gradual growth of a "Young England," and the same antagonism offered to it by the old. It is very much the old story, acted over again in modern costume.

We now hasten to sketch once more the oft-recorded trial and death of Socrates. It is here, although he had on other occasions shown great nobility of soul, that he rises to those colossal proportions of moral grandeur, which in most minds he occupies.

He had reached the age of seventy, but was still a hale old man, sound in his faculties of mind and body.

For in his youth he never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in his blood,
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility;
 Therefore his age was as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly;

when suddenly one morning (in the portico before the office of the Minister of Public Worship and Religious Instruction) there appeared, hung up on a tablet, the following indictment:—"Meletus, son of Meletus, makes declaration against Socrates, son of Sophroniscus, as is underwritten. Socrates is guilty of reviling the gods whom the city acknowledges, and of setting forth other strange gods: moreover, he is guilty of corrupting the youth. Penalty—death."

Meletus, the ostensible prosecutor, a very indifferent poet

and a worthless man, was in this matter only the cat's-paw of more influential persons. Lycon the rhetorician was one of these. The feeling of all rhetoricians towards a philosopher who decried rhetoric as an unlawful art, and confined himself strictly to the argumentative point at issue in all his discussions, sternly pruning away every appeal to the affections and the imagination, was naturally that of Demetrius towards St. Paul: "This our craft is in danger to be set at nought." But the most formidable of all the accusers was Anytus, a wealthy Athenian tradesman, who had inherited from his father a lucrative business as a tanner, which he meant that his son should inherit from him. But Socrates had rather interfered with this design. He had drawn the son of Anytus within the circle of his influence, and perceiving in the young man intellectual promise, had urged his father to look to something higher than the leather trade for him—a suggestion which, as it wounded the vanity of the tanner, was sure to be ill received by him.

Thus three strong antipathies were enlisted against Socrates in the persons of his accusers—the worldly interests of a class, private pique taken at his meddling in family matters, and theological hatred, the bitterest of all animosities known to the corrupt heart of man. He had no powerful friends. All the influential citizens of the day he had alienated by his cross-examinations on their own subjects, which exposed their ignorance to the world. Nobody liked him but such as were thoroughly honest-minded and true to convictions; and in every society such men may be numbered by units. It swelled the tide of public hostility against him, that he had once reckoned among his hearers Alcibiades and Critias,—the former a man of outrageous licentiousness, the latter politically odious as having been the most cruel and rapacious of the thirty tyrants. With these fearful odds against him, and only a little knot of devoted friends and admirers true to him,

Socrates seemed to have small chance of escape. A court of five hundred and fifty-six citizens was empanelled to try the two questions—First, is he guilty? Secondly, if guilty, what shall be the penalty? The only article of the indictment which had the shadow of a ground, was that which charged him with being “a setter-forth of strange gods.” Socrates did, as we have seen, recognize a Divine voice which spoke in his inner man, and laid restraints upon him; and this kind of genius or guardian angel might easily have been interpreted as a new god. He acknowledges in his defence the fact that he had from childhood upwards been subject to this supernatural guidance; the other charges he successfully and triumphantly denied. He knows, he says, that the current of public feeling runs high against him, because he has convicted so many eminent citizens of ignorance and moral dishonesty. But if he should be offered an acquittal on the terms of discontinuing such practices, he will have nothing to say to it,—he must “obey God rather than man,” (these are his own words,) and he has a mission from God to work moral convictions in the minds of his countrymen. He was like a gad-fly attached to a generous (but sluggish) horse—the Athenian people; and he would not cease to sting them to moral energy as long as the breath was in his body. As for attempting to soften the judges, by introducing his two young children in court, (an appeal to compassion often resorted to by accused criminals,) it was inconsistent with his professions, and unworthy of his character, to do any thing of the kind. Let them try the issue on the facts, without any bias from feeling. The pleadings ended, the citizen judges proceeded to perform the function of our juries, that is, to give verdict. The numbers are thus stated:—

For a verdict of guilty 281

For a verdict of not guilty 275

Majority for a verdict of guilty 6

The Court then resolved itself into a tribunal of judges (according to our meaning of the term)—a tribunal to assess the penalty. The regular procedure of Athenian law was that the accused should first suggest some lighter penalty for himself than that which had appeared upon the indictment. Hereupon Socrates said that if it was required of him to state how the public ought in justice to treat him, he could only say that they should recognize him as a public benefactor and maintain him in the Prytaneum, or public home of the state; for he had devoted his whole life to do his countrymen the highest of all services. (This was much as if Latimer, having been required on his trial to propose some penalty for the heresy imputed to him, had said—and he was quite capable of saying it—that he ought to have a monument in Westminster Abbey erected to him for teaching the English people the truth of God.) He was willing, however, to compound for his supposed offences by a fine (as loss of property would be no injury to him),—a small fine, and such as a poor man might be able to pay; these were the only terms to which he would assent. Some friends here crowding up to the accused, whispered to him that they would be his sureties for thirty minæ, a good sum according to the then value of money, somewhere under 122*l.* sterling. This, then, was the penalty in which Socrates proposed to amerce himself.

The judges, irritated no doubt by the high ground which he took, and by his evident fearlessness of the worst that they could do, made little delay in finding the penalty which had appeared upon the indictment—Death. But circumstances delayed the execution for thirty days. A sacred embassy had just been despatched in one of the state yachts to the Island of Delos, to worship Apollo with victims and the dance. During the time of its absence the city underwent a religious purification, and no criminal might lawfully be put to death. Socrates, under sentence of death, and with

fetters on his legs, awaited its return with the utmost calmness, continuing his daily discussions with his friends, who were admitted into the prison every morning as soon as it was open. One day, as they quitted the prison in the evening, they were informed that the Salaminian (such was the name of the state yacht) had returned, and was now in harbour. A chill struck to their hearts; for the gay vessel, decked with garlands, and emblems of religious festivity, brought with it their master's death-warrant. To-morrow after sundown Socrates must drink the hemlock.

The gaoler, on awakening Socrates, has told him that the fatal day is come, and has removed the fetters from his legs. Socrates is thankful and relieved, for the fetters had galled him. This same gaoler has a heart open to good influences. He has been greatly touched by the noble and gentle demeanour of Socrates while those thirty days of life were ebbing away; and he is quite overcome, when at length it devolves upon him to administer the hemlock. "How courteous the man is," said Socrates to his friends. "During the whole time I have been here, he has visited me, and conversed with me sometimes, and proved the worthiest of men; and now how generously he weeps for me." The wife of Socrates, with her little boy, is sitting on the bed, and bewailing herself in a manner which strangely contrasts with the composure and calmness of her husband. It is the hour for the admission of the friends; here is the little group, now passing into the gloomy precinct of the prison for the last time. Socrates, sitting up on his bed, welcomes them, and pointing to his sobbing wife, says, "Crito, let some one take her home,"—which is done. Silence being restored, he begins to converse in his usual cheerful strain, observing on the relief which he had just experienced from the removal of the fetters. Soon the conversation waxes warm, and begins to turn upon matters which must come home to all men sooner or later—death,

and what lies beyond. "Suicide," he observes, "is a great impiety; for we must await God's time for releasing us; we are not our own, but His, and we have no right to make away with ourselves, as if we were our own property." "Nevertheless, death is desirable for the wise man; for here below he is in sore thralldom from the body, and death is the entire quittance of the spiritual part from that thralldom." These are some of his remarks; then he falls into a discussion respecting the immortality of the soul, of which it is questionable how much belongs legitimately to him and how much to the narrator, Plato. It may be very doubtful whether the actual tenets broached by the Soerates of the dialogue called "Phædo," are those of the real Soerates; but there can be little doubt that the general character of the discourse on his last day of life was such as is there described. And the general character of the discourse is, under the circumstances, the most surprising thing about it. Soerates enters into all his usual subtilties of argument with all his usual keenness. Perhaps the last day of Soerates is the only specimen which the world has ever had of pure intelleet exercising itself freely, unrestrainedly, and with the greatest activity, in the presence of death. Pathos,—deepest pathos,—is often seen in the presence of death;—but this is not the death of Soerates. Enthusiasm in some cause, which fires all the ardour of the human soul, is often seen in the presence of death;—but this is not the death of Soerates. Fervent devotion is often seen in the presenee of death;—but, though Soerates was most punctual down to the last hour in religious observances, this was not the death of Soerates. Affection had never been strongly developed in the philosopher; and during his last hours affection seems almost to be held in abeyance. He still, indeed, manifests the complacency of a father in the young men who surrounded him, and who owed to him the formation of their minds; his fingers played with the tangles

of Phædo's hair, while he talked to him with a sort of parental fondness; yet he never said these simple words, or anything the least equivalent to them, "What a pang it is, friends, to be torn away from you!" Hard argument is carried up to the latest hour of the day, Socrates' relish for it, and sense of the benefit of it, being evidently not one whit abated by the awful circumstances in which he is placed. I said up to the latest hour of the day; but it was not altogether so. When it was near sundown, Socrates closed the conversation, and retired to bathe in an adjacent chamber of the prison. It was not for luxury or comfort that he took the bath; he did it in anticipation of his burial, thus saving trouble, as he said, to the women who should lay him out. When he returned, it is noted that "after he had taken the bath, he did not speak much." His life had been one long conversation; now there was to be a solemn pause, before his entrance into that eternal existence of which his reason had firmly, although dimly, assured him. On the gaoler's announcing the hour as being at hand, one of the friends suggests that other prisoners have been allowed to linger awhile longer, tasting the sweets of life for some time after sundown. But Socrates repudiates the suggestion, and sends for the cup. On its being presented to him, he asks what he must do, and he is told—"Merely to drink it, and then walk about until his legs feel heavy, after which he must lie down." He then asks whether he may pour out any of it as a drink-offering to the gods, and he is answered that there was not more than sufficient to ensure his death. He drinks off the potion with composure, after a short prayer that his departure hence might be happy; and rising, according to the instructions, paces up and down the floor of the prison till his legs feel heavy. Then he throws himself on his bed. After a little while, the gaoler, placing himself by the bed, pressed his legs, and asked him whether he felt it. No! The soul had

begun to retreat from the extremities. Next they pressed his thighs, and asked him again whether he felt anything. Nothing! The insensibility is creeping up his frame, nearing his vitals. "Yes," mutters he, feeling his own body at the part where the poison was affecting it, "when this reaches my heart, I shall be no more." He throws off the clothes, and speaks his last words,—a tribute of homage to the gods of the heathen mythology—a last testimony, if any were needed, that he was no unbeliever in them;—"Crito, we owe a cock to *Æsculapius*; pay it, therefore, and do not neglect it." Crito promises to be mindful of the duty; asks if he has any other wish. But the tongue, which had silenced so many, is now itself silenced;—a slight convulsive movement appears in his features—Socrates is no more.

All day long his friends had been haunted with an indescribable feeling of mingled pleasure and pain, which defied analysis and description. "There was not a grain of pity in it," says *Phædo*; "he met death so calmly and nobly, that we felt deeply assured, that he, if any one, would be happy in another world." We can well imagine what a medley of feelings that interview called up in their mind. A sort of exultation that the human mind (not in any moment of passion or excitement, but with its pulses running evenly and with all its faculties perfect) had gained this triumph over the fear of death; a sort of assurance from his demeanour that all had gone, and was going, well with him; and, on the other hand, a racking sense of being bereaved of one who had been to them a true fatherly guide and friend; these, no doubt, were among the elements of that indescribable feeling which they say haunted them during the whole day, and which, no doubt, mounted to its climax when it was announced that his heart had ceased to beat.

In forming a summary estimate of the character of Socrates, we must, in the first place, do homage to the truth and

honesty of it. Through honour and dishonour, through evil report and good report, he was unflinchingly faithful to his convictions. He sought, indeed, to arrive at moral truth by reasoning rather than by instinct; but no sooner had his mind apprehended the right course, than he walked in it fearlessly, bravely, manfully. Ridicule, injustice, opposition, persecution—he rose superior to them all in the strength of honesty of purpose. In youth, we are told that his passions (sure to be strong in a man of such general strength of character) rose up, and rebelled furiously against the rule of right. But though to Socrates was offered neither Divine Light nor Divine Grace (at least as those terms are commonly understood), the rule of right prevailed, and bore* sway in his bosom down to his latest hour. Alas! how many Christians will he rise up in the judgment and condemn! For, assuredly, our purer and brighter light renders our case worse, if we do not walk in it. Knowledge, without corresponding practice, only serves to aggravate the guilt of its possessors. It is an eternal rule of equity: “He that knew his Master’s will, and prepared not himself nor did according to His will, shall be beaten with many stripes.”

The great lack of the character of Socrates was love. Philanthropy he had,—large, liberal, and enlightened philanthropy,—but he lacked love. This defect had been apparent in him all his life long. One of his great weapons was sarcasm; and though sarcasm under due control may be turned to good account, it usually makes more wounds in the

* For we repudiate, as foul and wicked slanders, the imputation to our philosopher of the vilest crimes. Such charges seem to have been pure fabrications, fastened upon him by the world’s enmity in the lack of any real fault to find. The early Christians were calumniated in very similar terms by the heathen; and, I apprehend, for a reason not dissimilar—because their conduct and testimony “condemned the world.”

human heart than it heals. The holy men of God have all been sparing of sarcasm; perhaps Isaiah's exposure of the folly of idolatry, and Elijah's mode of dealing with the priests of Baal, are the only instances of it, which the Scripture furnishes in the mouths of good men. There was a constant current of argument in the mouth of Socrates; but that electric current of sympathy which moves the springs of the will, he does not seem to have been able to communicate to those around him. When he spoke, *minds* responded to him, and not unfrequently *consciencés* responded also; but as the heart did not speak in him, hearts *never* responded. His very superiority to the ordinary infirmities of nature was stoical,—rather than of self-sufficient resolve, than that of loving and quiet submission. This radical defect comes out strongly in the closing scene. He has made up his mind to die like “some great one,” and so he goes through the trial and the thirty days following with a successful determination not to indulge in any of the weaknesses incidental to humanity. He will not sue; he will not weep; he will not be otherwise than cheerful and sprightly, while the shadow of the great penalty of sin is brooding over him. Accordingly, his death is grand and strange, like some bright meteor sweeping along the wintry sky, and then plunging into cheerless darkness. We stand and gaze on it, and say, “Wonderful!” But there is a Death, the light of which is not eccentric, like the meteor, but cheering, comforting, adapted to the uses of mankind, like the rays of the sun—a death proper to human nature, and which man, in his perfect moral state, would die. The death I allude to is the Death of the Son of God, viewed not in its higher aspect as the One great Propitiation for sin, but as the model for our death, even as His Life is the model for our life. There, in those Gospel narratives of the Passion, you have every circumstance which can glorify death and make it not striking only, but loveable. No stoical apathy,

but most intense and exquisite feeling. No defiance of the unrighteous judges; no,—“He is led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth.” No argument but that of prayer poured out from the depths of the heart before the face of God. No superiority to the ties of earthly relationship, but an express recognition and consideration of them in the words to St. John, “Behold thy mother.” No barren sentimentality about a union of minds in the recognition of truth, but an assurance to sorrowing friends that He will send them a Comforter, and that they shall ultimately be with Him where He is. Above all, the Love of self-sacrifice glowing through every suffering, and colouring the whole awful and mysterious scene with its delicate and tender hues.

My friends, that is the death which, by God’s grace, is calculated to attract, not the barren admiration of the mind, but the sympathy of the heart; and the adoring contemplation of which, and the belief of which, may do for poor weak flesh and blood, what no other contemplation or belief can do—give it strength when flesh and heart are failing—in the hour of our own death, and in the day of judgment.

Sacred Music.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D.

SACRED MUSIC.

THIS world of ours is very much fallen from what it was 6,000 years ago; but it is neither pandemonium—a prison—nor a dungeon. Sin has entered, but it has not attained supremacy. That terrible discord has intruded and interrupted its once all-perfect music; yet there still remain exquisite passages of primæval song,—echoes, not yet spent, of blessed harmonies.

What glory still shines down from the skies! What beauty and fragrance in wild field flowers! What latent possibilities of ecstasy in the air we breathe, waiting for the minstrel's touch to break forth and fill the listening ear with waves of delight! Even amid our world-ruins, man might be happier, if he would only let himself be so.

It is very true, pleasure is neither the chief business of life, nor the first duty of man. We are on the road to pleasure, through pain. But there are many sweet springs in our path we may sip from, and pass on—many way-side inns, where we may refresh our souls, and recruit our strength; and here and there we cannot help hearing snatches of music and wandering melodies, to which it is no sin to listen.

Poetry, painting, and music, are the three ministering and

enlivening sisters of humanity, in those hours when we need to drink from some cup that "cheers but not inebriates." Most men have some taste for one or other of these.

Poetry looks into the depths and heights of Nature—sees, and associates or disentangles its beautiful complications—lays bare its finest and most delicate affinities, and soothes, or stirs, or charms, with its riches of thought, its splendour of diction, its revelation of those unseen and unsuspected relations in the depths of things which are recognized and felt as soon as they are brought to light. Poetry is thought in blossom—life in its intensest moods—the essence and the perfume of Nature. It is to prose what sunshine is to day-light.

Painting presents to the eye the landscape—the river—the mountain—"the human face divine"—incidents and scenes that reveal to a glance, what it takes chapters of history to describe, and many lines of poetry to develope. The pictures of Raphael, Carlo Dolce, and Rubens are poems—having a beginning, middle, and end, all presented at once, and in full splendour, to the eye.

But while admitting the great claims of poetry and painting, I cannot help thinking and feeling that of the sisterhood Music is the loveliest. Viewed merely as a sensuous influence, it is the purest, least earthly, and most impressive. But as a vehicle of thoughts, motives, griefs, and gladness, bridal joys, and burial lamentation, it is without an equal. It lives in the memory, it soothes the heart. The song we heard in childhood or boyhood, reaching the ear in some far-off foreign land, wakens into life and freshness a thousand dead or sleeping recollections, or brings up scenes long faded, and associations long broken; and all the pleasantness and poetry of "Auld Lang Syne." The sweet strain in such circumstances falls on the exile's spirit, like sunshine on a landscape, and we live over young life again; and Highland loch and low-

land lawn come back upon its waves of song, and our present griefs are merged in pleasant reminiscences.

Poetry and music touch the same elements of Nature, but by different processes. Poetry stirs emotion by means of thought; music rouses thought by means of emotion. The influence of music is deep and rapid, but transient; the effects of poetry are slower, but more enduring.

A great and sublime musician seems to me more gifted than even a great poet. Handel is at least equal to Milton.

The power of music as a martial influence is not the result of mere association of ideas. The notes of the trumpet, and the roll of the drum, are not creative of all the soldier's heroism, but they express and give outlet to the swelling tide of feeling that has been generated in a just and righteous cause. Music, also, deepens and inspires what higher or other influences have originally created. What a terrific outburst has the "Marseillaise" awakened in Paris, in former times! What a powerful effect has been produced on the Highlander by the martial, though not very musical strains of the great Highland bagpipe! There is scarcely a hard-fought field, from Alexandria, Corunna, and Waterloo, to the Alma, where Scottish Highlander and English Guardsman fought shoulder to shoulder, and carried its heights, in which the sound of that powerful instrument has not been heard.

"Then, wild and high as Cameron's gathering, rose
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills have heard :
And heard, too, have her Saxon foes
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! but with its breath, which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memories of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears."

We most earnestly pray that the music of war may become

a strange or unknown sound in our country. But should our nation ever be assigned this terrible mission, we no less pray that with clear conscience and fearless heart she may be able to sing, "God is our refuge and our strength, a very present help in time of trouble."

Music, if not consoling, is most expressive and soothing in the day of sorrow. It unloads the heart, and gives full and true utterance to its griefs. How exquisite the pathos, and simple yet plaintive the melody, to which are wedded the words:—

"I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths, which thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
To the lan' o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean,
An' we grudged her sair, Jean,
To the lan' o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's nae caul' nor care, Jean,
But the day's aye fair, Jean,
I' the lan' o' the leal."

How very finely written is the following sketch!

"The gold of the sunset had glided up the dark pine-tops and disappeared like a ring taken from an Ethiop's finger; the whip-poor-will had chanted the first stave of his lament; the bat was abroad, and the screech-owl, like all bad singers, commenced without waiting to be importuned, though we were listening for the nightingale. The air, as I said before, had been all day breathless; but as the first chill of evening displaced the warm atmosphere of the departed sun, a slight breeze crisped the mirrored bosom of the canal, and then commenced the night anthem of the forest, audible, I would fain believe, in its soothing changes, by the dead tribes whose

bones whiten amid the perishing leaves. First whisperingly, yet articulately, the suspended and wavering foliage of the birch was touched by the many-fingered wind, and, like a faint prelude, the silver-lined leaves rustled in the low branches; and, with a moment's pause when you could hear the moving of the vulture's claws upon the bark, as he turned to get his breast to wind, the increasing breeze swept into the pine-tops, and drew forth from their fringe-like and myriad tassels a low monotone like the refrain of a far-off dirge; and still as it murmured (seeming to you sometimes like the confused and heart-broken responses of the penitents on a cathedral floor), the blast strengthened and filled, and the rigid leaves of the oak, and the swaying fans and chalices of the magnolia, and the rich cups of the tulip trees, stirred and answered with their different voices like many-toned harps; and, when the wind was fully abroad, and every moving thing on the breast of the earth was roused from its daylight repose, the irregular and capricious blast, like a player on an organ with a thousand stops, lulled and strengthened by turns, and from the hiss in the rank grass, low as the whisper of fairies, to the thunder of the impinging and groaning branches of the larch and fir, the anthem went ceaselessly through its changes, and the harmony (though the owl broke in with his scream, and though the overblown monarch of the wood came crashing to the earth) was still perfect and without a jar. It is strange that there is no sound of nature out of tune. The roar of the waterfall comes into this anthem of the forest like an accompaniment of bassoons, and the occasional bark of the wolf, or the scream of a night-bird, or even the deep-throated croak of the frog, is no more discordant than the outburst of an octave flute above the even melody of an orchestra; and it is surprising how the large rain-drops, pattering on the leaves, and the small voice of the nightingale (singing, like nothing but himself, sweetest in the dark-

ness) seems an intensitive and a low burden to the general anthem of the earth—as it were a single voice among instruments.

“I had what Wordsworth calls a ‘couchant ear’ in my youth, and my story will wait, dear reader, while I tell you of another harmony that I learned to love in the wilderness.

“There will come sometimes in the spring—say in May, or whenever the snow-drops and sulphur butterflies are tempted out by the first timorous sunshine—there will come, I say, in that yearning and youth-renewing season, a warm shower at noon. Our tents shall be pitched on the skirts of a forest of young pines, and the evergreen foliage, if foliage it may be called, shall be a daily refreshment to our eyes while watching, with the west wind upon our cheeks, the unclothed branches of the elm. The rain descends softly and warm; but with the sunset the clouds break away, and it grows suddenly cold enough to freeze. The next morning you shall come out with me to a hill-side, looking upon the south, and lie down with your ear to the earth. The pine tassels hold in every four of their five fingers a drop of rain frozen like a pearl in a long ear-ring, sustained in their loose grasp by the rigidity of the cold. The sun grows warm at ten, and the slight green fingers begin to relax and yield, and by eleven they are all dropping their icy pearls upon the dead leaves with a murmur through the forest like the swarming of the bees of Hybla. There is not much variety in its music, but it is a pleasant monotone for thought, and if you have a restless fever in your bosom (as I had when I learned to love it, for the travel which has corrupted the heart and the ear soothed and satisfied then), you may lie down with a crooked root under your head in the skirts of the forest and thank Heaven for an anodyne to care. And it is better than the voice of your friend, or the song of your lady-love, for it exacts no

gratitude, and will not desert you ere the echo dies upon the wind.

“Oh, how many of these harmonies there are!—how many that we hear, and how many that are ‘too constant to be heard’! I could go back to my youth, now, with this thread of recollection, and unseparate a hoard of simple and long-buried joys that would bring the blush upon my cheek to think how my senses are dulled, since such things could give me pleasure! Is there no ‘well of Kanathos’ for renewing the youth of the soul?—no St. Hilary’s cradle?—no elixir to cast the slough of heart-sickening and heart-tarnishing custom? Find me an alchymy for *that*, with your alembic and crucible, and you may resolve to dross again your philosopher’s stone!”

There are two pieces of music of great popularity, and of intrinsic merit, which I last heard at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, of different character, but of equal musical excellence. The first is “Beethoven’s Funeral March,” and the second “Handel’s Dead March in Saul.”

The former has the sepulchral and despairing tone of the gloomy religion amid whose air it was composed. It sounds like the alternating sobs of grief and despair—inter-penetrating and complicating each other—calling up into the imagination of the hearer scenes of gloom and sorrow, and desertion dense and dark, out of which leap up at intervals wild and piercing wailings, as if struggles to break through the night and reach the realms of sunshine; but, broken and weakened, they fall back again into a yet deeper desertion and despair.

The “Dead March in Saul” is of equal merit as a composition, and of a far more hopeful strain. It begins with that plaintive monotonous wail—mixture of grief and resignation—of sorrow that is human, and of resignation that is Christian, and finally culminates in victory over death, in the resurrection and the life everlasting:—

"It rose that chanted mournful strain
Like some lone spirit o'er a plain,
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when wind and harp strings meet,
And takes a long unmeasured tone
To mortal minstrelsy unknown."

[*Dead March in Saul, sung by the Choir.*] *

The grandest piece of music in existence is "Handel's Messiah."

It begins with the Prophecies of the Messiah, and ends its first portion with the joyous burst of feeling, "Unto us a child is born."

The *next* part begins with a pastoral symphony, and ends in "Glory to God in the highest."

In the *third* part the special ministry of the Son of Man is set forth, closing with "His yoke is easy."

In the *fourth* section the sorrows of the unprecedented Sufferer, the Man of Sorrows, are embodied in sounds of wondrous power and pathos.

In the *fifth* the Resurrection breaks on the hearer with majestic force, and is celebrated in sublime strains.

In the *sixth* part are delineated the victories of the Messiah over all principalities and powers culminating and crowned in "Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

The Christian next appears proclaiming that joyous hope which was first felt by the afflicted patriarch on those eastern plains, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and that magnificent defiance, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Lastly, the Apocalyptic anthem comes in, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," and ends with an "Amen," which spreads its vibrations backward into all ages, and forward into all time, sending up its sounds to the skies, which repeat their vibrations on earth; and, finally, coming back on

* The music of the various pieces will be found at the end of this Lecture.

itself like a great tidal wave, it renews its energy and inspiration, and launches forth again into the endless and blessed eternity. "It does not cause us to pity, but to tremble; it does not move us to weeping, because there lie beneath it 'thoughts which are too deep for tears.' In unison with this dread and solemn pathos is the subdued but mighty anguish of the general harmony. When the victory is proclaimed—the victory over the grave—the victory in which mortality is swallowed up of life—we are lost in the glory of a super-human chorus; our imagination breaks all local bounds; we fancy all the elements of creation, all glorified and risen men, all the hosts of heaven's angels, united in this exultant anthem. Handel, truly, is the Milton of music."

There is an exquisitely solemn fragment I will ask Miss Wells, one of my choir, to sing, "He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

[Sung by Miss Wells.]

Handel's Messiah, not Milton's second and very subordinate epic, is worthy of the title of "Paradise Regained."

Music was the gift of God, and not the invention or discovery of man. Adam and Eve were the first tenor and soprano, and their first song was sacred. The atmosphere was meant as truly to be the vehicle of song and sweet sounds as to supply the lungs with oxygen. It is a mark of the goodness of God that the element he has made essential to life, he has made the element also of the very richest enjoyment. In this, as in all God's works, the useful and the beautiful, the necessary and the beneficent, are so linked together that we can scarcely use the one without enjoying the other. The power of music over the brute creation is remarkable. The lion is soothed by melody; the warhorse prances to the sound that moves his rider's heart; the cow seems arrested by the milkmaid's song; the earliest feelings and thoughts of the infant are stirred by the mother's song—a song that outlives

all the sermons and speeches of after-life, and in foreign lands and altered circumstances mingles the solace of the present with the sadness of ancient recollections, and turns all our thoughts and reminiscences to their central spot or fatherland.

There are various sorts of music. There is *street music*, the offering of the organ-grinder, against which the newspapers have entered so many grave protests. Next to sharpening of a saw, it is the most intolerable. But who is to blame? It is the public. You give your halfpence to those lazzaroni imported into England by mercenary vagabonds, either to bribe them to retire, or buy them to remain, and thus you increase the supply. The cure lies not in calling in the police, but in refusing halfpence.

There is *drawing-room music*. It should be pure, and yet varied from grave to gay, from serious to severe. Whether harp, violin, or piano be the instrument, or no other than nature's noblest—the human voice, many a long winter evening may be lighted up with gladness, and bonds and sympathies created which will live through after-days in happy reminiscences. Wearied with long hours and hard work, you will find in music far greater refreshment to the exhausted spirits than in alcohol, and a far finer opiate to the nerves than the pharmacopœia can supply. The rower pulls with greater force because his labour is lightened by song; and the slave in the mill, or in the mine, forgets his thralldom while he sings. The harp of David laid the fiendish passions of Saul. Let the play-house have its music, and the opera its music, for those who like, the camp its strains, and the church its sacred hymns; but let the house have its music also. It gives expression to those delicate idealities of the soul which words do not represent. We want it as meet accompaniment to the retreating rays and deepening shadows of the summer eve; we want it in the long winter's

evening, to cheer, and humanize, and please. A love for music in your homes may exclude ill-natured criticism, idle words, politics and polemics, and create in its heart and memory many a happy—almost holy recollection.

There is *military* music, to which I have already incidentally referred. Under its stirring sounds, and stricken by its martial breath, armies leave all man loves, and face all man fears, and move with firm and solemn tramp where death is about to gather up his awful harvests.

But nobler than all is that which is linked to holy and inspired truth. Music was consecrated in ancient Paradise, secularized by Cain, but reconsecrated by the Man of sorrows, who led the solemn hymn that was sung at the first communion festival. A sacred composition of Handel as much excels the very finest operatic music, as York Minster exceeds in sublimity the most artistic shop in Regent-street. All deep and overwhelming emotions—and those of true religion are the deepest—crave musical expression. The very highest eloquence, in its most impassioned moods, touches the margin of verse and the melody of song. Could we secure for the performance of Handel's music, consecrated hearts, as well as gifted, expressive lips, the oratorio would be like the dawning anthem of the blessed. Handel is, emphatically, the Protestant musician. His exquisite melodies rise amid masses of harmony like angel hymns amidst the roar of the waves of ocean. Even in their gladness there is something sublime and awful.

Let me here add an interesting account of the Miserere at Rome:—

“The night on which our Saviour is supposed to have died is selected for this service. The Sistine Chapel is dimly lighted, to correspond with the gloom of the scene shadowed forth. . . . The ceremonies commenced with the chanting of the Lamentations. Thirteen candles, in the form of an erect

triangle, were lighted up in the beginning, representing the different moral lights of the ancient church of Israel. One after another was extinguished as the chant proceeded, until the last and brightest one at the top, representing Christ, was put out. As they one by one slowly disappeared in the deepening gloom, a blacker night seemed gathering over the hopes and fate of man, and the lamentation grew wilder and deeper. But as the Prophet of prophets, the Light, the Hope of the world disappeared, the lament suddenly ceased. Not a sound was heard amid the deepening gloom. The catastrophe was too awful and the shock too great to admit of speech. He who had been pouring his sorrowful notes over the departure of the good and great seemed struck suddenly dumb at this greatest woe. Stunned and stupified, he could not contemplate the mighty disaster. I never felt a heavier pressure on my heart than at this moment. The chapel was packed in every inch of it, even out of the door far back into the ample hall, and yet not a sound was heard. I could hear the breathing of the mighty multitude, and amid it the suppressed half-drawn sigh. Like the chanter, each man seemed to say, 'Christ is gone, we are orphans—all orphans!' The silence at length became too painful. I thought I should shriek out in agony, when suddenly a low wail, so desolate and yet so sweet, so despairing and yet so tender, like the last strain of a broken heart, stole slowly out from the distant darkness, and swelled over the throng, that the tears rushed unbidden to my eyes, and I could have wept like a child in sympathy. It then died away, as if the grief were too great for the strain. Fainter and fainter, like the dying tone of a lute, it sank away as if the last sigh of sorrow was ended, when suddenly there burst through the arches a cry so piercing and shrill that it seemed not the voice of song, but the language of a wounded and dying heart in its last agonizing throb. The multitude swayed to

it like the forest to the blast. Again it ceased, and broken sobs of exhausted grief alone were heard. In a moment the whole choir joined their lament, and seemed to weep with the weeper. After a few notes they paused again, and that sweet melancholy voice mourned on alone. Its note is still in my ear. I wanted to see the singer. It seemed as if such sounds could come from nothing but a broken heart. Oh! how unlike the joyful, the triumphant anthem that swept through the same chapel on the morning that symbolized the resurrection."

Sacred music is never so grand as when it is the Psalmist's hymn resounding from a congregation's lips. There is real power in the rugged psalm tune, that has become identified with the most solemn events and aspects of national history. The "Old Hundredth," rising from the floor of the Sunday evening congregation at St. Paul's, is, in spite of incidental discords, a very magnificent thing. The same psalm, or "French," or "Martyrdom," or "Dundee," rising from five thousand Scottish voices into the clear sky, broken by the rocks, reverberating along the glens and mountain gorges, and softened and subdued as it mingles with the murmurs of a Highland loch, creates impressions of majesty and greatness, compared with which cathedral chants and choristers become positively mean and poverty-stricken.

"A music is wanted in our Protestant churches such as Christianity ought to have—a music simple, yet grand—varied, but not conspicuous—gladsome with holy joy, not with irreverent levity—not sentimental, yet tender—solemn, yet not depressing—not intolerant of the beauties of art, yet not scornful of popular feeling." A very fine specimen of true congregational psalmody, a production of the thirteenth century, is "Soldau."

[Sung by the Choir.]

A recent dispute has occurred in some sections of the Chris-

tian Church, as to the use of organs in public worship. Is it lawful? It is unquestionably so. Is it expedient? This is the only legitimate question. I do believe that in two-thirds of the Protestant parish churches of England and Scotland it would be a most expedient addition. It covers the discordant voices too loudly heard, and is a decent substitute for voices whose silence is their most expressive praise.

I do not find in the Fathers of the Nicene Church any reference to the use of musical instruments in places of Christian worship. The first organ used in divine service was built by a priest A.D. 826, and placed in the church of Aix-la-Chapelle. What is somewhat remarkable, the introduction of organs into public worship roused a storm in the twelfth century worthy of a Puritan of the seventeenth. A monk of that age thus protests: "I ask what means this forcible blowing of bellows, expressing rather crashing of thunder than the sweetness of the human voice?" St. Thomas Aquinas, the angelic doctor, describing the practice of his day, says, "Our church does not use musical instruments, lest she should seem to Judaize." The Greek Church is still unfavourable to instrumental music in public worship.

Granting, as I do, that instrumental music is perfectly *lawful* in public worship, it does seem to me that when good congregational music can be had, organs are not *expedient*.

If you can secure true and powerful rendering of the four great parts of every tune by a sufficient choir, and have a congregation willing to learn their *duty*, which is to sing the praise of God, the need of an instrument will not be felt. I am a great admirer of that all but inspired hymn, the *Te Deum*. The Dettingen *Te Deum* is a composition of rare magnificence. There are *Te Deums* of classic purity, and to musical tastes possessed of the highest merit, heard in cathedrals, but seemingly not acceptable to the popular taste. There is one by Jackson, so popular, though musical men do

not all admire it, that a congregation learn to sing it after hearing it a few times.

[Here the Choir sang the "*Te Deum*."]

In fact, the roll of five thousand voices singing the melody alone, is very magnificent. Discords and defects are buried in the mass and volume of sound, and the impression of power and grandeur is sensibly felt. Haydn said, he never heard anything so grand as the six thousand voices of children in St. Paul's on the festival of the Sons of the Clergy.

Berlioz, the friend of Mendelssohn, was present at the festival of 1851. Writing about it to the great composer, he states, "To attempt to give you an idea of the effect of the 100th Psalm, sung by this unprecedented choir, would be utterly useless; compared in power and beauty to the most massive musical combinations that you ever heard, it is as St. Paul's of London to the village church of Ville d'Avray, and a hundred times grander."

By almost universal consent, the *violin* has been secularized. It is a pity. It is, in a master's hand, the most exquisite of instruments. To let you hear what it can do in *no* common hands, Mr. Deichman, at my request, has kindly consented to play an andante from De Beriot's second concerto, the beauty of which you will easily appreciate.

[*Violin by Mr. Deichman.*]

But if an instrument is to be used in a place of worship, it is now settled beyond all dispute that the instrument must be the organ. It is consecrated in the feeling of Christendom; usage and precedent are on its side. Its greatest defect, want of expression, has been almost removed. For large buildings and vast masses of people it is best adapted.

Then swelled the organ up through choir and nave,
The music trembled with an inward thrill
Of bliss at its own grandeur. Wave on wave
The flood of mellow thunder rose, until
The hushed air shivered with the shock it gave;

Then poising for a moment, it stood still,
And sank and rose again, to burst in spray
That wandered into silence far away.

Like to a mighty heart the music seemed,
That yearns with melodies it cannot speak;
In the agony of effort it doth break,
Yet triumphs breaking—on it rushed and streamed,
And wantoned in its might, as when a lake,
Long pent among the mountains, bursts its walls,
And in one crowding gush leaps forth and falls.

Deeper and deeper shudders shook the air,
As the huge bass kept gathering heavily,
Like thunder when it rouses in its lair,
And with its hoarse growl shakes the low-hung sky.
It grew up like a darkness everywhere,
Filling its vast cathedral. Suddenly
From the dense mass a boy's clear treble broke,
Like lightning, and the full-toned choir awoke.

Through gorgeous windows shone the sun aslant,
Filling the church with gold and purple mist,
Meet atmosphere to bosom the rich chant,
Where fifty voices in one strain did twist
Their vari-coloured tones, and left no want
To the delighted soul, which sank abysed
In the warm music-cloud, while far below
The organ heaved its surges to and fro.

But whether the organ be used or not, it is desirable that the tunes and chants should be the noble old compositions, with their simple yet massive harmonies, not those rants we sometimes hear.

I must say I have a great liking to chanting the words of Scripture, as distinguished from *versifying* the sacred words, in order to fit them for being sung.

The necessity of versifying and turning into rhyme the magnificent psalms of David, in order to sing them, is very undesirable, even when the best, because the truest and

purest, of English versions—that of the Church of Scotland—is used.

Adapting our music to the very words of inspiration, as in chanting, is certainly the most Protestant if not the most popular. I need not illustrate so familiar a theory. The late Chevalier Neukomm, with whom I have had many conversations on this subject, composed music for each of the psalms in our authorized version. He hoped to see this accepted in congregations, as he justly observed that each psalm has its distinctive and peculiar character, and ought, therefore, to be expressed and sung in music suitable to it. In order to meet this very just requirement, he composed distinctive music for each psalm. A very favourable specimen is his rendering of Psalm xxiii.

[*The Choir sang this piece.*]

I cannot detain you longer. As one of your vice-presidents, I congratulate you on the success of that course of which this is the last lecture. You have learned many a useful and instructive lesson in this course. You have spent many a happy winter evening in Exeter Hall. I trust you are, therefore, wiser, better, and happier. If this lecture of mine be the least instructive, its accompaniments have been most like the enjoyments and employments of that blessed state introduced by the inspired recitative, “Praise our God all ye his servants, and ye that fear him both small and great.” To which replies the magnificent anthem-peal, lifted up by a voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, “Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.”

But as we are all loyal subjects, I propose, with your approbation, that we have the National Anthem, to be sung as follows:—

First verse, *quartet*—four voices.

Second verse, *duet*—two voices. (*Misses Wells.*)

Third verse, *solo*—(*Miss Wells*). At the end of the solo let the same third verse be given by all the meeting standing.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.

Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

O Lord our God! arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their Romish tricks,
On Thee our hearts we fix—
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

Having thus “honoured” the Queen, and honoured ourselves in the honour we render to that illustrious lady, as members of the Young Men’s Christian Association, we never can forget HIM who has given us a gracious Queen, a prosperous and peaceful country, a loyal people, an open Bible, good ministers in our pulpits, excellent lectures up to this evening on this platform, and many good, and holy, and blessed lessons. Let us then sing, “Praise God from whom all blessings flow,” &c. First two lines, organ and choir—*piano*; last two lines, all the hearts and all the voices in the hall, as the voice of many waters and as the voice of mighty thunders.

Funeral Anthem.

Adapted to the DEAD MARCH in "SAUL," by L. MASON.

1st CANTO. *Adagio.*
Un - veil thy bo - som, faith - - ful tomb,

2nd CANTO.
Un - veil thy bo - som, faith - - ful tomb,

TENOR,
(8ve. lower.) *Adagio.*
Un - veil thy bo - som, faith - ful tomb,

BASS.
Un - veil thy bo - som, faith - ful tomb,

ORGAN
OR
PIANO. *Adagio. mp*

Take this new trea - sure to . . thy trust ; And give these sa - cred

Take this new trea - sure to . . thy trust ; And give these sa - cred

Take this new trea - sure to thy trust ; And give these sa - cred

Take this new trea - sure to thy trust ; And give these sa - cred

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

cres.
re - lies room To slum - ber in the si - - lent dust.

re - lies room To slum - ber in the si - - lent dust.

cres.
re - lies room To slum - ber in the si - lent dust.

re - lies room To slum - ber in the si - lent dust.

cres.

p Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - - ious fear, In - *cres.*

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - - ious fear, In -

p Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - ious fear, In - *cres.*

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - ious fear, In - *cres.*

p

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

The musical score is written for a vocal soloist and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into two main systems. The first system contains five vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts enter with the lyrics '- vade thy bounds; No mor - tal woes can reach the peace-ful'. The piano accompaniment begins with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The second system contains four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts continue with the lyrics 'sleep - er here, While an - gels watch the soft re-pose.' The piano accompaniment continues with a similar melodic and harmonic structure. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano) for the vocal parts, and *cres.* (crescendo) and *dim.* (diminuendo) for the piano accompaniment.

mf *p*

- vade thy bounds; No mor - tal woes can reach the peace-ful

- vade thy bounds; No mor - tal woes can reach the peace-ful

mf *p*

- vade thy bounds; No mor - tal woes can reach the peace-ful

- vade thy bounds; No mor - tal woes can reach the peace-ful

mf *p*

cres. *dim.*

sleep - er here, While an - gels watch the soft re-pose.

sleep - er here, While an - gels watch the soft re-pose.

cres. *dim.*

sleep - er here, While an - gels watch the soft re-pose.

sleep - er here. While an - gels watch the soft re-pose.

cres. *dim.*

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

p So Je - sus slept: *mf* God's dy - ing Son Pass'd

p So Je - sus slept: *mf* God's dy - ing Son Pass'd

p So Je - sus slept: *mf* God's dy - ing Son Pass'd

p So Je - sus slept: *mf* God's dy - ing Son Pass'd

p thro' the grave, and bless'd the bed: Rest here, blest saint, till *pp*

p thro' the grave, and bless'd the bed: Rest here, blest saint, till *pp*

p thro' the grave, and bless'd the bed: Rest here, blest saint, till *pp*

p thro' the grave, and bless'd the bed: Rest here, blest saint, till *pp*

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

The musical score is written for a vocal ensemble and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The second system has two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "from . . his throne The morn-ing break, and pierce the shade. Break from his throne, il - lus - trious morn; Attend, O earth, his". The score includes dynamic markings such as *cres.*, *f*, and *dim.*.

from . . his throne The morn-ing break, and pierce the shade.

from . . his throne The morn-ing break, and pierce the shade.

from his throne The morn-ing break, and pierce the shade.

from . . his throne The morn-ing break, and pierce the shade.

Break from his throne, il - lus - trious morn; Attend, O earth, his

Break from his throne, il - lus - trious morn; At-tend, O earth, his

Break from his throne, il - lus - trious morn; At-tend, O earth, his

Break from his throne, il - lus - trious morn; At-tend, O earth, his

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

pp

sov - - reign word, Re - store thy trust, a

sov - - reign word, Re - store thy trust, a

pp

sov - - reign word, Re - store thy trust, a

sov - - reign word, Re - store thy trust, a

pp

cres. *f*

glo - rious form Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord.

glo - rious form Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord.

cres. *f*

glo - rious form Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord.

glo - rious form Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord.

cres. *f*

He was despised.

"Messiah"—HANDEL.

Isaiah, liii. v. 3.

CONTRALTO.

Air.

ORGAN
or
PIANO.

Largo.

p

He

was

des - pi - sed,

des -

HE WAS DESPISED.

pi - sed, and re - ject - ed, re -

ject - ed of men, a man of

p *pp*

sor - - - rows, a man of

sor - - - row, and ac - quaint - ed with grief, . . .

HE WAS DESPISED.

... a man of sor-rows, and ac- quaint- ed with

grief.

He was des- pised, re- jected,

He was des- pi- sed, and re- ject- ed of

HE WAS DESPISED.

men, a man of sor-rows, and ac-quaint-ed with

This system contains the first line of the vocal melody and the first two staves of the piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B-flat4, and C5, then a half note D5, and continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic support with chords and single notes in the right and left hands.

grief, . . . a man of sor-rows, and ac-

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a brief rest after the word 'grief' before continuing with the melody. The piano accompaniment maintains the harmonic structure, with some chords and moving lines in both hands.

- - quaint - ed with grief. He was des - pi - sed,

This system includes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a longer rest before the word 'He'. The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support. A piano dynamic marking (*p*) is placed at the end of the system.

re-ject-ed, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with

The final system on the page shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the melody, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support, ending with a final chord.

HE WAS DESPISED.

grief, and acquainted with grief, . . . a man of

sor - rows, and ac - quaint - ed with grief.

p

hr

Soldau.—L.M.

TREBLE.

As long as life its term ex -

ALTO.

As long as life its term ex -

**TENOR,
(8ve lower.)**

As long as life its term ex -

BASS.

As long as life its term ex -

**ORGAN
OR
PIANO.**

- - tends, Hope's blest do - min - ion ne - ver ends;

- - tends, Hope's blest do - min - ion ne - ver ends;

- - tends, Hope's blest do - min - ion ne - ver ends;

- - tends, Hope's blest do - min - ion ne - ver ends;

SOLDAU.

For while the lamp holds on to burn,

For while the lamp holds on to burn,

For while the lamp holds on to burn,

For while the lamp holds on to burn,

The piano accompaniment consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, featuring chords and single notes in a B-flat major key signature.

The great - est sin - ner may re - turn.

The great - est sin - ner may re - turn.

The great - est sin - ner may re - turn.

The great - est sin - ner may re - turn.

The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes, concluding the system with a double bar line.

Te Deum, Laudamus.

By WILLIAM JACKSON.

Full.

TREBLE. We praise thee, O God: we ac -

ALTO,
(8ve. lower.) We praise thee, O God: we ac -

TENOR,
(8ve lower.) We praise thee, O God: we ac -

BASS. We praise thee, O God: we ac -

ORGAN
or
PIANO. *Full. T.S.* *hr*

- know-ledge thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth

- know-ledge thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth

- know-ledge thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth

- know-ledge thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth

hr

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

wor - ship thee: the Fa - ther e - ver - last - ing. To
 wor - ship thee: the Fa - ther e - ver - last - ing. To
 wor - ship thee: the Fa - ther e - ver - last - ing. To
 wor - ship thee: the Fa - ther e - ver - last - ing. To

thee all An - gels cry a-loud: the Heav'ns and all the
 thee all An - gels cry a-loud: the Heav'ns and all the
 thee all An - gels cry a-loud: the Heav'ns and all the
 thee all An - gels cry a-loud: the Heav'ns and all the

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

Pow'rs there - in. To thee Che - ru - bin and

Pow'rs there - in. To thee Che - ru - bin and

Pow'rs there - in. To thee Che - ru - bin and

Pow'rs there - in. To thee Che - ru - bin and

Se - ra - phin : con - tin - ual - ly do cry, Ho - ly,

Se - ra - phin : con - tin - ual - ly do cry, Ho - ly,

Se - ra - phin : con - tin - ual - ly do cry, Ho - ly,

Se - ra - phin : con - tin - ual - ly do cry, Ho - ly,

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly : Lord God of Sa - baoth ; Heav'n and earth are

Ho - ly, Ho - ly : Lord God of Sa - baoth ; Heav'n and earth are

Ho - ly, Ho - ly : Lord God of Sa - baoth ; Heav'n and earth are

Ho - ly, Ho - ly : Lord God of Sa - baoth ; Heav'n and earth are

full of the Ma - jes - ty : of thy Glo - ry.

full of the Ma - jes - ty : of thy Glo - ry.

full of the Ma - jes - ty : of thy Glo - ry.

full of the Ma - jes - ty : of thy Glo - ry.

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

Decant.

The glo - rious com - pa - ny

Choir.

Full.

of the A - pos - tles praise thee.

praise thee.

Cantoris.

praise thee. The good - ly fel-low-ship

praise thee. The good - ly fel-low-ship

Full. *Choir.*

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

Full.

praise thee.

praise thee. The no - - - ble

of the Pro-phets: praise thee. The no - - - ble

of the Pro-phets: praise thee.

Full. *Choir.*

praise thee. The Ho - ly Church throughout

ar - my of Mar - tyrs: praise thee. The Ho - ly Church throughout

ar - my of Mar - tyrs: praise thee. The Ho - ly Church throughout

praise thee. The Ho - ly Church throughout

Full.

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

all the world: doth ac - know - ledge thee; The

all the world: doth ac - know - ledge thee; The

all the world: doth ac - know - ledge thee; The

all the world: doth ac - know - ledge thee; The

The musical score for the first system consists of four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: 'all the world: doth ac - know - ledge thee; The'.

Fa - ther: of an in - fi - nite Ma - jes - ty;

Fa - ther: of an in - fi - nite Ma - jes - ty;

Fa - ther: of an in - fi - nite Ma - jes - ty;

Fa - ther: of an in - fi - nite Ma - jes - ty;

The musical score for the second system continues with the same four vocal parts and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Fa - ther: of an in - fi - nite Ma - jes - ty;'. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

Thine ho-nour-a-ble, true: and on-ly Son;

Thine ho-nour-a-ble, true: and on-ly Son;

Thine ho-nour-a-ble, true: and on-ly Son;

Thine ho-nour-a-ble, true: and on-ly Son;

Al-so the Ho-ly Ghost: the Com-fort-er.

Al-so the Ho-ly Ghost: the Com-fort-er.

Al-so the Ho-ly Ghost: the Com-fort-er.

Al-so the Ho-ly Ghost: the Com-fort-er.

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

Thou art the King of Glo - ry: O Christ.

Thou art the King of Glo - ry: O Christ.

Thou art the King of Glo - ry: O Christ.

Thou art the King of Glo - ry: O Christ.

The first system of the musical score for 'Te Deum, Laudamus.' It consists of four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Thou art the King of Glo - ry: O Christ.' The music is in G major and 4/4 time. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

Thou art the e - ver-lasting Son: of the Fa - ther.

Thou art the e - ver-lasting Son: of the Fa - ther.

Thou art the e - ver-lasting Son: of the Fa - ther.

Thou art the e - ver-lasting Son: of the Fa - ther.

The second system of the musical score. It continues with the same four vocal parts and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Thou art the e - ver-lasting Son: of the Fa - ther.' The musical structure remains consistent with the first system, maintaining the same key signature and time signature.

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

When thou took'st up - on thee to de - li - ver man: thou

When thou took'st up - on thee to de - li - ver man: thou

When thou took'st up - on thee to de - li - ver man: thou

When thou took'st up - on thee to de - li - ver man: thou

didst not ab - hor the Vir - gin's womb.

didst not ab - hor the Vir - gin's womb.

didst not ab - hor the Vir - gin's womb.

didst not ab - hor the Vir - gin's womb.

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

p When thou hadst o-vercome the sharp-ness of death: thou didst *f*

When thou hadst o-vercome the sharp-ness of death: thou didst

p When thou hadst o-vercome the sharp-ness of death: thou didst *f*

When thou hadst o-vercome the sharp-ness of death: thou didst

o - pen the kingdom of Heav'n to all be - liev - ers. Thou

o - pen the kingdom of Heav'n to all be - liev - ers. Thou

o - pen the kingdom of Heav'n to all be - liev - ers. Thou

o - pen the kingdom of Heav'n to all be - liev - ers. Thou

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

sit - test at the right hand of God: in the glo - ry
 sit - test at the right hand of God: in the glo - ry
 sit - test at the right hand of God: in the glo - ry
 sit - test at the right hand of God: in the glo - ry

of the Fa-ther. We be-lieve that thou shalt come: to
 of the Fa-ther. We be-lieve that thou shalt come: to
 of the Fa-ther. We be-lieve that thou shalt come: to
 of the Fa-ther. We be-lieve that thou shalt come: to

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

be our Judge. We there-fore pray thee, help thy servants:

be our Judge. We there-fore pray thee, help thy servants:

be our Judge. We there-fore pray thee, help thy servants:

be our Judge. We there-fore pray thee, help thy servants:

whom thou hast re - deem - ed with thy pre - cious

whom thou hast re - deem - ed with thy pre - cious

whom thou hast re - deem - ed with thy pre - cious

whom thou hast re - deem - ed with thy pre - cious

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

blood. Make them to be num - ber'd with thy

blood. Make them to be num - ber'd with thy

blood. Make them to be num - ber'd with thy

blood. Make them to be num - ber'd with thy

saints: in glo - ry e - ver - last - - ing.

saints: in glo - ry e - ver - last - - ing.

saints: in glo - ry e - ver - last - - ing.

saints: in glo - ry e - ver - last - - ing.

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

p *Decani.*

O Lord, save thy peo - ple: and

O Lord, save thy peo - ple: and

p *Decani.*

O Lord, save thy peo - ple: and

O Lord, save thy peo - ple: and

p

Cantoris.

bleſs thine he - ri - tage. Go - vern them: and

bleſs thine he - ri - tage. Go - vern them: and

Cantoris.

bleſs thine he - ri - tage. Go - vern them: and

bleſs thine he - ri - tage. Go - vern them: and

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

lift them up for e - ver. Day by day: we

lift them up for e - ver. Day by day: we

lift them up for e - ver. Day by day: we

lift them up for e - ver. Day by day: we

f Full.

mag - ni - fy thee; And we wor - ship thy Name: e - ver

mag - ni - fy thee; And we wor - ship thy Name: e - ver

mag - ni - fy thee; And we wor - ship thy Name: e - ver

mag - ni - fy thee; And we wor - ship thy Name: e - ver

f Full.

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

Decani.

world with - out end. Vouch-safe, O Lord: to

world with - out end. Vouch-safe, O Lord: to

Decani.

world with - out end. Vouch-safe, O Lord: to

world with - out end. Vouch-safe, O Lord: to

Cantoris.

keep us this day with-out sin. O Lord, have mer - cy up -

keep us this day with-out sin. O Lord, have mer - cy up -

Cantoris.

keep us this day with-out sin. O Lord, have mer - cy up -

keep us this day with-out sin. O Lord, have mer - cy up -

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

Full.

- - on us: have mer - cy up - on . . us. O

- - on us: have mer - cy up - on us. O

- - on us: have mer - cy up - on us. O

- - on us: have mer - cy up - on us. O

Full.

Lord, let thy mer - cy light - en up - on us:

Lord, let thy mer - cy light - en up - on us:

Lord, let thy mer - cy light - en up - on us:

Lord, let thy mer - cy light - en up - on us:

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

as our trust, . . our trust is in thee. O

as our trust, . . our trust is in thee. O

as our trust, . . our trust is in thee. O

as our trust, . . our trust is in thee. O

T. S.

Lord, in thee, in thee have I trust -

Lord, in thee, in thee have I trust -

Lord, in thee, in thee have I trust -

Lord, in thee, in thee have I trust -

hr

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

ed: let me ne - ver, let me ne - ver

ed: let me ne - ver, let me ne - ver

ed: let me ne - ver, let me ne - ver

ed: let me ne - ver, let me ne - ver

The first system consists of four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts enter with the lyrics 'ed: let me ne - ver, let me ne - ver'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

be con - found - - ed.

be con - - found - - ed.

be con - - found - - ed.

be con - - found - - ed.

The second system continues the vocal parts and piano accompaniment. The vocal parts enter with the lyrics 'be con - found - - ed.'. The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support, including a grand staff with treble and bass clefs.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

CHEVALIER NEUKOMM,

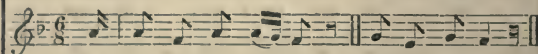
Psalm xxiii.

1st
TREBLE.



The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want,

2nd
TREBLE.



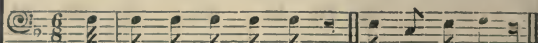
The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want,

TENOR,
(8ve lower.)



The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want,

BASS.

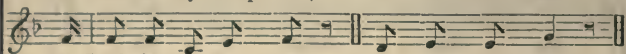


The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want,

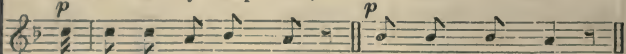
ACCOMP.



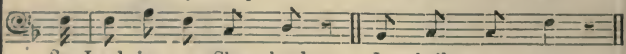
the Lord is my Shep-herd, I shall not want.



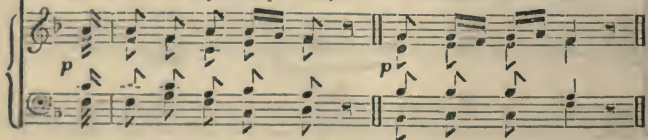
the Lord is my Shep-herd, I shall not want.



the Lord is my Shep-herd, I shall not want.



the Lord is my Shep-herd, I shall not want.



THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

p
He mak - eth me to lie down in green pas-tures:
He mak - eth me to lie down in green pas-tures:
p
He mak - eth me to lie down in green pas-tures:
He mak - eth me to lie down in green pas-tures:
He mak - eth me to lie down in green pas-tures:

p
He lead - eth me be - side the still wa - ters.
He lead - eth me be - side the still wa - ters.
p
He lead - eth me be - side the still wa - ters.
He lead - eth me be - side the still wa - ters.
He lead - eth me be - side the still wa - ters.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

p

He re - stor - eth my soul, my soul,

He re - stor - eth my soul, my soul,

p

He re - stor - eth my soul, my soul,

He re - stor - eth my soul,

p

He lead-eth me in the paths of right - eous-ness,

He lead-eth me in the paths of right - eous-ness,

p

He lead-eth me in the paths of right - eous-ness,

He lead-eth me in the paths of right - eous-ness,

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

for his name's sake, for his name's sake.

for his name's sake, for his name's sake.

for his name's sake, for his name's sake.

for his name's sake, for his name's sake.

The first system of the musical score consists of six staves. The first four staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass) with lyrics underneath. The fifth and sixth staves are piano accompaniment. The music is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are 'for his name's sake, for his name's sake.' repeated four times.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of

The second system of the musical score consists of six staves. The first four staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass) with lyrics underneath. The fifth and sixth staves are piano accompaniment. The music is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of' repeated four times.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

death, I will fear no e - vil: for thou art with me:

death, I will fear no e - vil: for thou art with me:

death. I will fear no e - vil: for thou art with me:

death, I will fear no e - vil: for thou art with me:

thy rod and thy staff they com - fort me.

thy rod and thy staff they com - fort me.

thy rod and thy staff they com - fort me.

thy rod and thy staff they com - fort me.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

Thou pre - par - est a ta - ble be - fore me, in the

Thou pre - par - est a ta - ble be - fore me, in the

Thou pre - par - est a ta - ble be - fore me, in the

Thou pre - par - est a ta - ble be - fore me, in the

This system contains four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are repeated on each vocal staff.

pre - sence of mine e - ne-mies; thou a - noint-est my head with

pre - sence of mine e - ne-mies; thou a - noint-est my head with

pre - sence of mine e - ne-mies; thou a - noint-est my head with

pre - sence of mine e - ne-mies; thou a - noint-est my head with

This system continues the musical score with four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are repeated on each vocal staff. The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

oil: . . my cup run - neth o - ver.

oil: . . my cup run - neth o - ver.

oil: . . my cup run - neth o - ver.

oil: . . my cup run - neth o - ver.

The first system consists of four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. Each vocal staff begins with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The piano accompaniment is written for the right and left hands on grand staves.

Sure - ly, sure - ly, sure-ly, goodness and mer - - cy shall

Sure - ly, sure-ly, good-ness and mercy shall

Sure - ly, sure-ly, good-ness and mercy shall

good - - ness shall

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The system concludes with a double bar line.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

fol - low me all the days of my life ;

fol - low me all the days of my life ;

fol - low me all the days . . of my life ;

fol - low me all the days of my life ;

The musical score consists of four vocal staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'fol - low me all the days of my life ;'. Below the vocal staves is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

And I will

And I will dwell in the house of the

And I will dwell, I will dwell in the house of the

This section continues the musical score. It begins with a vocal staff containing the lyrics 'And I will'. This is followed by two more vocal staves with the lyrics 'And I will dwell in the house of the' and 'And I will dwell, I will dwell in the house of the'. Below these is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. The piano part continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

dwelt in the house . . of the Lord, . . in the

Lord I will dwell in the house of the Lord, . . in the house . .

Lord, for e - ver and e - - - - ver, for

and I will dwell in the house of the

house of the Lord for e - ver and e - ver, for

. . . of the Lord, for e - - - ver and e - ver, for

e - - ver, for e - - ver, and e - ver, for

Lord, of the Lord, for e - ver and e - ver,

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

First system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "e - - ver will I dwell in the house of the" on the first staff, "e - - - - - ver in the" on the second staff, "e - - - ver will I dwell in the house of the" on the third staff, and "I will dwell in the" on the fourth staff.

Second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "Lord, in the house of the Lord for e - -" on the first staff, "house of the Lord for" on the second staff, "Lord, in the house of the Lord for" on the third staff, and "house of the Lord for" on the fourth staff. The word "for" is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

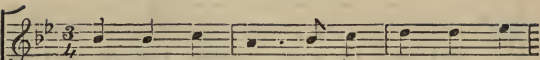
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

First system of the musical score. It features four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ev - er, for ev - er and ev - er - more, for". The piano part consists of a right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes and a left hand with a steady eighth-note bass line.

Second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are: "ev - er, for ev - er and ev - er - more." The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns, ending with a final chord.

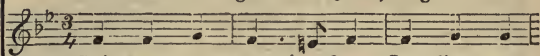
God save the Queen.

TREBLE.



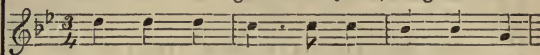
God save our gra - cious Queen, Long live our

ALTO.



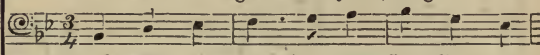
God save our gra - cious Queen, Long live our

TENOR,
(3ve lower.)



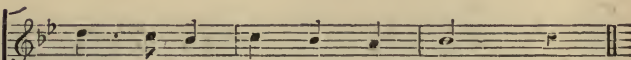
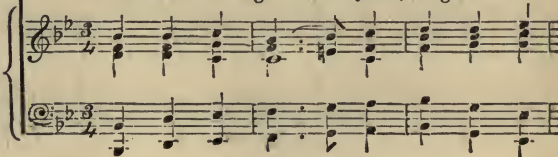
God save our gra - cious Queen, Long live our

BASS.

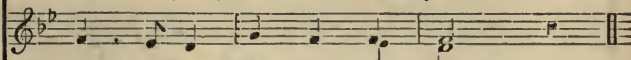


God save our gra - cious Queen, Long live our

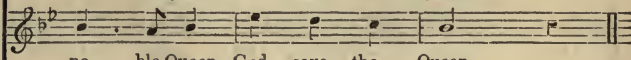
ACCOMP



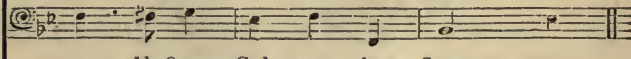
no - ble Queen, God save the Queen.



no - ble Queen, God save the Queen.



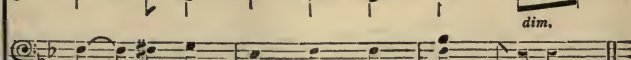
no - ble Queen, God save the Queen.



no - ble Queen, God save the Queen.



dim.



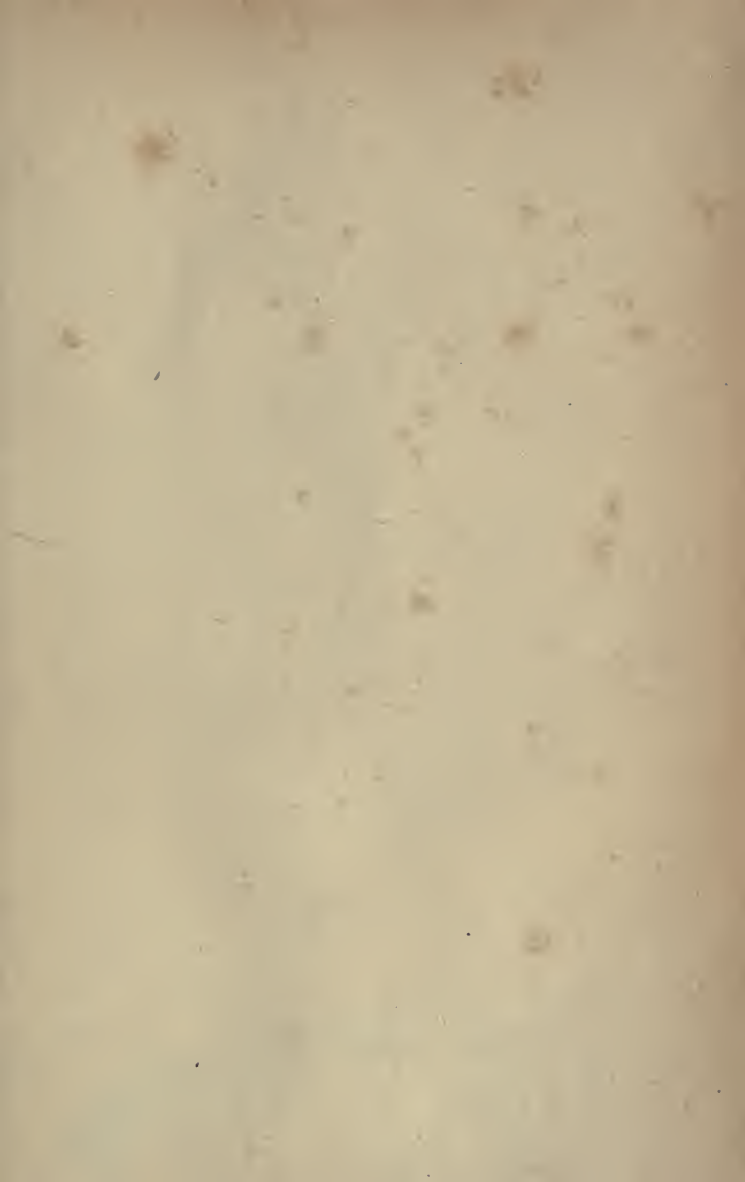
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

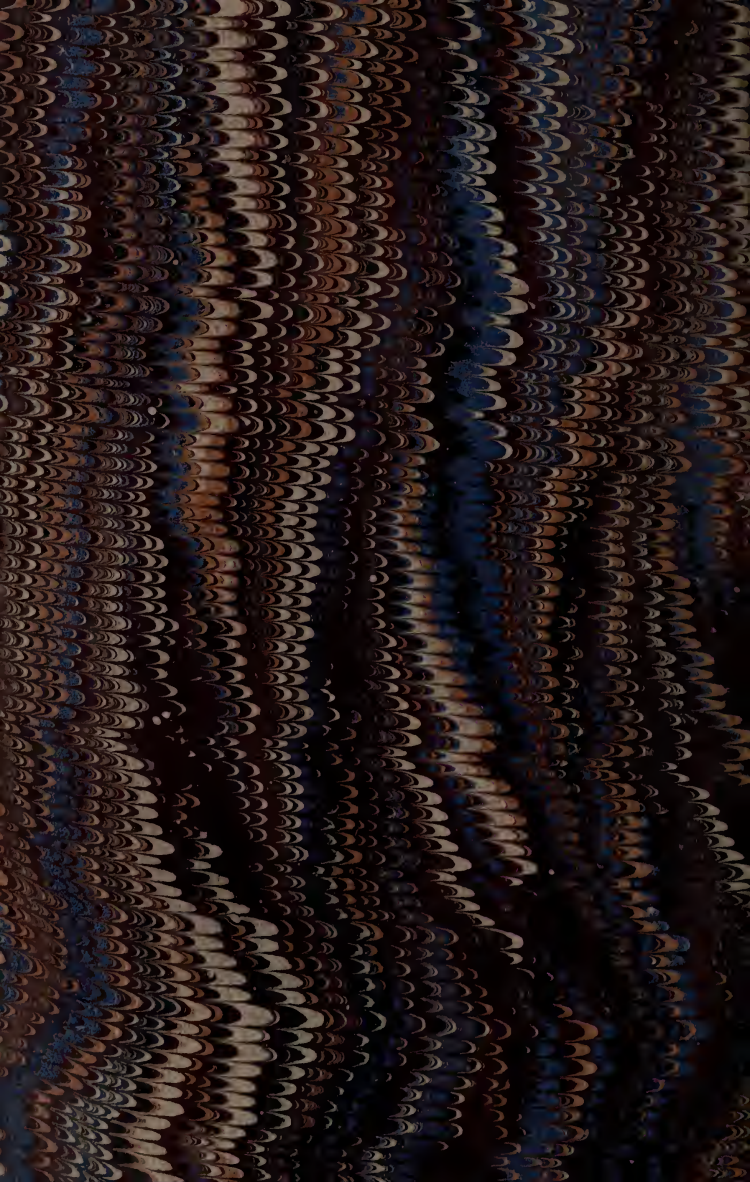
Send her vic - to - ri-ous, Hap - py and glo - ri-ous,
 Send her vic - to - ri-ous, Hap - py and glo - ri-ous,
 Send her vic - to - ri-ous, Hap - py and glo - ri-ous,
 Send her vic - to - ri-ous, Hap - py and glo - ri-ous,

The first system of the musical score for 'God Save the Queen'. It consists of four vocal staves (treble and bass clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are 'Send her vic - to - ri-ous, Hap - py and glo - ri-ous,' repeated four times.

Long to reign o - ver us, God save the Queen.
 Long to reign o - ver us, God save the Queen.
 Long to reign o - ver us, God save the Queen.
 Long to reign o - ver us, God save the Queen.

The second system of the musical score. It continues with four vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Long to reign o - ver us, God save the Queen.' repeated four times. The system concludes with a 'Fine.' marking on the piano part.





BR

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